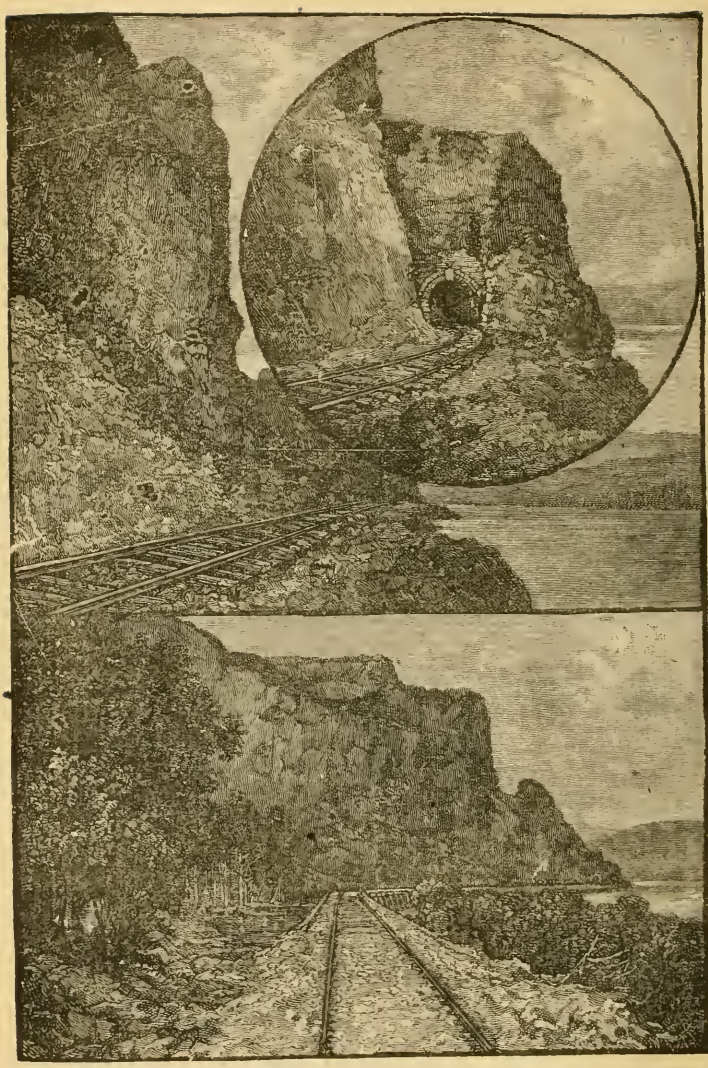
To and Fro Up and Down



Cliffs of the Columbia.

(See Page 327.)

TO AND FRO, UP AND DOWN

— IN —

Southern California, Oregon, and Washington Territory,

WITH

SKETCHES IN ARIZONA, NEW MEXICO, AND BRITISH COLUMBIA.

BY

EMMA H. ADAMS,

AUTHOR OF "DIGGING THE TOP OFF," AND OTHER STORIES.

ILLUSTRATED.

CRANSTON & STOWE,

CINCINNATI, :- CHICAGO, -:- ST. LOUIS.

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PREFACE.

TO have been eyes and ears for a multitude of persons, during a period of three years, is to have possessed a high privilege. Such a franchise was afforded the author of this work for an interval of about that length, which ended near the close of 1886. Occupied as the correspondent of several leading dailies, and also as an occasional contributor to prominent religious journals, she traversed almost the entire American Pacific Coast, with the exception of Alaska, ever bearing her readers in mind.

The title of this book aptly expresses the character of its contents. Its chapters form a series of sketches, picturing such only of the scenes, events, incidents, industries, enterprises, institutions, and people of the coast as came within the writer's observation or knowledge, and as, it is believed, will contribute most to the service and enjoyment of the reader.

The favor with which the writer's communications to the press were received, together with frequent urgings to put into book form her painstaking studies of our Western border-land, have

resulted in the volume now offered the public. In a new relation, therefore, will she continue to be eyes and ears for other multitudes, whom opportunity may not yet have favored with a sight of the almost endless wonders of the Pacific States, and also to many besides, who, having seen them, may be glad to refresh their memory of them through these pictures of the pen and of the engraver's eloquent art.

E. H. A.

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TO AND FRO

IN

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

I.

WESTWARD BOUND.

SOON after dark of a cold December night, 1883, a carriage containing three persons, the writer being one, whirled rapidly over the glistening, snow-covered pavement toward the great Union Depot in C——. Two of us had begun the journey to the far-off Pacific coast. The third occupant, after the good-bye and the parting, was to return alone into the city.

Of us who were westward bound, one was very ill, and, as it proved, was in a double sense hastening towards the sunset.

Soon we were nicely settled in the luxurious sleeper. Around us stood a gratifying array of boxes and baskets, which loving hands had packed with delicacies for the invalid and substantial provisions for the other.

Time sped, and when the clock opposite the train indicated the hour for starting, but two of us were left on board. The wheels began to turn. A man took the cards off the cars and walked away. Then out of the noisy building we rolled, into star-light and snow-light. On we went, past hamlet, and town, and farm, until, soon after sunrise the second morning, we rumbled into Kansas City.

Then took place those agreeable little episodes of the trans-continental journey, the transferring ourselves to the shining Pullman of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe railway, the weighing and re-checking of baggage, and the taking breakfast. This all done, we glided off across the broad, liberty-loving State of Kansas. Bare and desolate as were the famous plains at that season, they were made intensely interesting by the thrilling experiences they recalled, connected with overland traveling in an early day. Dashing along at a rapid rate, well protected from the dust and cold, and as comfortable as if in a parlor, how faintly we realized the depressing tediousness of toiling over those dreary stretches behind a slow ox-team!

Armed cap-a-pie were most of those early adventurers into the wilds of the West, with patience, hope, and courage. That is a curious and startling element in human nature, which leads men to face danger from choice; to push out from comfort into hardship; away from privilege into privation. But

so have men again and again followed the Star of Empire around the earth.

The sight of a vast plain, as of a great mountain, leaves a deep impression upon the mind. Both suggest the possession of mighty power by the Architect of the world. As to that, power always impresses us, be it lodged in the winds, in steam, in the little plant forcing its way out of the soil, or in the Creator's hand, lifting the rocks up into mountains, or rolling millions of acres out into plains, level as a floor.

As we approached the western verge of the State, the country became first undulating, then hilly, and as we neared the border of Colorado it began to stand upright, while far in the west snow-capped summits appeared. It was a new thing to be able to see objects eighty miles distant, as an *attaché* of our parlor car affirmed were some of the snow-cones of the Greenhorn Range.

Running on to La Junta, Colorado, where the road makes a decided turn towards the south, we soon had a fine view of the summit of Pike's Peak, declared by the conductor to be one hundred and fifty miles to the northward. Suddenly foot-hills, clothed with snow and cedars, sprang up all around us. Then our train began to climb, the upward tendency of our course being very perceptible. We were pushing on towards the Raton Pass, in the mountains of that name.

On our right about this time, were discovered the majestic Spanish Peaks, three cones, snow-tipped and looming up finely. Arrived at the base of the rugged Raton Range, the strength of our one engine was insufficient to carry us up to the tunnel through which the road crosses the summit. Accordingly, "Uncle Ned," one of the largest locomotives in the United States, and certainly a mighty fellow, was marched to the front to "lend a hand." And nobly did he perform the task. Sweeping up that steep grade was a splendid piece of climbing. A strong wind blew down the pass into the giant's face. The car in which we rode strained, creaked, and swayed as we went up and up, turning around this shoulder and around that. Several young ladies in the car were in terror, lest Uncle Ned should lose his foot-hold, and let them go rolling down the mountain-side, to become the victims of a second Tehachapi disaster. Happily he was shod for the steep roadway of steel, and no casualty occurred.

If I am correct, it has been the happy privilege of Uncle Ned to pull up to the tunnel in the Raton Pass, every westward-bound passenger train since the completion of the road to this time. Men become attached to inanimate things, and I was told that the employees of the road have a regard for this engine, much like that a brave general feels for an intelligent horse which has borne him through many a well-fought battle.

On the train, much interested in Uncle Ned's struggle for the ascendency, were Mr. James C. Warner and his wife, of Chicago, bound for Melbourne, Australia. Mr. Warner is an English electrician, and among that class of scientists is known as an able inventor. He goes to the Fifth Continent as the agent of the Western Electric Company, and in the city of Melbourne will superintend the application, to machines already in use, the latest improvements in telephonic apparatus. This company, he informed me, controls the system of telephones now working in that city, and hopes, by promptly attaching thereto every important new appliance, to secure a market for its instruments in other towns of Australia. Mr. Warner has more the air of an unpretending farmer than of a devout student in the realm of electricity.

The boundary line between Colorado and New Mexico runs through the Raton Tunnel, about midway of its length. We crossed this line, eight thousand feet above sea-level, a couple of hours after dark. A sensation of descent, as distinct as that we had experienced of ascent in going up, told us the moment we had passed this confine. This brought us into Colfax County, New Mexico, one of the largest and most promising sections of the Territory, it being a well-known stock region. During the night our route lay, first, amid austere mountain scenery, and then across broad mesas and plains.

In the following sketches, which pertain particularly to New Mexico and Arizona, I have mingled the accounts of two trips across the Great American Desert, between which nearly three years intervened. With the exception of a single episode or two, I have so woven these together as to make them read like the observations of one journey, ignoring dates, and endeavoring only to present clearly the facts gleaned. Instead of receiving detriment by the arrangement, it is believed the reader will rather be benefited. Should it appear necessary to introduce a date at any point for the clearer apprehension of the reader, it will be done.

II.

The Southward Run.

A STAR-ROUTE MAN.

DURING the night we drew up at a small town named "Dorsey," after the famous "Star Route" Senator, now a resident of New Mexico. We had supposed this town to be located not far from Mr. Dorsey's great stock farm. But in this we were mistaken. The next station, called Springer, is the nearer his home, and is the place where he always takes the cars when bound on a visit to the outside world. Mr. Dorsey's immense farm, according to a personal acquaintance of the ex-Senator, riding in the seat next us, lies some thirty miles from the railway. Upon it he is now erecting an expensive and handsome residence, "one staircase in which," said the gentleman, "will cost him seven hundred dollars." Mr. Dorsey is the possessor of large flocks and herds, and, notwithstanding the taint upon his reputation inflicted by the memorable star-route investigation, he exerts some political influence in the Territory.

ANTELOPE, A WOLF.

While we were speeding over the plains in this county the second time, which was by daylight, some one raised the cry:

"See the antelope! see the antelope!"

And on looking out of the windows we saw a small group of the graceful creatures quietly feeding, a few rods from the train. And not long after, quite as rare a sight was presented, when a savage wolf stalked away from us, over the parched grass. He held his head aloft and appeared as if he did n't care a penny for the comfort of traveling by steam.

ALBUQUERQUE.

Morning found us at Albuquerque, the largest city in New Mexico, having a population of about ten thousand souls. The place received its name from the Duke of Albuquerque, for four years the Spanish Governor and Captain-general of New Mexico, in the seventeenth century. It is quite noted for the educational advantages it possesses, while, as yet, no efficient system of public schools maintains in the Territory. The Albuquerque Academy is a promising institution, supervised by Protestants. There is also conducted a Catholic school of considerable strength; while on a farm near the city flourishes the United States Industrial School for Indian Children. To this even juvenile Apaches are admitted without a fear of their taking

to the war-path. The school is said to have been modeled after those at Hampton and Carlisle.

As certain evidences of its future growth, the city points to its central location; to the rich valleys lying north and south of it; to its contiguous coal and mineral mines; to its importance as a railroad center, and best of all, to the activity and public spirit of its citizens.

The first objects to arrest attention, on our leaving the train for breakfast, were a dozen or less savage-looking Indians, sitting, standing, lying down, on the broad veranda of the hotel. Men and women were clad in the same costume—heavy woolen blankets wrapped about the shoulders, and thick leggings tied above the knee. The sky was overclouded, and a fierce wind swept every inch of the piazza. Yet there they remained, bronzed statues, silently watching the passengers come and go, until the train pulled out southward. Not the vestige of a smile, or an emotion, lighted up their coarse features. Possibly their thought was:

"What wonderful beings these white-skins are!" And possibly: "What thieves and robbers!" But whatever their opinions, they will be spoken only to one another.

No sooner does one interested in the human race, enter New Mexico, than he becomes curious in regard to certain Indian tribes dwelling in the Territory. By the term "Indian" I mean, not

simply wild Red men, but the inhabitants of both American continents when first invaded by Europeans. This includes the nations and tribes of the United States, the peoples whom Cortez subjugated in Mexico and Central America, and the race whom Pizarro overthrew in Peru, all of whom ethnologists now conveniently group together under the term, "the American race." But arousing a profounder curiosity are those earlier peoples, who long preceded the American race, the ruins of whose works are a marvel to-day. Of their mighty builders no reliable account can be given. The very aspect of New Mexico starts trains of thought about those old, old occupants of the land. How long ago they lived, here, in Yucatan, in Peru, no pen can tell. So we turn a leaf and write about the country.

III.

Its To-Day and Yesterday.

NEW MEXICO, acquired from the Republic of Mexico by the treaty of Guadalupe-Hidalgo, is a quaint and singular portion of the United States. Thousands of its acres are mere dismal stretches of sand. Yet, stand where one may, mountain chains diversify the landscape. West of the Rio Grande the spurs of the Sierra Madre—the connecting link between the lofty Sierras of Old Mexico and the great heights of Colorado—push out into the desert in every direction, reckless, apparently, of all law and order. "Everywhere on its surface the extremes of scenery meet." The valleys between these spurs are susceptible of extraordinary cultivation. Their mean altitude above the sea is forty-five hundred feet. Though a radiant, sunny region, it is yet a strange and lonely land, a land given up to silence and the winds. True, one may not now, as did Antonio de Espejo three hundred years ago, "travel fifteen days in the province without meeting any people;" still, even in this year of grace 1883, and employing the modern mode of progress, one may ride for hours over the desolate wastes and see almost no inhabitants. Occasionally the train dashes past a low adobe hut,

far away from any town, but he catches no glimpse of the inmates. There are no faces of children at the little square windows, no forms in the low doorway. The ordinary tokens of civilization, seen all along the great railroads throughout the East, are absent here. Corn fields, wheat fields, and orchards are rare, except near the villages, or in the vicinity of the Rio Grande.

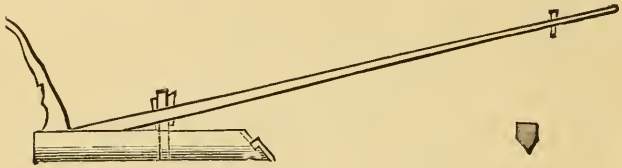
Nevertheless, it must not be inferred that New Mexico is without population. In 1881 it exceeded in number of inhabitants any other territory of the Union, except the District of Columbia. The census of 1880 gave it nearly 121,000 people, the natives being in strongest force. But what seems a little startling, unless one is conversant with the past history of this part of our country, is, that in Espejo's day New Mexico sustained a much greater multitude of people than at present. In the interests of Spain that officer traversed districts which embraced "fourteen, twenty, thirty, and even fifty thousand persons." This was in the northern portion of the province, however, and these communities were assemblages of the Pueblo Indians, a people whom he found to be not only extremely industrious and living peaceably under their caciques, but also possessing many of the luxuries of life, practicing numerous arts of civilization, and exhibiting toward strangers an ungrudging hospitality. A recent report by the Governor of the Ter-

ritory asserts that ten thousand of these Pueblos now dwell in New Mexico, and offer to the student of ethnology a subject as fascinating as when the Spaniards invaded the land. An intelligent writer upon the times and history of these ancient New Mexicans, says of them, substantially:

"They were a nation who lived permanently in homes, some of them in houses built of stone, five lofts in height. They tilled the soil; constructed irrigating ditches to water their corn fields and gardens; made thoughtful provision against famine; wove cloths; wore painted mantles; had articles of dress embroidered in needle-work; used jewelry made of the turquois, emerald, and garnet; and administered wholesome laws, generations before the landing of Columbus."

New Mexico abounds in legends and folk-lore relating to this race. And the many remains of ancient towns and cities, planted by its members on her hills, plateaus, and desert borders, tell in some degree how they lived and have passed away. Old mines, "caved in and covered up," together with "ruined smelters, surrounded by heaps of imperishable slag," evince their knowledge of the minerals with which the mountains teem. The broken pottery, sacred images, and other domestic relics left by them, have rendered New Mexico a delightful field for the archæologist and antiquarian for nearly a half century past.

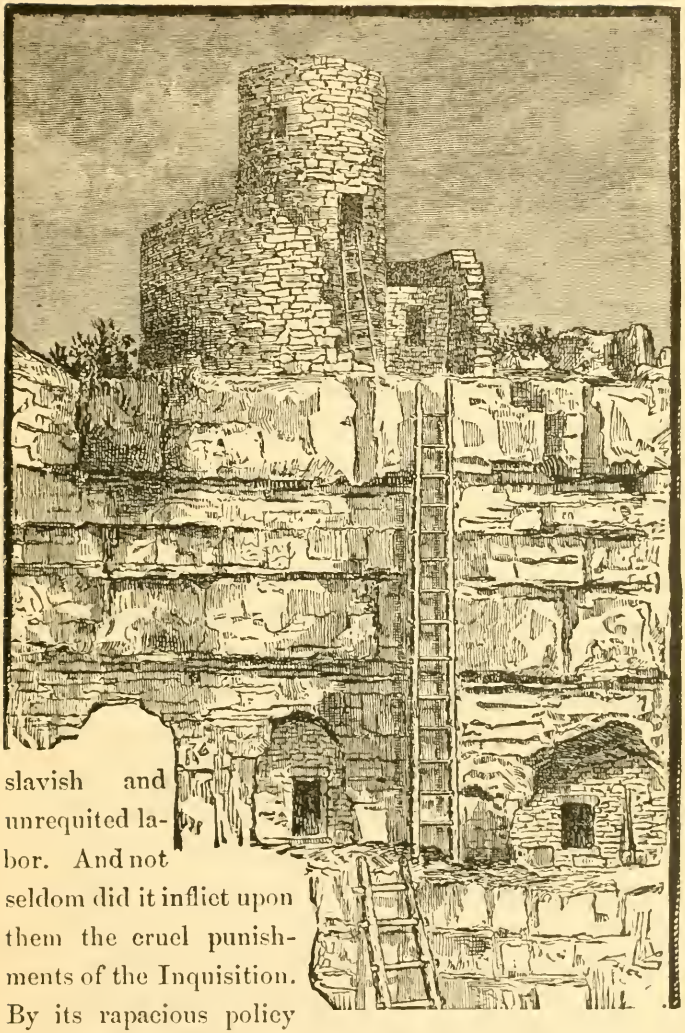
A district particularly rich in these ancient tokens is the county of Rio Arriba, in the northwestern part of the territory. Here the traveler finds himself in the old realm of the Cliff Dwellers, where now may be seen the ruins of many of their villages, and where, buried out of sight beneath mounds of slowly accumulated soil, lie numerous others.



Primitive Plow

"Judging by the depth of the earth above them," says one of the officials of that county, "this people must have settled the country thousands of years ago." Some of their ancient cities were of vast extent. Remains of them exist in the valleys, on the mesas, on the mountains, and far up the sides of rocky cliffs, which present an almost perpendicular front.

But between the era of the prosperous Village Indians, and the domination of the Americans in New Mexico, there intervened another nation. It came into the country bearing the gospel of peace in one hand and the sword in the other; came in to vanquish, not to uplift and improve. It built royal edifices, "exacting from the hitherto happy Pueblos"



Homes of the Cliff-Dwellers.

slavish and unrequited labor. And not seldom did it inflict upon them the cruel punishments of the Inquisition. By its rapacious policy was begotten, in the course of years, a spirit of revolt and revenge which, in

1680, turned the peaceful province into a scene of furious incendiarism and bloodshed.

Perhaps nowhere on either of the American continents where the Spaniards obtained sway, did they display toward the races they subjugated a greater tyranny, or a more studied treachery, than in the country by themselves called, "The Kingdom and Province of New Mexico," and which then included, besides the New Mexico of our day, the whole of Arizona and a portion of Colorado.

The invasion of the Spaniards took place "about one hundred years before the Pilgrims set foot upon Plymouth Rock." Yet to-day the strong and ornate structures they reared, some in ruins, others in comparatively good preservation, occupy many a vantage ground of the region. Thus one finds here the eloquent works, as well as the living representatives of two former races, both of which have lost control of the country. All this, and more, tends to throw over the Territory of New Mexico a fascination and an air of romance which years will fail to dispel. Indeed, in greater or less degree, the same weird interest is aroused by all this dreamy, desert portion of the United States. The vegetation is unique. A blue haze veils the mountains. The distances deceive. The mirages are illusions.

At the close of the Spanish dominion there succeeded the Mexican régîme. This, in turn, was followed by the American occupation in 1848.

IV.

Old Times and Present Resources.

NEW MEXICO, as now constituted, contains an area of 121,201 square miles. Its average breadth is three hundred and sixty-seven miles; its average length, three hundred and thirty-five miles. Unquestionably it is one of the healthiest portions of the country, "being absolutely free from all causes of disease." Warm at midday, the nights are cool, and the temperature of the mountains is everywhere delightful. Among the names of its counties we find the illustrious ones of Lincoln, Grant, and Colfax. Its chief cities are Santa Fe, the capital, Albuquerque, already mentioned, and the point at which the Atlantic and Pacific Railway leaves the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe road for San Francisco, Los Vegas, celebrated for its hot springs, Las Cruces, Silver City, Deming, and some others.

In age and historic interest, as well as in legendary charm, Santa Fe, colonized and re-named by the Spaniards in 1598, stands pre-eminent. Probably no other spot in all this lower portion of our land is so rich in old Indian traditions, in memories

of the relentless Spanish rule, and in reminiscences of the intrepid Rocky Mountain fur traders. Its plaza, streets, buildings, and some special precincts, are eloquent with the deeds of the three races which have successively held sway there.

Prior to the Spanish settlement, the place was the governing center for a group of Indian villages which were confederated under one cacique, and enjoyed a remarkable prosperity, if we may credit the testimony of their conquerors. These were villages of the gentle "Tanos people," upon whom were executed, after 1662, some of the harsh edicts of the Inquisition.

Among the points of attraction belonging to a former day are the old Church of San Miguel, the Cathedral of San Francisco, Fort Marcy, certain old landmarks of the American fur traders, and the structure called the Governor's Residence. The latter is said to be the oldest, and the only building in the United States, preserved since the Spanish sway, which is distinctively called a palace. It is now familiarly known as the Governor's Residence, and is occupied by the American Governor of the Territory. No single feature of the old city excites more interest in the minds of visitors than does this dwelling.

It is a one-story, adobe structure, with very thick walls, like all such works left by the Spaniards, and is supposed to have been erected by

Count Penaloza, chief executive of the province, about 1662. Around it cluster volumes of historical associations. One of its distinctions is the great number of titled people which have been entertained within it, in royal state. Considering its location, in the heart of a great country, and the fact that from no direction could it be reached, except by traversing arid stretches of vast extent, or by crossing mountains rugged and bold, this feature is all the more noteworthy. Among its guests have been envoys of the kings of Spain, Mexican officials, and distinguished citizens of the United States.

Penaloza, so runs the history, possessed not only a decided taste for building cities and fine edifices, but also great tact for quelling Indian outbreaks. At the same time, he was not the man to meekly execute all the decrees of the home government. It is related that on one occasion he laid hold of a Spanish commissary-general and confined him in the palace for a week, in the hope that quietude and time for reflection might teach him official moderation. How he succeeded is not stated.

Modern writers have worked away at the ancient Church of San Miguel, until most readers know all about it. The principal facts concerning the structure, besides the history wrapped up in it, are the following: It is believed to be the oldest church edifice in the United States. Like scores of similar buildings in Arizona, Old Mexico, and California,

it was made of adobe, with walls immensely thick. Its exterior is prison-like. In the general Pueblo emeute of 1680 it suffered partial destruction, but was restored thirty years later.

Near it stands a low adobe structure, two stories in height, "known to antedate every other house in our land," it being the only remains of the ancient Pueblo village, or capital, of Analco, which, at Espejo's advent, occupied the present site of Santa Fe.

In the early years of this century there flourished, at times, in Santa Fe such notable Rocky Mountain men as Kit Carson and Captain Zebulon Pike, whose name is perpetuated by that peerless summit, Pike's Peak, and who once languished, for some little time, a prisoner in the famous "palace." Added to these were Jedediah Smith, the two Soublette brothers, the Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Bridger, besides a score of less eminent but not less fearless traders, trappers, and adventurers, who, in spite of great obstacles and extreme reverses, built up a rich commerce with Northern Mexico.

The resources of New Mexico may be grouped under the heads of grazing, mining, agriculture, as yet carried on to an extent much below the possibilities, horticulture, in which encouraging beginnings have been made, and endless openings for manufactures. Immense herds of cattle, sheep,

goats, and horses range over its boundless pasture tracts. A glimpse of these herds is sometimes obtained by the traveler as he flits through the Territory on the cars. Millions of acres are given up to this purpose.

In the mountains of New Mexico lie buried in vast quantities, gold, silver, copper, coal, mica, and numerous other metals. Santa Fe County, embracing the celebrated Cerrillos anthracite fields, twenty thousand acres in extent, together with the Callisteo bituminous banks, of equal size, and those of Socorro County, on the eastern side of the Rio Grande, represent the wealth of a kingdom in fuel alone.

Donna Ana County, one hundred and fifty miles long, one hundred miles wide, lying on the border of Old Mexico and well watered by the Rio Grande, excels in semi-tropical fruit products. Every thing may be grown there, from apples to strawberries, grown in abundance and to perfection. Onion culture is also a prominent industry of the district. The variety raised is a native of Old Mexico, and has a great reputation for size and fine flavor. In these particulars it surpasses the favorite Bermuda onion. One cultivator of the fragrant (?) edible, says: "An acre of ground will produce thirty thousand onions, averaging one pound in weight, and with skillful husbandry even fifty thousand pounds may be obtained from the same space. The crop may be marketed on the ground at three

cents per pound, and will require the steady labor of one man six months of the year.

A conspicuous resource of this county is its gypsum plains, forty miles long by thirty miles wide. The mineral exists in the form of powder, and in some localities is "piled in drifts, from twenty to fifty feet in height." From a distance, it is said, these ridges resemble banks of snow. Its special value lies in its being a fine fertilizer for wheat.

Four great rivers, with many lesser streams, water the Territory of New Mexico. The Rio Grande and the Rio Picos flow through its entire length, from north to south, and find their outlet in the Gulf of Mexico. The latter is the more eastern stream, and refreshes Lincoln County, an immense area, embracing about one-fifth of the Territory.

Rio Arriba County is another mammoth section. Its altitude above sea-level averages seven thousand feet. Its length is two hundred and fifty miles, its width ninety miles. Through it flows the river San Juan, a strong affluent of the Colorado, and having many large branches of its own.

Turning now to the north-eastern corner of the Territory, we behold rolling into populous San Miguel County, from Texas, the Canadian River, an important arm of the Arkansas. With its own multiplied tributaries it nourishes a fine series of

fertile valleys. In this section the hills and mountain slopes bristle with forests of pine and cedar. On the streams are numerous saw-mills, busy cutting this timber into lumber, thus adding another to the resources of New Mexico.

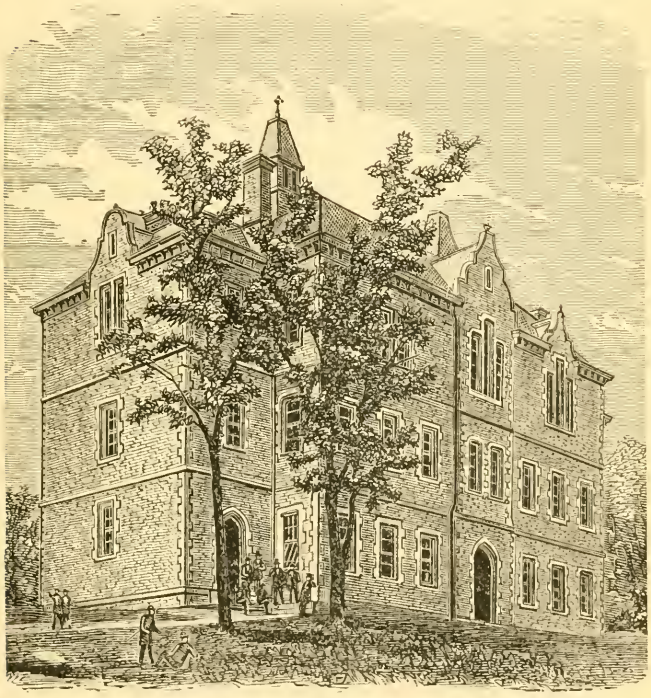
V.

The Church and School-House are the Pioneers.

BEFORE resuming the thread of my story, after this long digression, I wish to make one or two remarks on the subject of general education in this and other south-western parts of our country, and to make them in connection with Wallace, the terminus of a division of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railway, where are located the company's shops, round-house, and the like. Wallace is a point of interest, also, on account of the liberal provision it has made for the education and religious culture of its people, and in these respects it is a typical Western town. It is not unusual in these towns to find the church and school-house going up simultaneously with the dwellings. Indeed, in my journeyings I have seen a town-site on which a church, a school-house, and a hotel were among the first buildings erected, and the men laying out the place were of the shrewdest, most far-seeing class. Another preliminary step was the grading of the principal streets and the laying of durable pavements. Then followed electric lights,

and the next thing was a railway train thundering in.

It has been reserved for the West, the undefined but prodigious West, to reverse the order of pro-



One of the Pioneers.

ceedings in founding towns and cities. The old plan was for a number of families to appear, one by one, on the scene, erect their habitations and get settled at their various pursuits. Then tardily followed the church edifices and the institutions of

learning. Now the latter are the pioneers. They move on, in advance of the people, take possession of the ground, and are ready to begin work when the men and women, the boys and girls, come up.

Now returning to our journey: We were some three hours beyond Albuquerque, when, halting at a station in the desert, our car was invaded by a band of Pueblo women carrying baskets of "pinions," a small nut gathered on the neighboring mountains, and which resembled a variety of brown bean I have frequently seen in Ohio. The fruit was sweet and pleasant to the taste, and was offered us at five cents the tumbler full. These little women were a lively company, and flitted to and fro in the car, disposing of their nuts in a very brisk, business-like manner. They were clad in indescribable attire, and evidently in expectation of seeing strangers. Each woman wore upon her head about the following articles: A square piece of colored cloth, a gay handkerchief, and a sun-bonnet tied with cord and tassels. The remainder of the costume was similarly varied, both as to garments and color. There could be little question but that each one had donned her entire wardrobe for the occasion. With their coal-black eyes, alert ways, and pleasant expression of countenance, they were agreeable women, notwithstanding their swarthy skin, short stature, and stout bodies.

THE OLD SANTA FE TRAIL.

Not far to the east of us now, through many miles of the treeless desert, lay the celebrated Santa Fe Trail, formerly pursued by emigrants on their way to the great El Dorado of the West.

"For a distance of ninety miles through New Mexico," said a gentleman familiar with the Territory, "this route crossed not a single stream of running water; and to this part of it was given the name of 'Valley of Death.' And such, indeed, it was. Great numbers of men and animals fell victims to thirst upon its suffocating sands."

Here and there the precise locality of the trail was pointed out to us, as we sped down the desolate expanse.

Many of the small hamlets which have sprung up because the railroad is here, are as quiet and dreamy as the desert itself. No business is transacting. No hum of manufacturing is heard. No teams are at work. Not a woman is seen abroad in the streets. No child voices ring out through the heated air. And yet this is sunny New Mexico, a land which many people who have not traversed it, suppose to be clothed with verdure, radiant with flowers, and teeming with inhabitants.

It was a relief, under the circumstances, to have the long, bright day wear away, and to see the sun

go down. Suddenly, thereupon, fully one-quarter of the great arch overhead turned to a brilliant gold color. Half-way up to the zenith this softened into a faint pink, while at the horizon it deepened to a rich orange. Soon after, in the midst of the gold, appeared the fair evening star, its soft, silvery beams contrasting strikingly with the glory around. Slowly, then, night dropped her curtains, now concealing this range of mountains, and now that. It was nine o'clock. We were in Deming, the south-western terminus of the Atchison and Topeka road.

The only hotel was crowded with guests, waiting for a delayed train on the Southern road. Not a room remained for the passengers from the North. Happily, between the proprietor and a housekeeper across the plaza there existed a silent partnership in the hotel business, which was made apparent on such occasions. To her house, accordingly, were we marched, an inhospitable wind chilling us to our very bones. Arrived at the place, we were conducted up an outside staircase to our rooms, in none of which was sign of fire, beyond a warm stove-pipe, which passed through one of them from below. This was kindly assigned to the sufferer in my care, and in a short time weariness and desert solitudes were forgotten in sound sleep.

VI.

Incidents of the Second Journey.

NEARLY three years after that night I again passed over this section of New Mexico, and if the reader will pardon, I will insert here, before we move westward from Deming, one or two episodes of that trip.

Under my care, by her own request, was an aged German woman, for long years a resident of San Francisco. So singular a character was she, such a compound of smartness and utter inability, so unattractive in appearance, and yet so winning withal, that I presume to photograph her on these pages.

Upon entering the Pullman car at Los Angeles, I found her domiciled for the trip, and conversing with a couple of genteel-looking friends. The berth I had secured happened to be opposite her own. Presently her friends bade her "good-bye," and we were alone. Then turning to me she remarked:

"May be you are going where I am?"

"Possibly. I am going to Ohio."

"Is that east of Medora, Kansas?"

"Yes, a long distance."

"May be, then, you 'll look after me. I 've never been over this road before. I live in San Francisco—thirty years now in that wonderful city."

"I will, certainly, do all I can for you."

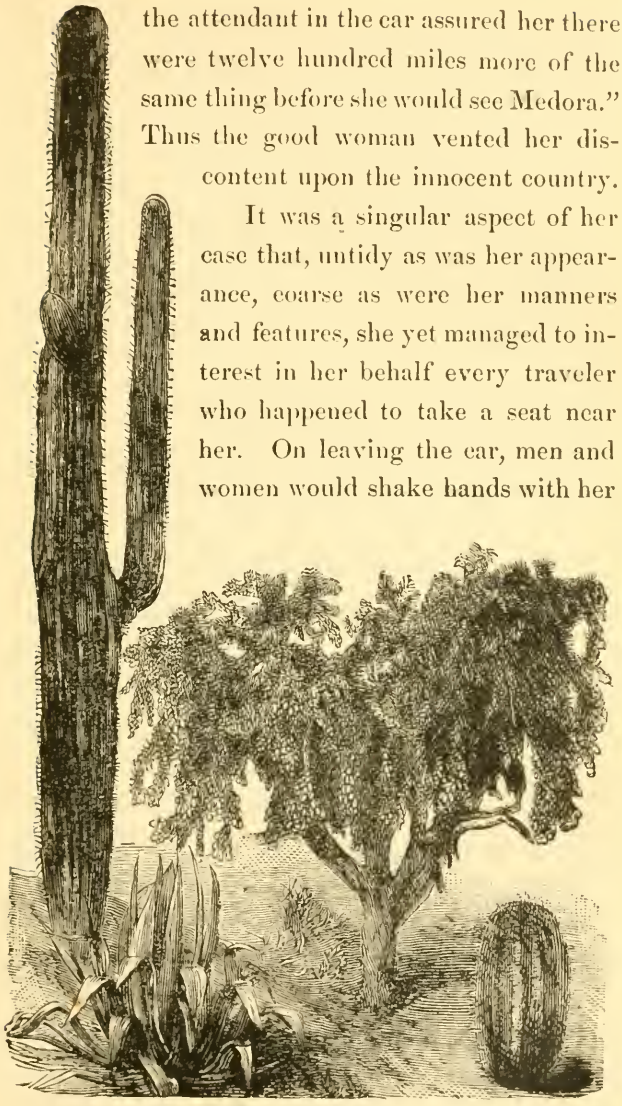
Then she proceeded to epitomize her austere history, by saying that she had been a hard worker all her days; had made and lost two or three ample fortunes; had buried her husband two years before; had been left childless, and now, tired of a silent home and a desolate life, she had started for Medora, Kansas, "expressly to take back with her a favorite niece and her family, to brighten the house."

"Should they prove kind to her," she went on, "and not be too stuck up, the step should be the making of them. But should they forget the respect due her, they 'd just have to pack up and git. And, in that event, she should just take up the dead body of her husband and git to Europe. Germany was a better place, anyhow, than this wretched, sandy country."

Hundreds of miles before reaching Deming, she became disgusted with the route, and "just wished she 'd gone by the Union Pacific. That was a wonderful route, through magnificent scenery. But on this Southern Pacific road she 'd seen nothing but sand, mountains, and twisted cacti for nearly thirteen hundred miles; and, what was worse yet,

the attendant in the car assured her there were twelve hundred miles more of the same thing before she would see Medora." Thus the good woman vented her discontent upon the innocent country.

It was a singular aspect of her case that, untidy as was her appearance, coarse as were her manners and features, she yet managed to interest in her behalf every traveler who happened to take a seat near her. On leaving the car, men and women would shake hands with her



A Group of Cacti.

warmly, wishing her a safe arrival at "Medora," and success with the niece and her family. To the through passengers this proceeding became rather amusing toward the last. At the same time it disclosed a beautiful side of our human nature.

An important part of the woman's luggage consisted of a capacious portmanteau, crowded with such fragrant provisions as pickles, cheese, ham, doughnuts, and bologna sausage. From either one of these the odor could have been endured; but when all had been combined and confined for several hours, they had the effect to set her near neighbors to devising an emigration scheme the moment the receptacle was opened. From this supply, with the addition of a cup of coffee, procured for her at the meal stations, she refreshed herself three times each day. Though twice and a half my weight, she seemed to regard me as a being who could avert from her all the evils of the way, and, indeed, but for my oversight on leaving Deming, the poor woman would have been doomed to spend twenty-four hours more in that "horrid sandy country."

At half-past nine in the morning we were located in the cool, wicker-seated coaches, ready for the flight northward. Toward noon we came in sight of the green fringe of the Rio Grande. Crossing this stream we soon drew up at Rincon, a place consisting of the station-house and a very comfort-

able hotel. Both are shoved up into a narrow cañon, in order to escape overflows of the great river. Here, during a three hours' waiting for the northward-bound train from El Paso, we witnessed a striking display of the mental resources of the Mexican in times of emergency, and also of his capacity to sympathize with others in condition of suffering.

Soon after our arrival one of their race attempted, when in a state of intoxication, to leap upon an incoming local train. One of the brakemen, perceiving the man's danger, pushed him away vigorously. Enraged by this act, the crazed fellow repeated the effort, missed his hold, fell beneath the car, and was taken up with one foot severely crushed. He became sober instantly.

Lying about on blankets, bedding, and bundles of apparel in the broad covered passage-way between the two trains, were a score of his countrymen, unmoved by the accident and indifferent to the victim's pain. There being no physician within miles of the place, the wounded man was laid on the floor of this passage, without sign of pillow, and freely dosed with whisky, while upon the mangled foot was poured a stream of cold water. Meanwhile, did he attempt to turn his head, to move an arm, or toss about in his agony, his two companions held him as rigid as a statue, regardless of his woeful cry of "Let me alone."

Distressed by all this, several gentlemen, leaving the cars, urged gentler treatment and the pressing need of a surgeon. But the brown-visaged men replied only by a shake of the head, and a few words uttered in the Spanish tongue. The administration of whisky and water continued during the three hours of our stay, and when we moved off northward the sufferer still lay on the floor, his foot bleeding but himself quiet and unconscious of pain, because dead drunk.

Shortly before four o'clock of the fifth day after our departure from Los Angeles, the polite conductor of the train entered our car, stepped to the seat occupied by my German friend, and said, smilingly, "The next station is Medora," and then passed on. How the good woman's hands trembled then as she tied her bonnet strings, clasped her reticule, and gave the half-dozen pieces of her luggage a quick little shove together to have them ready for a prompt departure! Stepping to her side I said: "Do not worry; I will help you off the train."

Then she calmed herself some and waited, and finally, grateful for her cordial invitation to visit her the next time I should be in "that wonderful city, San Francisco," I bade her "good-bye" in the long-looked-for Medora, and continued my flight toward the Buckeye State.

VII.

From Deming to Tucson.

NOW let us return to Deming. The reader will remember we entered the place at nine o'clock in the evening. The next morning, which dawned cold and gray, revealed a small village of possibly sixteen hundred inhabitants. In the distance, on every hand, rose mountains blue and stately. Most of the buildings were of wood, one story in height, and erected, evidently, to serve only until better structures should take their place. The commodious hotel, hemmed in on three sides by railroads, was new and well managed. Its bill of fare was surprisingly ample, and the cooking excellent, for a table spread in the heart of a desert.

Some towns seem to have been foreordained to become eminent. Reputation attaches to them independently of size or age. Location alone secures it to them. This is Deming's prime advantage. The village stands in the path of the ever-increasing tide of travel from the vast "East" to our southwestern coast. Through it pass, also, from the Pacific Slope thousands of people ticketed to Texas and the Gulf States, while multitudes branch off

here for all points east of the Rocky Mountains. Hence the little town is known far and near.

Deming is located about forty miles north of the border of Old Mexico, and is a distributing point for a large region of country. Its altitude above

Salix Babylonica—"Weeping Willow."

sea-level is four thousand two hundred feet. Underneath the place, some fifty feet below the surface, lies an inexhaustible supply of excellent water. This advantage the citizens naturally set forth with some eloquence, situated as they are, on a great desert unrefreshed by running streams. Like millions of acres of this Southland, the region needs

water only to render it marvelously productive, they tell us. The general cultivation of the soil here, however, is much a question of the future. Many of the mountains around are vast store-houses for valuable metals and minerals.

Deming calls itself the half-way station between Kansas City and San Francisco, being twelve hundred miles from the former, and nearly thirteen hundred from the latter. The Southern Pacific Railway connects the place with both the Pacific and Gulf coasts. It is likewise the southern terminus for the narrow-gauge road now finished to Silver City, situated in a rich mineral region. Proceeding westward as far as Benson, an important mining town of Arizona, Deming has an outlet *via* the Sonora Railway to the port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California.

At half-past ten we again pushed out into the sand, with two hundred and twenty miles between us and Tucson, Arizona. All day long we rolled over the wild waste, our relation to the mountain chains on either hand, changing every hour. The vegetation of the desert proved an interesting study. At one little station I observed, to my surprise, the Salix Babylonica growing in a hot depression, where one would suppose no green thing could live. I noticed, also, in addition to several strange varieties, frequent large patches of the cactus commonly called "prickly pear," or the cactus opuntia.

Here the plant was dwarfed in size and the leaves grew close to the ground.

But afterwards, in the city of Los Angeles, I saw it attain a height of fifteen or eighteen feet. The trunk was bare of limbs to a height of eight

Cactus Opuntia—"Prickly Pear."

or ten feet, while the top of ungainly, distorted branches spread out in all directions. The last time I passed this cactus tree, the edge of each pulpy leaf had burst out into a circlet of yellowish-red blossoms, making it a conspicuous object in the neighborhood. The fruit of this species is not

only edible, but palatable, and being round at both ends, reminds one of the short, smooth variety of cucumber, though the color is a lighter green.

When crossing this desert the second time, I was favored with a sight of that strange optical illusion, the mirage. Happening to glance out of the car-window, in the direction of the south-west, about four o'clock in the afternoon, lo! there appeared a broad, placid river flowing through the sand. Inverted in its depths we could plainly see the summits of the nearest mountains, and also the tops of the tallest shrubs close at hand. At one point the stream appeared to divide, and encircle the base of a stately butte standing far away, thus forming an inverted conical island.

"Why! is that a river?" inquired a passenger, springing to her feet, and trying to obtain a clearer view of the scene.

"No, madam," answered the conductor, just then passing through the car. "There is no water within two hundred miles of here."

But again we have digressed. It is not easy to combine in one account the observations of opposite trips through a land like this. On we fly, past acres of cacti and chaparral, towards the quaint old city of Tucson. Once more it is night. The sun sinks behind the low indigo hills, rimming the horizon in the west. The heavens are glorious half-way to the zenith. The stars glitter in the azure sky. The

air grows cold, making necessary the fire glowing in the huge stove. Now a passenger steps to the door, looks out ahead, returns, shrugs his shoulders, and announces, "Tucson is in sight."

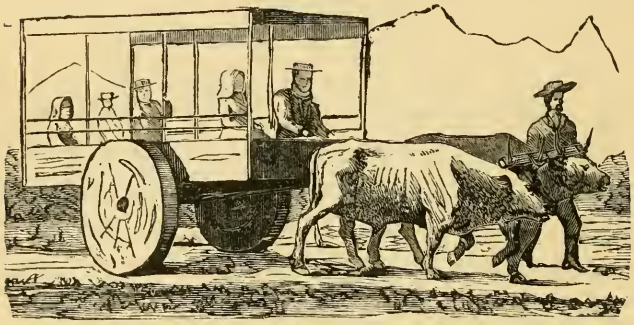
Presently the train halted in front of an excellent hotel, kept by a family named Porter, whom the writer has occasion long to remember, for kindnesses shown her. Delivering up the checks for our luggage, we stepped into an omnibus and drove into the queer old town for a ten days' sojourn and rest. Some little opportunity occurred during our stay, to acquaint myself with Arizona and its ancient capital Certain general facts gained, appear in the following chapter.

VIII.

ARIZONA.

ARIZONA, once a part of New Mexico, embraces a territory of sixteen thousand square miles. Superficially it consists of deserts, plateaus, valleys, and mountains. Chains of the latter traverse it in almost every direction, with much rich, productive land intervening. The southern portion is an extensive plain, but slightly elevated above the sea. Other parts attain altitudes of from six to nine thousand feet. The splendid cone of Saint Francis towers to a distance of eleven thousand feet. The Rio Colorado is the most notable stream of the Territory, and forms a considerable part of its western boundary. Next in importance is the Gila. Having its source in New Mexico, it flows entirely across the southern portion of Arizona, and joins the Colorado about one hundred and sixty miles north of the Gulf of California. Narrow, swift, and shallow most of the year, it swells to a mighty torrent during the rainy season.

The valley of the Gila appears to have been the seat, not only of a large Spanish colonization, but also of a dense Indian population, far anterior to the Spanish occupation. Portions of it are dotted with the ruins of ancient pueblos and structures of solid masonry, "which seem to have remained untenanted for centuries." There exist evidences of



Locomotion Among the Mexicans.

long irrigating canals and other eloquent tokens of a busy, industrial life. Some archæologists have conjectured that a people numbering not less than one hundred thousand, dwelt in the valley of the Gila, hundreds of years before Hernando Cortez ever saw Mexico.

The Rio Colorado is navigable several hundred miles above the Gulf of California. At one point, as all the world has read, its deep, resistless current has plowed a cañon, surpassing in the majesty of its scenery even the famous gorge of the Columbia, itself renowned for grand and awe-inspiring sights.

The writer will carry in mind to the end of life some of the wonders which mark the rent in the Cascade Mountains, made by the mighty Columbia. The walls of that portion of the Colorado, called the Grand Cañon, attain a perpendicular height of seven thousand feet.

THE INDIAN TRIBES.

Arizona still retains a large Indian population. The tribes which live in general amity with the Americans are the Pimas, Yumas, Mojaves, Maricopas, Papagoes, and some others. The Apaches, as the newspapers have taken some pains to say, are notably fierce and hostile. The friendly tribes are more or less engaged in farming, stock-raising, and similar pursuits, parts of the Territory being admirably adapted to these purposes.

THE MINING INDUSTRY.

With most other classes of the people mining appears to be the leading industry. The mountains teem with valuable metals and minerals. Gold, silver, and copper are the most plentiful. Then follows a long list, useful in the arts, and in a thousand ways helpful to man.

The subject of mining certainly forms the staple for conversation in Tucson, both in the home and on the street. In it women appear to be as deeply

interested as men, and numbers of them spend weeks of time every year superintending the development of mines; while others, at great sacrifice of domestic enjoyment, leave their homes and reside in the rude camps months in succession, in order that the members of their families engaged in "working claims" may have the restraints and attractions of home life thrown around them.

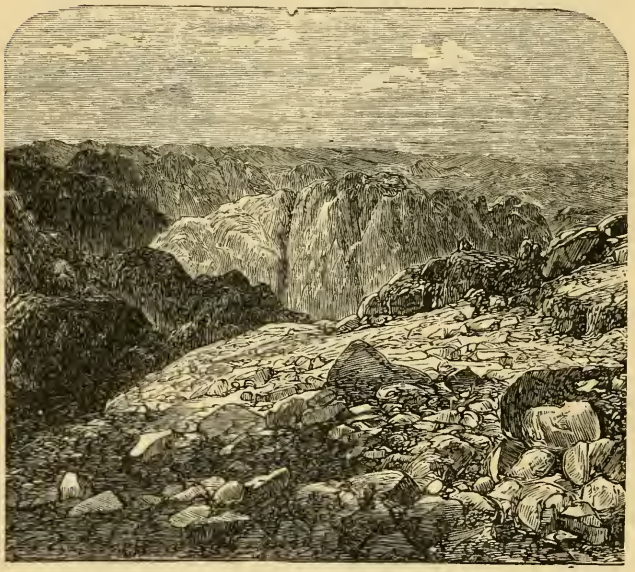
As I pen these lines there is loading up in the sunny court of this rambling adobe house, a rough-looking, muddy-wheeled vehicle, in which a young man and his mother, a most interesting woman, are about to set out for a mine they own, something like a hundred miles from Tucson. Upon this mine, within a limited time, according to law, must be performed a specified amount of work, else the claim will be forfeited. The mother and son are to set forth this morning to meet this requirement. They came into the city three days ago, from mining property belonging to the family in another direction. On that claim the husband, mother, and son are making a home, until, as the woman remarked to me, "a wasted fortune could be repaired." Within seventy-five miles of her temporary mining home, not another woman resides!

Such are some of the sacrifices imposed by the struggle for gold and silver in these mountains. Sooner or later the precious ores cost the possessor all they are worth. Usually the road is long before

a claim becomes remunerative, even if it prove a remarkably rich one. Great patience, perseverance, and courage, as well as a practical knowledge of mining, and a large outlay of money, are the preface to success. And often, after the lavish expenditure of all these, success hides out of sight.

It has been estimated that from twenty-five to forty per cent of the attempts to extract fortunes from the heart of these mountains end in ruin. The outlay is continual. The income may never come. Far surer of coaxing gold out of the valleys is the man who plants potatoes and corn therein. Still, Arizona is one of the richest mineral lands of the world. Leaving gold and silver out of the question, it is affirmed that the Territory's annual yield of copper alone will in a few years reach the vast sum of twenty-five million dollars. Statistics showing the enormous output of some of the Arizona copper mines might here be given, were it my purpose to cumber this little book with details of that character. I may add here, however, that in the opinion of a thoughtful observer of the industry, both here and in Colorado, "mining, properly conducted, is one of the most remunerative pursuits which men follow, and is excelled in this respect only by the liquor traffic." He might have continued: "There is this marked difference, though, in the getting started. Frequently the miner invests a fortune before he receives a farthing in return.

On the other hand, ten dollars will establish a saloon. And not unlikely, the first day after the screen is adjusted inside the front door, revenue from the modest stock of mingled water, chemicals, and alcohol begins to flow in freely."



IX.

TUCSON.

THE city of Tucson stands in the center of a wide sandy plain, a part of the great desert we have traversed two days and two nights. It lies on the Santa Cruz River, sixty miles north of the frontier of Old Mexico, two hundred and twenty miles west of Deming, two hundred and fifty miles east of Yuma, reputed to be the "hottest place in the world." Tucson is in size the chief town of Arizona, and has a population of about fourteen thousand. Prior to the American *régime* it was a Mexican military post of some consequence. It is now a mining center of much influence, and is the capital of Pima County, itself large enough to make a good-sized state.

Tucson, like St. Augustine, is an un-American, and, on a small scale, extremely cosmopolitan city. A resident of the place avers that on its streets may be heard eighteen different languages. Americans, Mexicans, Germans, Russians, Italians, Austrians, Frenchmen, Spaniards, Greeks, the Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, the African, Irishman, and Sandwich Islander are all here, being drawn to the spot by the irresistible mining influence.

In 1694 the Spaniards established a military station here, for the defense of their Mission of San Xavier. But its Indian occupation antedates that day. So, under cloudless skies, and in sight of haze-mantled mountains, the place has dreamed away the years for centuries past. It contains a few modern dwellings, but the majority are built of adobe, in the style prevalent throughout this region from an early day. Usually they stand flush upon the sidewalk, are one story in height, have the floors laid upon the ground, and, exteriorly, are but straight white walls, pierced for doors and windows. Two or three live newspapers find plenty to do extolling the town, the climate, and the buried wealth of the territory. There are several Protestant churches, with, of course, a Catholic house of worship, and at least two good hotels, the one at the railway station being owned by the Southern Pacific Company.

At one side of this hotel is fenced in a pretty green inclosure, set with trees, shrubs, and unique cacti. On my homeward trip the train halted here for dinner, the Pullman car stopping just in front of this gem of green. Lazily leaning against the fence, like so many towers of Pisa, were a dozen bronzed Mexicans, who spent the twenty minutes of our stay gazing dreamily at the coaches. Alone among them stood a tall, handsome young woman, dressed in black, except that over her head was

thrown a white shawl of gauzy texture, which fell in folds around her shoulders. With one elbow resting on the fence, and her eyes fixed upon the engine breathing heavily in front of the train, she remained still as a statue until the sharp clang of the bell, as we moved off, roused her from her musings. That maiden was the Past of Arizona personified. It needed the shrill bell and piercing shriek of the locomotive to break up the chronic reverie of the Territory.

Within a few miles of Tucson is to be seen the ancient church of San Xavier, in a state of partial ruin. Considering the period in which it was reared, and the almost insuperable difficulties overcome in conveying materials to the spot, the work is a wonder. Reader, in making your visit to the Pacific coast, visit the structure if you can.

X.

From Tucson to Los Angeles.

CANDLE-LIGHTING, December 18th, found us again aboard the cars, bound for Los Angeles. The train, heavily loaded with passengers hastening to the sunny clime, was due on the coast next day at sunset. All night we coursed over the desert, a welcome rain laying the dust toward morning. Daybreak greeted us at Yuma, the half-way point.

Yuma may be imagined as a small town, lying on the Colorado, just above the entrance of the Gila. The place is scarcely more inviting than the desert itself. As usual, the houses are made of adobe chiefly. Mexicans are the more numerous class of inhabitants; and the climate, extremely mild in Winter, is insufferably hot in Summer. A fort in the vicinity is garrisoned by a small detachment of United States troops; and decidedly startling, it is said, are the adjectives the soldiers sometimes employ to express the high temperature which prevails in the place a good share of the time.

Yuma is the capital of a district of Arizona, once occupied by the Indian nation so called. Over a century ago this tribe numbered above three thousand persons, who styled themselves "Sons of

the River." History designates them as being at that time a strong, sensible, and energetic race. To-day the case may be differently stated. Only a few years ago the Yumas counted but nine hundred and thirty souls, and every one of them was a wreck physically.

There is still a day's ride before us, and all the morning there is a genuine charm in the fantastic vegetation of the desert, and the more so, as it is refreshed by the falling rain. After some hours we enter the San Gorgonio Pass, in the mountains of that name, and when at the summit have attained the highest elevation between Deming and Los Angeles. The next step is to strike out upon the great mesa which skirts for a distance of eighty miles, probably, the base of the rugged Sierra Madre Mountains, in full view now on our right, until we enter the city. Of this plain more will be said in a subsequent chapter.

From this onward the stations become more frequent. Flowers, carpets of thick, green grass, and new varieties of ornamental trees, attract us at all of them. San Bernardino, located a few miles off the railway toward the north, is the first name with which we are familiar. Carriages are in waiting to convey passengers thither, as the train draws up at the little "outlet station" for the place. San Bernardino is one of the many health resorts of Southern California which are growing in reputa-

tion. Its warm springs and peculiar climate render it an especially propitious locality for the victims of rheumatism.

We next hear of Riverside, distinctively a center for raisin culture. To this expanding industry and to the place itself we shall devote a succeeding chapter. As we approach Colton, a rapidly growing town, and now important as the point where the "California Southern" intersects the Southern Pacific Railway, Riverside lies nine miles to the south-east of us.

At five o'clock in the afternoon our train landed its freight of human beings, trunks, and carpet-bags at the depot in Los Angeles. Here we were to tarry but four days and then urge our way into the Valley of the Ojai, lying ninety miles north of the city, and reputed to be "the healthiest spot on the globe." Rain having fallen most of the day, the streets of Los Angeles were narrow seas of mud. And although the sun beamed out brightly just then the atmosphere was chilly. We shivered in our warmest wraps. The question was: Are we really in Southern California, the land of radiance and even temperature, of which we have heard so much? It was hardly just to let the first hour decide.

Driving immediately to the St. Charles Hotel, to whose kindly and sympathetic manager we bore letters of introduction, we were at once made comfortable with a warm room and an appetizing sup-

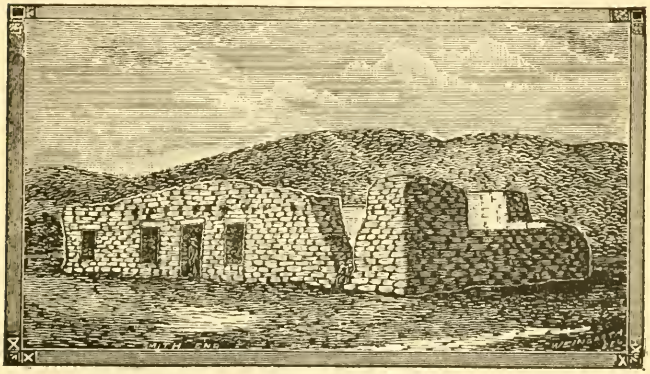
per—I 'm too old-fashioned to call the six o'clock evening meal, dinner. Probably I shall get used to it, for that is the name it goes by, at all the first-class hotels, in this nineteenth century. That "it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps," soon became sadly evident to us. The four days lengthened to eleven. For one of us they were days of pain and suffering. For the other they were crowded with anxiety and watching. When they were passed, the sufferer had fallen asleep until the end comes. A few days later he was laid away, among strange dead, on a gentle hill-slope, facing the sunset. Then the survivor took up this pen.

XI.

The City of Los Angeles.

THE city of Los Angeles, four years ago, well known to but comparatively few persons living east of the Mississippi, appeared to have just wakened from its century-long slumber, and to have entered upon a career of amazing prosperity. The Southern Pacific Railroad had been completed between two and three years previously, and now formed, with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe road, a highway of steel across the formidable Great American Desert. By these instrumentalities a toilsome and dangerous journey, requiring months for its accomplishment, had been shortened to a pleasant and every way comfortable, though somewhat monotonous, ride of about three days. The effect was magical. Thousands of people from all over the region east of the Rocky Mountains began pouring into Southern California, the city of Los Angeles being the center from which they radiated to everywhere, ferreting out the lovely nooks for homes, and the eligible situations for farms and towns. Thus was the old Spanish city, together with the thousand charming hills and vales surrounding it, aroused to a new and marvelously vigorous life.

The unwholesome, one-story adobe houses, once the only style seen in the city, and still numerous in the portion termed "Sonora-town," or the Mexican quarter, were fast disappearing, and in their stead were rising tasteful frame dwellings for residences, and durable brick structures for stores and business houses. The population of the place did



An Adobe Ruin.

not greatly exceed twenty thousand, and was a mixture of many nationalities. In the next three years the number of its inhabitants nearly doubled, and now, February, 1887, it claims forty thousand citizens, a note received from there to-day, certifying to that effect.

Four causes, mainly, have promoted this astonishing growth. These are: First, the Southern Pacific Railway, bringing hither not only all the East, but Northern California as well; second, the

almost faultless climate of the region; third, the astonishing fertility of the soil; and lastly, the sleepless enterprise of its people. Among these, English-speaking Americans predominate in numbers, wealth, and influence. Next in numbers come the Spanish-speaking Americans, or native Californians, of whom there are in Los Angeles County between ten and twelve thousand. Then follow the representatives of a dozen different languages, among them a scarcity of Frenchmen, but a multiplicity of Chinese and Germans. The Jews are a numerous class, and are said to possess the preponderance of wealth.

The city lies on the west bank of the Los Angeles River, inland from the sea, eighteen miles, on the west, and twenty-one miles on the south. Built chiefly in the valley of that stream, down which it daily urges its way, to the westward and southward, it yet steadily pushes its limits up the hills on the north-west, to-day taking possession of one commanding height, and to-morrow of another. Indeed, the time hastens when all that fine series of elevations lying between the town and the San Fernando Mountains will be crowned with handsome homes, and be laid out in lawns and gardens, where the visitor may delight himself amid an exuberance of trees, flowers, and climbing vines.

Many intelligent persons who have never visited this section of the coast, think of Los Angeles as lo-

cated immediately upon the ocean shore, just as they suppose Portland, Oregon, to be situated upon the brink of the Columbia River, and should they suddenly be set down in the brisk city, would at once look around for a sight of the big blue sea, or would listen for the roar of its tumbling waves. Nor is this lack of correct geographical knowledge at all surprising. One can not know every thing, and necessarily the maps do not represent the facts accurately. It requires no small fraction of one's time to acquaint himself with the details of matters right at one's door. To grasp all that are embraced within the horizon would demand several "three-score years and ten."

Los Angeles has two outlets to the sea, as follows: Santa Monica, a pretty village lying on the coast, eighteen miles west of the city, was formerly the chief port of landing, but being somewhat ineligible, and San Pedro, on the shore, twenty-one miles south of the city, having been declared by the Government the port of entry for Southern California, the piers were removed from Santa Monica, and the place became simply a sea-side resort and temporary home for such invalids as are benefited by close contact with the ocean. Thus exit from, or entrance to, the metropolis by sea is confined to San Pedro, which, though but an insignificant place, is the entrepôt and outpôt for a large district of Southern California. The point has something of a

history, and a short chapter will be devoted to its attractions further on.

If you are not making an ocean trip, but desire simply to breathe the fresh sea air and rest awhile, you may run away either to Santa Monica or to Long Beach. The latter resort lies on the eastern shore of San Pedro Bay. To both points there is railroad communication from the city, and at neither is Old Ocean chary of his tonics. At Santa Monica you have the foaming, roaring surf, breaking in loud thunder on the coast. At Long Beach you may enjoy a carriage ride of several miles on the smooth, hard-packed sand, in addition to the bathing; and should you choose the proper week of the season for your visit, you may have a taste of the literary fare proffered by the "Chautauqua Society of Southern California," which there holds its annual sessions. Excellent accommodations are afforded, if you have forgotten your tent, at both resorts. Long Beach boasts one of the finest hotels in the country.

Not to violate the custom of historians, I suppose I should inform the reader when, and by whom, Los Angeles was founded. Very briefly then: On the 4th of September, 1781, a company of Spanish people—twelve of them men grown—to whom had been granted, at this point on the Los Angeles River, a tract of land six miles square, came upon the ground and laid out this city, giving it the

name it bears, and allotting to it the total tract of land. All the original streets traversed this square diagonally. And the stranger must be quick-minded who can to-day determine in which direction he is going without stopping to think. A plaza was laid off and improved, which is even now a central pleasure-ground of the city. Fronting it on the west was erected the parish church. This is still standing, an antique and venerable structure. If I mistake not, one or two more of the first buildings erected by the colony are in existence, but one by one all that class of houses must succumb to the spirit of improvement so rife here.

Nearly due southward through this territory, and east of its middle line, flows the Los Angeles River. Some miles south of the city limits it joins the San Gabriel River, and with it travels to the sea at San Pedro, making a journey of about thirty miles from its source in the Sierra Madre Mountains.

The Los Angeles is one of those streams whose bed, at some points, is above the water. In other words, it flows underground, or is lost in the sand. During the rainy season it enlarges to a broad river, with a powerful current and a dangerous shifting bottom. Widely overflowing its banks, it sweeps away real estate and personal property in most merciless fashion. Scarcely a season passes in which adventurous men do not lose their lives in attempting to cross it with teams when at its flood.

Both driver and horses soon disappear beneath its restless quicksands. But let the early Autumn come! Then the once raging torrent purls along, a narrow, shallow, garrulous brook, which bare-footed children may easily ford.

The rain-fall in Southern California during the Winter of 1884 had not been equaled in twenty-six years. The Los Angeles then rose to a great height. Numberless small tenements, improvidently built too near its brink, were swept from their anchorage and borne away toward the sea, or were ruthlessly wrecked on the spot. From the window of my secure hill-top home I could look down upon the stream and witness its ravages. Several lives were that winter a prey to its waters.

At a point near the city a certain portion of the water of the Los Angeles River is taken up and conveyed hither and thither through seventy-five miles or more of canals, thus forming the Los Angeles Irrigation System. In addition to this, several private water companies supply the fluid, from other sources, to extensive districts, for house, lawn, and garden purposes. The value of effective systems of irrigation to horticulture and vegetable farming in Southern California exceeds all estimate. So rare is frost that a harvest of almost every product which grows here, is nearly an absolute certainty with a moderate supply of water.

The canals are called zangas. The superin-

tendent of the system is styled the zangero. Necessarily he must be a man promptly attentive to business. When the day arrives for a certain orange orchard or vineyard to be flooded, the zangero must have the refreshing liquid ready to laugh and ripple around the roots of the thirsty trees, the moment the gate is opened which admits it to the premises. He must also remember who wants it at night, and see that such parties get it, and in sufficient quantity; nor must he fail to withdraw it from them in the morning.

The soft murmuring of the water as it glides through the zangas in some of the beautiful suburbs of the city is sweet music to the ear, a happy voice sending out joy and gladness. Wherever it is heard are sure to be seen verdure, flowers, and fruit.

One of the comforts a stranger appreciates in Los Angeles is its well-lighted streets. The place can certainly make good its claim to being the best lighted city on the continent. From the central streets to the most outlying alleys the darkness is so far dispelled as to enable the citizens to go about with ease. Electricity is the agent by which the result is accomplished. Mainly the light radiates from a system of tall masts, so located as to in each case illuminate the largest possible area.

In most cities lighted by electricity only the central and wealthier portions enjoy the luxury, the remoter precincts taking the cheaper illuminators. Usually

too, in such cities, the high price of property at the heart of things, drives the poor man out into the darkness for a home. In Los Angeles the light has gone out to this class, and may be termed "the poor man's light." Thus, also, are the owners of humble homes, as well as the proprietors of the more elegant ones, reaping the benefit of the augmented value of real estate which the system of lighting helps to create.

A peculiarity of the system is the round, flat "hood," or reflector, which crowns every mast. This both throws the light upon the ground, and prevents its wasteful radiation through the atmosphere. The area illuminated by this plan is, it is asserted, twenty times greater than the space formerly lighted by gas in the city, while the cost of the arrangement is only about twice that of the latter. Per consequence, the citizens are constantly and generously providing for an extension of the facility. This is soundly politic; a casting of bread upon the waters, which will return a myriad of loaves in *less* than many days.

Three notable ranges of mountains begirt the city of Los Angeles, while farther away, in full view, lie several shorter chains. Within some ten miles of the place, at their nearest point, and stretching off eastward to the San Gorgonio Pass, rise the white summits of the Sierra Madre, bold, rugged

elevations, wonderfully suggestive of stability and strength. So near do they appear to-day, in this strangely clear atmosphere, that from my window, when the western sun lights them up, I can plainly see into their riven sides. They are the first object my eye rests upon in the morning, and the last one to be shut out at night. An indescribable solace have they often proved to me, a stranger in this beautiful but melancholy land.

One distinguished summit of the range is Mount San Bernardino, near the village of that name, and sixty-three miles from Los Angeles. It towers eight thousand five hundred feet above sea-level, and in all dry, clear weather is visible from here. Another lordly projection is Mount Baldy, immediately north of Ontario, and easily accessible from that prosperous colony. Though forty miles from the city, the monarch looks down upon the driving Los Angelans with the air of a watchful deity. North of the city looms up the San Fernando range, shutting out the fertile valley and the once wealthy mission named in honor of that saint. West of us the Santa Monica Mountains sweep proudly down to the verge of the Pacific.

XII.

Invalids in Southern California.

SUNLIGHT is the life of Southern California at any time, but especially in Winter. With so many snow-capped mountains for near neighbors, and a great sea close at hand to send in, every now and then, vast acres of fog, so dense with moisture as to soon set roofs, door-caps, and window-ledges to dripping musically, Los Angeles would prove but a sorry place for invalids, were it not for an abundance of sunlight, and that of a remarkable quality.

Immediately upon the completion of the Southern Pacific Railway multitudes of ill people flocked to this part of the coast. The accommodations possible for the limited population to offer them, were soon more than exhausted, and not a few sick persons sought ineffectually for entertainment. In the short time which has since elapsed there have been made large additions in the way of hotels and boarding-houses; still each winter the number of invalids has exceeded the added provision for their comfort.

At the present time the city is crowded to its utmost capacity, and hundreds both of invalids and tourists are quartered in the towns adjacent, making

the best of the situation. No doubt many of the former class left comfortable homes in the North and East, with mistaken notions of both the climate and the conveniences of life here. Few realized that, notwithstanding Southern California was more than a century ago in the hands of the Spaniards, it is a comparatively new land, and among improvements to come, are facilities for the proper care of a large force of diseased and disabled men and women. Particularly true is this of all the new and smaller villages. Nowhere are there ample hospital accommodations. Hotel room is inadequate. Indeed, many things are but at the starting point. It deserves to be said, however, that the readiness of the citizens to serve, and even faithfully nurse, invalid strangers, is something remarkable, and often far exceeds just demands. A more hospitable, large-hearted, and sympathetic people does not exist than are the American residents of Southern California. To this fact the writer can bear grateful testimony.

Recently an officer of the Young Men's Christian Association, who, more than any one else, perhaps, is aware of the disappointments encountered by many who come to the coast for health, said to the writer:

"Emphasis should undoubtedly be laid by parties writing back to the States, upon the fact that within a very short time Los Angeles has leaped

from a quiescent old Spanish town into a rapidly growing American city, but that as yet its limits and provisions are insufficient for the complete accommodation of the thousands of tourists and invalids who converge here from all parts of the continent. The city is simply taxed beyond its capacity, and in spite of the excellent intentions of the citizens, some sick strangers fare hardly.

"And another thing: Frequently women have accompanied husbands to this coast who were just on the verge of death, and have suddenly been left here without means for returning to their families. For such the city has no proper refuge until they can either find employment or receive help from their friends. In several instances the philanthropic citizens have promptly contributed means for returning them to their relatives."

These statements were made in 1884. Since then the deficiencies have to a considerable extent been met. Large hotels and boarding-houses have multiplied all over the region. Nevertheless, in the Winter of 1886, so vast was the influx of visitors from every quarter that shelter could barely be found for them all. In the city of Los Angeles, at present, as will appear toward the close of this work, are in progress active measures for erecting a spacious home for such women as may at any time be left here in the pitiable plight above mentioned. And a year hence, probably, abundant hospital at-

tentions can be guaranteed all those who will require such ministries.

Consumptives and sufferers from rheumatism usually picture to themselves an entire winter here out of doors, in the enjoyment of genial sunshine, and free from annoyance by cruel frost or piercing wind. But the Winters are not uniform. During that of 1884, for instance, those invalids who survived the change of climate, which is very great and puts to an immense strain most persons far advanced in disease, found themselves confined to their rooms nearly one-half the time, and every day in need of fire, especially if they were located on the sunless side of their residences. Added to this, some missed the gentle ministries which so much conduced to their pleasure at home. Others failed, it may be, to obtain the dishes which tempted appetite and kept up strength. Under such circumstances, those unattended by friends felt particularly desolate. Their maladies rather increased than relaxed, perhaps. Happily those who had the means could return to their homes, if sufficient vitality remained to endure the long journey. But what could those do who possessed but slender purses, or had no helpful friends? They could do but one thing: abide where they were until they entered upon their final rest. That has been the sad fate of many. Then a few Christian men and women, or a half-dozen members of some benevolent

order to which they have belonged, will sorrowfully consign them to the arms of Mother Earth.

These are strong and not very cheerful statements. Yet are they true, and scarcely less so to-day than they were three years ago. One needs but to note the number of funerals held at the undertaking establishments, or to observe the array of newly made graves in the cemeteries, to be convinced on this point. Most of the graves in which sleep the once lonely and needy, will be found marked with but a narrow board, and upon it inscribed the occupants' name, age, and the date of his death.

A resident of the city has several times remarked to me: "Should we attend the funerals of all the invalid strangers who die here we should do little else." Some two weeks ago a member of one of the well-known transcontinental excursion firms stated that of five young men, victims of consumption, who came to the coast with his last company, three passed away within a week after their arrival. Not far from our door there entered into rest the other day a noble young woman, a teacher in the schools of Canada. She had not a relative this side the Dominion. Hope of regaining health induced her to undertake the long, wearying journey alone. The draught upon her strength was too great. Typhoid fever came in and ended the scene. Leaving means too scanty to convey her remains to her home, humane hands consigned them to the grave here.

What, then, shall the great army of sufferers in our colder latitudes do? Not come to California? Very decidedly, no; not after death is at the door. But come when your disease begins to develop. Make the sacrifice of leaving friends and business earlier. Study the climate of different localities on or near the coast. Or, what is better, have your physician do it for you, and before you leave home. By all means, get into the right place for *your* malady. Remember that sunlight in Southern California is as necessary to the life of sick persons as it is to the life of vegetation. Hence secure rooms, if possible, which the sunlight enters at least a part of the day; if all day, the better for you. Understand, however, that not even this potent agency can restore to health persons just ready to die upon their arrival here.

Conversing with a leading physician of the city on this subject to-day, he expressed substantially the following opinions, which, though a partial repetition of what has already been said, I think best to insert here:

In cases of consumption, where the disease is not so far developed as to make recovery impossible anywhere, it is a good thing to come to Southern California, for three reasons. First—A change of climate and locality is secured. Other things being equal, this is an advantage. Second—There being, *usually*, little rain-fall, and no frost to be

considered, especially on the hills, opportunity is offered to live much out of doors; and life in the air and sunlight is the consumptive's prime requirement. Third—Once here, choice can easily be made between the moist, salt air of the sea, the dry, bracing atmosphere of the foot-hills, the vigorous breath of the open cañons, and the genial air of the broad, sunny plains or verdant valleys. It has been learned that the climate of no single situation affects all consumptives alike. One will improve on the border of the sea, its stiff breeze and chilling fog helping. From these the next patient must run for his life. Another will take in mouthfuls of health with every breath on a hill-top. The reasons for this are very apparent. In the various patients the disease is at all stages of progress. Then each sufferer's ailment is due to a different cause. All these are matters which should be intelligently studied.

A prudent course, perhaps, is to make Los Angeles your initial point. From there removal to other localities can be effected at small cost of time, money, and strength. The city lies with an hour's ride of the two sea-side resorts already named. And decking, like lovely gems, the great plain which skirts the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, from the charming village of Pasadena, eastward seventy miles or more, are the pretty towns of Garvanza, Monrovia, San Gabriel, Pomona, Ontario, Etiwanda,

and San Bernardino, all offering special inducements in the way of scenery, situation, climate, good water, or healing springs. All lie near or upon the Southern Pacific Railway, and afford one or more well-kept hotels, while many of the private families open their homes to strangers in cases of exigency. San Bernardino treats rheumatic people to mud baths. Ontario tents asthmatic visitors in the mouth of her San Antonio cañon. Consumptives may distribute themselves all over the prairie, as suits their ease. Santa Ana, farther south on the plain, is said to be an excellent point for them. In some of these places there is not so remarkable a difference between the air of the day and the night, as at Los Angeles.

San Diego, on the coast, one hundred and thirty miles south of Los Angeles, and connected therewith by rail and by steamer, undoubtedly offers better conditions for the cure of consumption and throat disorders than does this city. But once more patients disagree. A clergyman from the vicinity of Boston, who had for several months tested the climate of San Diego for a severe throat affection, said he "could breathe most freely where fogs are frequent." On the contrary, a friend in this city, similarly afflicted, finds respiration most difficult in a moist atmosphere, and therefore chose as her place of residence a delightful hill-top above the altitude of ordinary fogs.

XIII.

What Shall we Wear?

THE question of clothing on the Pacific Coast is an important one. Ordinarily the same apparel may be worn the year round, and should be composed of such garments as form the indoor Winter raiment throughout the East. Neither old nor young, sick nor well, should stray hither unsupplied with both light and heavy wraps. Of nights and mornings they are indispensable to comfort, especially on days when the sun refuses to shine. Happily such days are few. As has been said, from the sun, in large part, come the cheer, the enjoyment, the recuperation, and strength so ardently anticipated by the thousands who seek the coast in Winter. From the first of October until the middle of June, warm shawls, Newmarkets, fur-lined cloaks, and heavy overcoats are in brisk demand, except, perhaps, at midday, and are often welcome at evening throughout the Summer. Light clothing, made of linen, cambrics, and similar fabrics, is never needed except on a few days in Midsummer, and even then can easily be dispensed with.

Last October there came to Los Angeles a lady

from—somewhere in the East—bringing an ample Summer wardrobe, and leaving at home most of her Winter attire. She expected to find the temperature ranging in the neighborhood of ninety or one hundred degrees. Late in April that portion of her outfit remained snugly packed in her trunks. As she went up the coast early in May, passed the Summer in San Francisco, where such apparel seldom gets an airing, made an Autumn visit in Oregon, and returned to her home in December, her thin dresses had a long, restful trip.

A bright woman at my side says:

"When I left Michigan, a few years ago, a doleful asthmatic, with scarcely a hope of relief, even in Southern California, my friends laughed at the idea of my bringing flannels. 'What possible need of such garments,' they asked, 'in a land of perpetual bloom?' So I left my warm underwear to freeze in the Wolverine State, while I did the same thing in Los Angeles."

There is another point: Many invalids delay their journey to the Pacific Coast until too late in the season, numbers coming towards the middle of Winter. The danger of taking cold is then much increased, since heavy rains are imminent. Pneumonia comes with them, and is on the alert for strangers with weak lungs, often quickly changing the scene for the sufferers, by shutting out this world. It is stated that about ninety of every one

hundred persons contract a severe cold immediately upon reaching the coast. This is a sort of toll the climate exacts for the delights it means to confer afterwards. A little caution exercised for some days might cheat it out of that revenue. Dress warmly; avoid draughts of air; carry a wrap on your arm, if you go out at midday to remain after four o'clock.

Upon arriving in Los Angeles health-seekers should avoid, particularly in Winter, apartments on the first floors of brick, adobe, and even frame dwellings, if the floors are laid near the ground. An adobe house is seldom more than one story in height. The floors are rarely raised above the soil; hence the rains render them damp and unwholesome. Moreover, the initiated claim that the older adobe residences are little better than hotbeds for engendering malaria. Malignant fevers lurk among their sand and gravel. In all such quarters fire is the more indispensable, and in Southern California the word fire means something. A large portion of the coal used comes from Australia, and each ton costs a small fortune. The crooked roots of the "grease-bush," together with the trimmings from the eucalyptus, pepper, and other trees, constitute the staple for wood. Coal-oil is meeting with some favor here as a fuel, but the heat from it is not the most agreeable in living rooms for the seriously ill.

XIV.

A Former Home of General and Mrs. Hancock.

A CURIOSITY which finds satisfaction in visiting localities where flagrant crimes have been committed, is a quality utterly lacking in the writer. I would not walk one rod to see where a notorious criminal had lived or died. Nor would I write one line to spread the fame or perpetuate the name of such a being. But I freely confess that I find pleasure in looking upon the dwelling-place, in contemplating the work, in standing beside the grave of man or woman who has spent this life in well-doing. In such places, in such work, there is inspiration. Something about them always suggests the character of the persons, their loveliness, genuineness, taste, and power, and strengthens you.

These notions found a practical application this morning in a visit paid to the former home of General—then Captain—and Mrs. W. S. Hancock, who for several years before the Rebellion were residents of Los Angeles. Descending the long, zigzag, public staircase which leads from upper to lower Third Street, and thence passing on down to Main Street, and crossing that diagonally, turning a little to the

right, I stood in front of a square brick cottage, one story in height, and painted red. A wide veranda, ample for a half dozen persons to sit and chat at eventide, shaded its two front doors. This spot afforded a view of the magnificent sunsets, and from all I have learned was the favorite resort of the few American residents of Los Angeles in that early day.

The house was built for Captain Hancock about the year 1859, by the present mayor of the city, Mr. E. C. Thom, himself a devoted personal friend of the Hancocks. The dwelling is a duplicate of the one in which Mr. Thom then resided, and which now stands on the adjoining lot, to the left of the cottage, the mayor's present stately home being on the right of it, with a narrow street intervening. In the yard surrounding the cottage, their trunks half buried in a mound of loose earth, stand several orange-trees, now destitute of fruit. Originally this yard, set with flowers, vines, fruit and ornamental trees, formed a scene of beauty which both families enjoyed. Mrs. Hancock is said to have been passionately fond of flowers.

Hearing the sounds of workmen inside, and both front doors standing wide open, I walked in, and in one of the back rooms found a young man, who, upon learning my errand, very courteously acted the part of host to the empty house and furnished me the information I sought. The plan of the

dwelling is very peculiar, and suggests that it was devised for both the pleasure and the convenient entertainment of guests, and back of that, that the builder himself was a man hospitably inclined. The main part is done off into four square rooms, each opening into two others, around a square post in the center. Both front rooms have a street entrance, three large windows, a fire-place—not grate—with marble mantel, and two doors opening into the succeeding apartment. These rear rooms once opened into additions, ells, or wings, which served the purpose of kitchen, laundry, and servants' quarters, and partly inclosed the presidio between them. These wings are now removed, and in the thick walls of the main building appear large apertures, in which are inserted heavy screws, ready for transferring the whole structure to the rear of the lot, where it will serve as shops, the ground it now occupies being required for a new street opening between it and the residence of the mayor. Thus will be banished to partial obscurity and to business purposes a tenement which was once the happy home of Almira Russell Hancock, then, as now, one of the noblest and most beautiful of American women.

In the society of this frontier post Mrs. Hancock seems to have shone conspicuously, not for her personal beauty only, but for her rare charms of mind, grace of manners, and kindness of heart. The

sweetness of her disposition forms a subject of remark among old acquaintances here to-day. Men and women alike, who knew her well in the various relations of life, speak of her with admiration, uttering never a word of criticism. A gentlemen prominent here in that day, said, speaking of her this morning:

"I have never known a woman like her. She was obliging to an extreme. Accomplished in music, and though herself an Episcopalian, she long played the organ in our mingled Protestant services, with as much zeal and interest as though she were a member of all the churches represented."

Another, for thirty years a personal friend and correspondent of General Hancock, said, with the feeling a brother might manifest:

"I hesitate to speak of her as she deserves, for I know her dislike of publicity, her aversion to display. But it is true that she seemed to possess every trait that can adorn the character of woman. During her life in Los Angeles, she was, to a remarkable degree, cheerful, hopeful, thoughtful of the poor, pitiful towards the sorrowing, and always ready to do any thing that would conduce to the general welfare of the community. She was a wise mother, and reared her two children, Ada and Russell Hancock, with the future of their lives always in view. She shone in society, but more brightly at home. Added to all this, she was beautiful to

look at, and had the most expressive eyes I ever saw.

"The years which have intervened," he continued, "between their departure from this city, in 1861, I think, when the general was ordered to the east, at the outbreak of the Rebellion, and their recent visit here, while they have greatly elevated her in social position, appear only to have mellowed the qualities we admired, not destroyed them."

"There were so few of us, American residents, in Los Angeles then," said another, who, possessing, like Mrs. Hancock, an obliging and helpful spirit, had acted as chorister at the much prized Protestant services, "that we used to count heads every Sunday. Often there were only thirty of us all told."

"The daughter was a lovely girl," said the first speaker. "Though she was young when they left here, she was very attractive. Her death occurred in New York, some eight or nine years since, I can not tell just how long. She was eighteen years of age, had just graduated from some school in that vicinity, and was considered much accomplished. To her parents it was a terrible bereavement.

"Russell, the son is now a successful planter at Clarksdale, Mississippi. He must be about thirty years of age. He is a mechanical genius, and constructs almost every kind of machinery which the exigencies of his business require. Neither of the children were born in Los Angeles. Captain Han-

cock was transferred to this post, then the principal military station of Southern California, from Fort Tejon, in Kern County."

The "recent visit" of General and Mrs. Hancock to Los Angeles, mentioned by this friend, occurred the first week of January, 1884, and was a time for general rejoicing on the part of those who had known and loved them far back in the fifties. A royal welcome was given them. There was an enthusiastic procession of the citizens in their honor on New Year's Day, and, if I mistake not, a banquet was tendered them in the evening. When it was known that Los Angeles would be included in General Hancock's western trip, the mayor of the city requested the work of demolishing their cottage to cease until after their departure, in order that Mrs. Hancock might see her early home as nearly in the state she left it as possible. After seeing it the excellent woman remarked that she had "spent the happiest hours of her life in that little brick cottage."

Mrs. Anna Ozier, the widow of Judge Isaac S. R. Ozier, who was judge of the Federal Court for Southern California in 1854, was one of the first five American women who settled in Los Angeles after the accession of California, and was an intimate friend of Mrs. Hancock. She still resides in this city, and entertained her old friends when they were here. In a talk with her, after I had visited

the dismantled cottage, she cited this reminiscence of them, among many others. I give her words:

"One day during a season of heavy rainfall, like that we have had this Winter, the entire north wall of the captain's house fell out, flat upon the ground. The soil of Los Angeles has a migratory disposition, and a few days' heavy rain are enough to start it traveling in all directions. Besides, the brick we got here, in those days, were very porous, and they, too, filling with water, were disposed to change quarters.

"It was no trifling occurrence, but the captain and Mrs. Hancock took the trouble with the greatest good nature. Happening to be coming up the street that evening about tea-time, I saw the family sitting at table as happy as if nothing were the matter.

"Did I know them intimately? Mercy, yes! They lived near us three years, and there was hardly an evening when we were not together. Mrs. Hancock had the pleasantest disposition of any woman I ever knew, and a brother could not have been kinder to me, through all these years, than has been General Hancock."

"If republics are ungrateful, you are not, I see."

"No; and I shall never forgive this nation for not making General Hancock President."

XV.

California's Great Historian.

SOMETIME in the latter part of March, 1884, I received from the wife of Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, author of the "History of the Pacific Coast States," a note stating that her husband, herself, and family would visit Los Angeles at an early date in April, and while there would "be glad to see me." The lady and her children had wintered, I believe, in the Ojai Valley, and now, with the advent of Spring, were exchanging that "most healthful of all valleys on the globe" for the sea breeze at San Diego, two hundred and twenty miles farther south. I had sought from Mrs. Bancroft, as she was within quick reach, certain information pertaining to her husband's great work; hence her kindly reply.

Accordingly, next day after their arrival I called at the Kimball Mansion, situated on New High Street, where I found them comfortably quartered, with their family of four children, all under eight years of age. During the informal interview I had opportunity to note how delightful is the home atmosphere which surrounds Mr. Bancroft,

and also to learn many interesting facts connected with his early life, and with the founding of his unique historical library in San Francisco. Most persons take pleasure in reading sketches of the life and labors of such men as Mr. Bancroft. I therefore present a hastily drawn picture of the great historian and his family before speaking of his unexampled literary undertaking.

Mrs. Bancroft is an attractive and cultured woman, whose married life covers nine years. She is very youthful in appearance, has a slight figure, blue eyes, light hair, and a fair complexion. Her manner is extremely cordial, making one forget that she was the acquaintance of but an hour, instead of a life-time. She is pleased with her husband's growing reputation as an author, has a keen appreciation of the importance of his work, and so far as she has the power, compels affairs to bend to its accomplishment.

The two eldest children are magnificent specimens of boyhood; strong, athletic little fellows, with massive heads on their shoulders, and within their breasts a mighty purpose to get out of every hour of time the utmost of boy enjoyment. And if I judged correctly, their parents mean this purpose shall be accomplished, but within limits which shall not infringe upon the rights of others, nor destroy the capacity of their children to enjoy the higher pleasures of life by and by. From some things

which Mr. Bancroft has written, I conclude that a favorite opinion of his, is, that in the not very distant future the—let us say American—race will have made so great advancement in what is termed "sublime culture," as to materially lessen the moral distance between God and this nation. And, very possibly, the man's hope is,that his sons may live and be fitted to take part in the affairs of that auspicious time. Just where fifty years more of material and national development, like that of the past half century—were our rapid progress in countless enormous iniquities to suddenly cease—would bring us, even the seer endowed with keenest vision could hardly foretell. Should it be at dawn of an era so blessed, any expectations of that nature which the distinguished historian may entertain, might possibly be realized. For, judging from his mode of managing his lively sons, he is just the man to train them for a life under such conditions, and thus do his part towards ushering in the glorious day he paints.

In the fair daughter, younger than her brothers, scarcely less interest centers. I saw her but a few moments, but they were enough to convince me that, while her brothers are small bundles of condensed action, she is a little package of tranquillity, just the article needed in the other end of the balance. The fourth child is a son, about three years old at the present date.

Hubert Howe Bancroft is a native of Ohio, and

adds another name to her list of eminent men. Next to California, that State should feel honored in him, and take interest in his great work. He was born in Granville, May 5, 1832, and is now fifty-five years of age. Mr. Bancroft is a person of medium height, rather heavy set, broad chested, with square shoulders, which incline forward slightly, the result, no doubt, of years of work with the pen. He has a large head, thick, iron-gray hair, dark eyes, and a Southern complexion. His manner is frank and kindly. He impresses a stranger as a man of honest purpose, and great decision of character. The sum of his school education was obtained in the district schools of Ohio before he was sixteen years of age.

At that period Mr. Bancroft left home, going to Buffalo, where he was employed in a book-store owned by his brother-in-law, Mr. George H. Derby. Here, for some reason, he failed of the advantage he anticipated, and closed his engagement at the end of a year. A portion of his journey to Buffalo was made on the Ohio Canal. Being rich, not in this world's goods, but in having an uncle who was the captain of a boat on that ancient water-way, he proposed to ride one of the horses attached thereto to the city of Cleveland, in payment for his fare. His uncle accepted the offer, and the future historian rode into the beautiful Forest City in the capacity of a canal-boy. Mr. Bancroft mentioned this

circumstance as an amusing experience of his youth, rather than otherwise. I wondered at the moment if, in relating it, he thought at all of the second martyr President, the beginning of whose path to eminence also ran along the brink of that canal.

Leaving Buffalo Mr. Bancroft laid his course for the Pacific Coast, *via* Cape Horn, being intrusted by Mr. Derby with an invoice of books and stationery with which to open the book-trade in the city of San Francisco. Months were consumed in making the passage, and before he reached the Golden Gate Mr. Derby had died; and upon his landing an order met him to re-ship the goods to Buffalo. He, however, made a fortunate sale of them instead, and remitted the proceeds to Mrs. Derby, thereby much improving her financial condition.

As early as 1856 Mr. Bancroft had not only become known on the coast for his habits of industry and economy, but had accumulated means to found a book-store of his own in San Francisco. Twenty-five years later the establishment was one of the first of its kind in the world. About this time his grand history project began to take serious shape in his mind. Repeatedly during his residence on the coast, had his attention been drawn to the fact that important material for a true history of California was daily losing beyond recovery. He resolved to take steps to preserve it. Immediately he

began to collect books, pamphlets, letters, and documents, pertaining thereto. By degrees the field of these labors widened, until it embraced the entire western half of the continent, from the Rocky Mountains to the great ocean; from Alaska to Panama, including Central America and Mexico.

In pursuance of his purpose now, he not only visited the eastern part of the Continent, but made several journeys to Europe, each trip adding priceless material to his collection. During 1868, with twelve thousand volumes of these treasures on hand, gathered at an immense cost, he conceived the idea of giving them to the world in the form of one continuous, carefully written history. But the question was: Could he accomplish such a feat? The task involved an unflinching purpose, years of unremitting toil, the outlay of a fortune, and the possession of fine literary ability. Did he possess that? was another question. Undismayed by this dread presentation of the case, he determined to undertake the prodigious work.

Accordingly, releasing himself from the burden of business in his book-store, he installed his brother, Mr. A. L. Bancroft, manager-in chief of the establishment; and, engaging a score of assistants, began arranging his material in the fourth story of their building. His first step was to carefully index the vast collection, just as an author would index the subjects in his book. Thus his task

was at once greatly facilitated. This work occupied an average of six persons ten years, and cost upwards of eighty thousand dollars.

Meanwhile another set of scribes, taking these indexes, abstracted from them the information desired in reference to any given part of the Territory. This was known as the "rough material." Next, a third class of writers, better qualified, elaborated this matter into proper historical form, and submitted the result to Mr. Bancroft, who carefully revised the work, rewriting such portions as he chose. Sometimes, however, beginning back with the indexes, he himself wrote out important portions entirely.

During all this time the collection of books, letters, newspapers, maps of the coast, and of the country, and annals in manuscript, went on, until over thirty thousand volumes were accumulated, the whole constituting a library unapproachable as to value in this country, particularly to writers on special historical themes, and it related to an area equal to one-twelfth of the earth's surface.

In addition to this, his deputies had long been busy, all over this territory, taking notes from aged pioneers, military men, statesmen, and surviving members of old Spanish families, all of whom, with the antecedent Indian tribes, had helped make its history. The result of this movement was thousands of manuscripts filled with the deeds or remi-

niscences of as many living people, all of it absolutely original, and nowhere else existing.

At the same time another force was busy copying papers in county, state, and national archives. Nor was this all. Interested persons all over the land contributed piles of original documents, swelling the mass to vast proportions. Finally this material was bound in many folio volumes, inestimable in value as sources of reference.

Twenty-five years in all had now been devoted to this work of aggregation. But in an hour fire might reduce the treasure to ashes. To save it from such a fate, Mr. Bancroft determined to place over it a shelter absolutely fire-proof. The time had been brought down to 1881. Accordingly, during that year he erected, far out on Valencia Street in San Francisco, a large, two-story, fire-proof repository, and therein, in orderly arrangement, set up his possessions. This building with its contents forms the famous Bancroft Library, report of which has gone so far abroad.

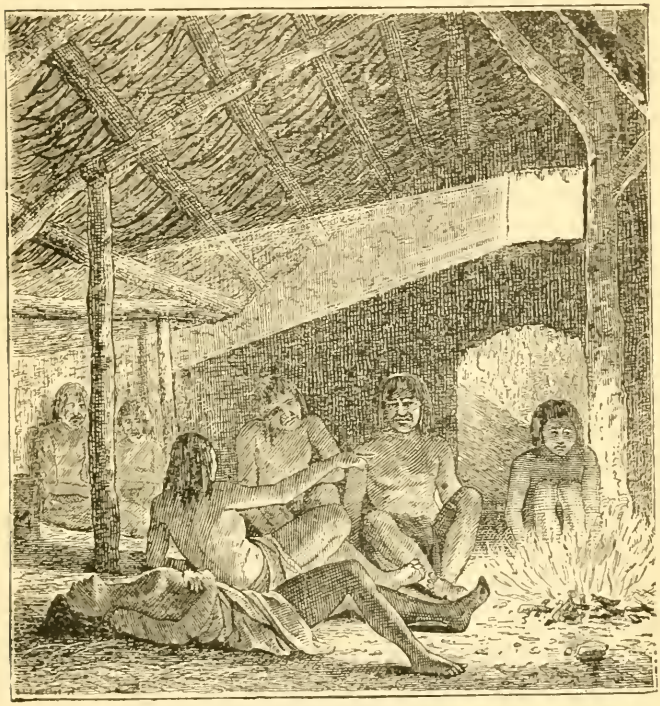
All this was the munificent preparation for what the papers have termed Mr. Bancroft's "stupendous undertaking," namely, the writing the "History of the Pacific Coast States of North America." But introductory to this, and according to a plan which shows Mr. Bancroft's correct judgment, as regards the order in which the different epochs of American history should be presented, was to be published, a

"History of the *Native Races* of the Pacific Coast States," in five volumes. One of these was to deal with the wild tribes of the entire region, and another with the "Civilized Nations of Mexico and Central America." These five volumes are already issued. After them comes the history proper, covering the extent of country I have designated, and embraced in thirty volumes.

Closely related to the history, but more effective, published apart from it, come four volumes, entitled, first, "California Pastoral," being an account of life and times under the early Catholic missionaries; second, "California Inter Pocula," or life during the gold mining period; and third, "Popular Tribunals," or the acts of California Vigilance Committees. Thus the complete great work includes thirty-nine volumes, and is a vast repository, packed from cover to cover with facts pertaining to the habits, customs, sorrows, pleasures, religions, and achievements of the races which have successively held sway on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Bancroft expects the year 1890 to witness the completion of his task, should he live to urge forward its composition and publication.

Mr. Bancroft's work will live after him. As well might we relegate to the periods which produced them the histories of Rollin, D'Aubigné, Macaulay, and Prescott, as to confine this gigantic record of past deeds and events to the present.

No, we must accord it life for all time. There will be, however, this difference in its usefulness. The above authors are read by thousands upon thousands of the common people, because in scope, and time,



Temiscal, or Sweat-house.

and subject they are limited to narrow bounds, and cost but a trifle. But from its very size and expense the "History of the Pacific States of North America" will find entrance only into public libraries and the book-cases of the rich.

Notwithstanding, there is in the work much of interest for readers old and young. What boy or girl in all the Union would not sit entranced over the volume on the wild tribes of the coast? In some parts its style is plain even to homeliness, but it is suited to the subject, and allows the interest to flag not for a moment. In other portions the story runs on in clear, ringing, picturesque sentences. Savage men and women stand before the reader, creatures of a wonderfully distinct photography. One lives among them; sees with his own eyes their homes, children, old people; goes with them to weddings, funerals, and wars; is interested, amused, or shocked, according to the circumstances. Take, for instance, the description of the *temescal*, or sweat-house, an institution common to many of the tribes. Virtually one enters the strange place, feels the effects of the heat and steam, enjoys the final drowsiness and comfort, and upon emerging from the pit wonders not at all that the vagabonds of the tribes are often the victims of some pain or disease which can be driven out of them only by a thorough steaming and a long, sound sleep; nor that in the Winter these ills are most frequent.

The second volume, treating of the civilized races of Mexico and Central America, is a narrative of marvelous life and doings. Its pages are equally captivating for the cultured or untutored reader. There Spain found and destroyed "a civilization in

some respects greater than her own." There she caused rivers of innocent human blood to flow, in the name of religion and for love of gold. In these two volumes are depicted every phase of human nature, from the reptile-eating cave-dwellers to the enlightened Maya-Quicha people of the southern table-lands. To the last line their history is a tale which holds spell-bound the one who believes that "every thing connected with man deserves man's most careful study."

Mr. Bancroft's account of the Spanish conquest of Peru is the most clear and succinct I have ever read. One finishes the chapters with a well-defined idea of the cause and the manner of the Incarial overthrow. Sketched to the life are the mercenary men who conceived and accomplished it. Their motives, their insatiable greed, their disregard of human life, are brought out into noonday light. A mere handful of starved, insubordinate, and desperate adventurers, they conquer, when at the zenith of its glory, an empire, opulent and teeming with people, and so re-enact the rôle of Hernando Cortez in the subjugation of Mexico.

For specialists in the many fields of literature, this unequaled history will prove a mine of wealth for all the future of America. Scarcely a question can arise, touching the race, but here may find something to the point.

XVI.

An Ill Wind that Blew Good.

THE six weeks rain-fall which drenched the soil of Southern California during February and March of this year, 1884, will long be remembered for the freshets it produced, the lives it cost, and the property it destroyed. On several of the streams between this city and the desert, the bridges of the Southern Pacific road were either swept away or rendered unsafe, detaining passengers and mails for days in succession, at points where supplies were difficult to obtain. Buildings and stock were caught up by the resistless currents, wrecking the former and drowning the latter. Acres of land were spirited away to the ocean. Many kinds of business were seriously checked. Invoices of Spring goods dallied on the desert. Nearly every body looked doleful and felt apprehensive. The local weather prophets enhanced the trouble by foretelling still heavier floods before affairs should mend. Invalids, scattered in all directions, confined indoors most of the time, sighed for the latitudes where frost imprisons the streams and adorns the window-panes.

But after awhile the wind which had so long blown ill changed its course, and as generously blew good. The earth, hard as stone, and almost impos-

sible to cultivate when dry, had been wet down to an unusual depth, and could now be worked to advantage. This gave a fresh impetus to tree-planting all over the broad plain stretching between the Sierra Madre and the sea, south and east of the city. The citizens of Santa Ana, Orange, Tustin, Westminster, and other thriving villages dotting this plain, awoke to the value of the opportunity, and early in April were setting trees. Meeting a tourist from that section of the country this morning, I inquired what varieties of trees were planted in largest numbers.

"The orange, lemon, lime, olive, apricot, pear, and others, for fruit; the pepper and eucalyptus, for shade and ornament," he replied. "The nurserymen," he continued, "are paying the owners of teams ten dollars per day for drawing trees to purchasers. On my way up to the city I rode some distance with one of these teamsters, who had on his wagon ten thousand apricot, pear, and olive trees for horticulturists at some point. He said he distributed nearly that number daily. And how they take hold and grow! Hardly is the ground well packed around the roots ere they show themselves at home in the new situation."

In one's rambles on this plain, one hears not a little about the change of climate likely to result from this lavish extension of orchards, groves, and vineyards. There are those who think the move-

ment will, in time, materially shorten the long summer drought of past days by bringing down showers of rain. Every tree, it is contended, set in the valleys or on the hill-sides becomes a leafy reservoir for the storage of water. Not only so, it performs a double duty in the case. The roots retain the water which otherwise would flow away, especially in sloping situations; while the top, a manifold canopy sheltering the ground, prevents its evaporation from about the roots. At the same time the leaves, from their million mouths, pour into the air, of a sunny day, an invisible cloud of moisture. With millions of trees united in the beautiful work, the atmosphere will be charged with vapor, which, condensing in the night, or by coming in contact with a body of cooler air, will descend in showers, blessing the earth.

Possibly the thousands of acres of trees already well-grown on this vast prairie, where once scarce a tree was to be seen, may account for the several copious showers which fell in the Summer of that year. But whether tree-planting shall or shall not greatly affect the climate in Los Angeles and San Diego counties, the work is certain to produce business, fill the local markets with luscious fruits, and render very picturesque the country. Therefore may the desirable industry flourish.

If the reader will glance at a well-executed map of these counties, he will find a branch of the

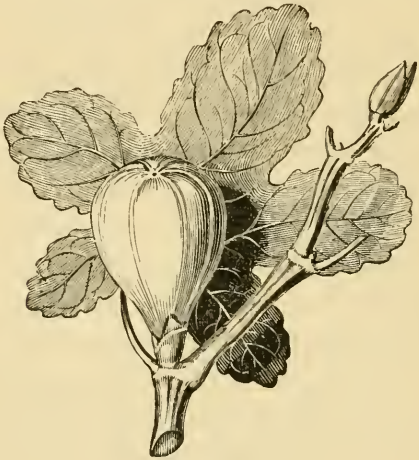
Southern Pacific Railway extending from Los Angeles south-eastwardly to the bright little village of Santa Ana, at present the terminus of the road. The distance is forty-two miles. The route lies through the rich plain of which we have been speaking, and which was once a part of the celebrated San Joaquin rancho. It is one of the most productive portions of semi-tropic California. Besides the towns I have already mentioned, those of Downey, Norwalk, and Anaheim, with their extensive orchards and vineyards, grace leagues of country along the way. From the window of my room on this hill-top I can trace the location of some of these places, as I look down the Los Angeles Valley toward the sea. Since this is a bright morning, suppose we step aboard the cars, take a run through the fine district, and spend the night at Santa Ana.

As we speed along you notice that all manner of fruits are cultivated—oranges, lemons, olives, apricots, apples, grapes, figs, bananas, English walnuts, and many others.

DOWNEY.

At Downey, named for a recent governor of California, and twelve miles out, we come to a community of several hundred inhabitants. The place is noted for the cultivation of figs and grapes. At an exhibit of county fruits, held in Los Angeles in October, my attention was drawn to a magnificent

display of Malaga grapes from here. The weight of nearly every cluster approximated to four pounds. Beside these, its roots firmly imbedded in a tub of sand, was stationed a vigorous Malaga vine, weighed down with enormous bunches. How the slender branches could sustain such a burden through



The Fig.

the season of growth was a wonder. Close at hand lay small heaps of nine other varieties, very tempting to sight and taste, among them the Muscat, Sultana, Sweetwater, and Flaming Tokay.

But of greater interest to me than these was an array of large, rich figs, fresh from the trees, four varieties, the White Smyrna, Brown Turkish, Plymouth Rock—chickens, by no means—and the New Pacific, a fig remarkable for its fine flavor and quick-

drying quality. The White Smyrna having been longest known has the widest reputation and readiest market. The New Pacific seriously threatens to supersede it, however. Fresh, ripe figs bear lengthy transportation no better than do ripe peaches; and picked before they are fully ripe, are not a particle more savory than are green tomatoes.

Under a California sun, not too hot, figs dry in from three to four days. For domestic use, housekeepers often cure them in the oven of the cooking-stove or range. Care must always be taken, of course, to preserve the proper temperature, or they will sour. The fig produces the second year from planting, and bears at the same time both green and ripe fruit. Set in damp situations the tree thrives like the willow; in dry positions it requires irrigation. There are orchards numbering twenty-five hundred trees, in full bearing, at Downey. Fresh figs are very cheap in Los Angeles, but the dried fruit retails at twenty-five cents the pound. Countless private gardens in Southern California contain one or more fig trees of a good variety.

Before continuing our journey I wish to call attention to a gentleman who makes a specialty of raising bananas on the foot-hills, some three miles or so from Los Angeles. This is Mr. J. W. Potts, to whom the city newspapers, during the great flood of last Winter, gave the euphonious sobriquet of "Prophet Potts." In size and general appearance

Mr. Potts closely resembles the picture of old Father Time in the ancient Webster spelling-book. He has a short, slight figure, iron-gray hair, a small face, a sharp chin, and an exceedingly attenuated voice. He speaks rapidly and nervously. His manner partakes of the searching investigative kind. Equipped with hour-glass and scythe he would readily be mistaken for the original of the spelling-book illustration.

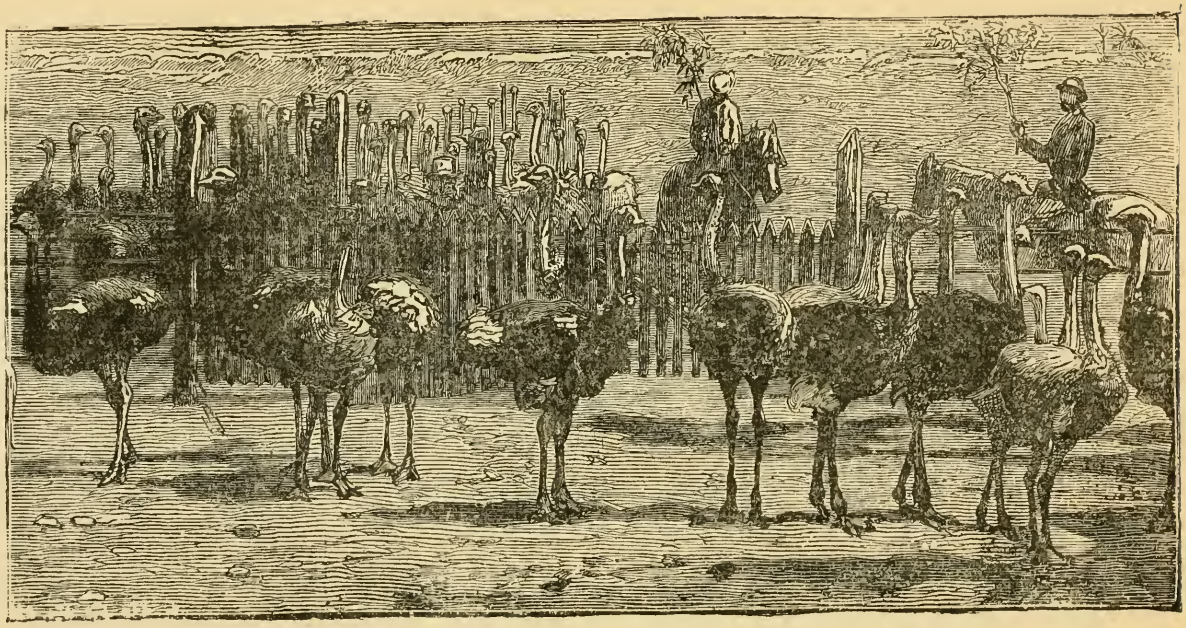
Mr. Potts came to Los Angeles from somewhere in the East, in the ever-memorable year of 1849, an enthusiast, not in gold-hunting, but in fruit-culture, as he himself told me. Having long been a close observer of the laws which operate in the domain of the atmosphere, he some time before it occurred, predicted the very unusual rain-fall of last Winter, adding that it would be attended with disaster and heavy loss. The fulfillment of the prediction secured him his title.

For four years past Mr. Potts has paid considerable attention to raising bananas on his farm among the foot-hills. He asserts that of his three hundred and fifty trees, from twelve to fourteen feet in height, not one has ever been touched by frost. During the year 1883 these trees were laden with the delicious fruit at every stage of growth, and requiring some nine months for its perfection. Some of this fruit hung on the trees unharmed during the Winter of 1883–84, one of the most trying, for cold,

ever known here. This is regarded as conclusive evidence of the safety of tender fruits growing on elevated situations near Los Angeles. Mr. Potts irrigates a portion of his trees once during the season, and others not at all. Their position decides the question, I suppose. This gentleman says he was present, over thirty years ago, when Mr. William Wolfskill planted his famous orange orchard, a spot which few visitors to Los Angeles fail to see, and avers that not once since then has there been frost sufficient in Southern California to injure large orange trees.

ANAHEIM.

Two things give Anaheim, our next point on the road, prominence in the country and the newspapers. These are its wineries and ostrich farm. The rearing of ostriches being a rare undertaking in America, these birds excite much curiosity on the part of visitors to the Pacific Coast. The ostriches are farmed about seven miles from the village, and at present number forty or more. I have not seen them, but have been told that about half of them are full grown, and measure, from the ground to the top of the back, from eight to nine feet. The ostrich is a timid fowl, but the males when irritated are disposed to be violent, towards their mates, and towards men and animals. It is reported that even their former careful and humane superintendent, Dr. Sketchley, occasionally became



A Drove of Ostriches.

the object of their wrath at Anaheim; and, also, that one of the birds, a Hercules for strength, becoming enraged at his mate not long ago, raised one of his powerful legs and dealt her a terrific blow, when quickly she was no more. I will not vouch for the truth of these statements. Undoubtedly the African bird holds, as many men do, that he has a right to strike his wife. Dr. Sketchley, no longer at Anaheim, but now actively engaged in founding a zoological garden, on a scale of munificence in keeping with every thing Californian, a few miles north-west of Los Angeles, among the foot-hills of the San Fernando Mountains, can answer for himself as to the treatment he received from his Anaheim wards. Here also he is planting a colony of these birds of elegant plumage.

Like the eucalyptus and the pepper tree, the ostrich loses its attractiveness as age creeps on. Hence the juvenile members of the Anaheim family are most in favor with visitors. Some of them are now about the size of full-grown turkeys, and are prospectively very valuable on account of their feathers. The first plucking takes place when the bird is about a year and a half old.

The eyes of the ostrich are large and very keen, enabling them to discern objects at a great distance. Their hearing also is remarkably acute. I have been told that the sight of a horse inspires them with great terror, and that a gentleman recently

rode one of these animals within view from their inclosure at Anaheim, when the birds, catching sight of him, were thrown into such fright that the rider was forced to remove him. Their cry is loud and piercing, and may be heard at a great distance. "When contending with a foe they hiss vigorously, thus publishing their relationship to the goose."

The feathers of the ostrich are taken chiefly from the tail and wings. Those of the males are either white or brown, tipped with black, and are remarkable for their length. It is for these long plumes mainly that the ostrich is farmed. The feathers of the female are dark brown, mingled with white. For centuries past the handsome plumes of the African ostrich have been worn by men as insignia of their rank. The badge of the present Prince of Wales is three white ostrich feathers. When John, of Luxembourg, was defeated at Crecy, by Edward the Black Prince, he wore in his casque one of their long, white plumes. And, even prior to that date, they distinguished the house of Plantaganet. The wearing of three feathers, grouped, in the coronet of an English prince is said to have been introduced by Henry, eldest son of James the First. Certain young women of America must have adopted the fashion, for, seated in front of me at church last Sunday morning, was a young lady with three white plumes set against the front of her hat, its only trimming.

Anaheim is one of the oldest of recent settlements in Southern California, having been established nearly twenty-five years ago. It was settled by a colony of Germans, who planted extensively the "wine grape," introduced by the Spanish missionaries. In a few years they were freely engaged in the manufacture of wine. They made money at the baleful business, and laid it up, as is so natural for the frugal Teuton to do, instead of expending it in making their surroundings beautiful. And, now, in their plain and exteriorly comfortable homes, they appear to be taking their ease. A few of the residences are very pretty. The place has a drowsy, Autumnish look. No new buildings are going up. There is no activity in the streets. The spirit of enterprise seems to have taken its flight, if it were ever here. Anaheim is at the midnight of a long sleep. When it wakens it will find that the enterprising villages of Orange, Tustin, and Santa Ana have far outstripped it in the race for improvements.

Leaving here we pass on to the last-named town, one of five charming villages occupying the valley of the Santa Ana River, seven miles south-east of Anaheim, two-and-a-half miles south of Orange, with Tustin on the east, and Westminster, a neat, thriving town, founded by a colony of enterprising temperance people, who at the beginning forever barred out the saloon by proviso in their act of incorporation, lying due south of it.

Tustin and Orange are little more than collections of beautiful homes, with a post-office, grocery, hotel, store, church, and school-house located at the center, while the country adjacent presents a net-work of vineyards and orchards of all sorts. Access to these places is by carriage. Every rod of the ride is delightful. Long lines of eucalypti, pepper, and cypress trees grace the road on either side. The gates of the pretty yards stand invitingly open. The hedges are trim and green. Flowers brighten the closely cut lawns. The cottages, of a dozen chaste styles, look cool and inviting on this warm afternoon. Every thing betokens prosperity. Still, so recently were none of these things here, that their existence seems like the work of magic.

Santa Ana, the largest of the group, contains about two thousand five hundred people. Eleven years ago its now vine-clad site was a treeless waste, a mere pasture for flocks. Its inhabitants were principally Mexicans, and widely scattered. But its climate had become known as one in which consumptives were almost sure to recover. Word to that effect reached Minnesota and other Northwestern States. Hither from them came numbers of that class of invalids. Few of them could come alone. So with them came the strong and well, bringing some money, indomitable energy, and power to scheme and drive. Mr. J. W. Layman,

Avenue of Eucalypti. 117

of Minneapolis, one of the first on the ground, built a hotel. Then followed church and school-house. Soon up sprang lodges of Masons, Odd Fellows, Good Templars, a Band of Hope, and a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, all wide-awake in their legitimate fields of activity, and now possessing their own inviting halls for meetings. Transplanting their love of refinement into the new soil, the citizens foster art in several of its departments, and pay liberal stipends to teachers.

From the Santa Ana River and the two strata, sheets, or lakes of water which underlie the entire plain, one at a depth of sixty, the other at a distance of three hundred feet, is derived the water supply for this coterie of settlements. For domestic purposes the fluid is obtained through artesian wells, sunk to the second stratum. To sum up, the three strong points of the region are: An almost faultless climate, a wonderfully fertile soil, an inexhaustible supply of pure, cold water.

Eight miles south of Santa Ana lies Newport Bay, the most accessible sea-side resort. In full view from it, and near enough for an enjoyable sail, are the islands of San Clemente and Santa Catalina, notable for their scenic charms and historical associations.

Something like a mile below Santa Ana, on property belonging to one Captain West, are to be seen the ruins of an old adobe house, which, you

will be told, was the birthplace of the famous Mexican General and President, Santa Anna. But history robs the place of this honor. A friend, familiar with every page of the man's career, informs me that the Mexican President never saw California. Antonio Lopez was a native of the State of Jalapa, Mexico. At one time in his life he was the proprietor of a handsome estate in that republic, which, out of gratitude for the services of Sant Anne, he named Santa Anna. There being other men in Mexico of the name of Lopez, he in time came to be designated as Lopez de Santa Anna; and, later, by the American newspapers, and also by the American army during the war with Mexico, as General, then President Santa Anna. To this river and valley the name Santa Ana was given by the "Missionary Fathers" during their first journey from San Diego to Monterey, and long before the day of Lopez, of Jalapa.

XVII.

A Singular Character.

LAST Tuesday afternoon it was arranged by the lovely woman to whom belongs this hill-top home, that I should next day accompany her on a visit to a floral garden lying just within the western limits of the city, and of which one Peter Ramau, a native of Hungary, and a singular specimen of the *genus homo*, is the proprietor. The day proved a delightful one. Overhead nothing but blue; in the sunlight an indescribable charm; an attraction which fairly drew people out of doors, and when out, produced in them a feeling of happiness and exultation. In no other spot on this continent have I experienced this exhilarating effect of the sunlight. But here ordinarily are to be enjoyed months of such days every year—days when you are very pleased, and hardly know why.

Taking a main street car to the Washington Gardens, two miles from the center of town, we were within twenty minutes walk of the premises. Both florists and their grounds are plentiful in this part of the country, and I write of this man only because he is an odd pattern of humanity, after which few mortals are fashioned in any land. Such persons seem to be freaks of nature, made up of mis-

matched material, an assorted lot, deviations from the normal plan, people remarkable only for their eccentricities. Occasionally I pass such persons on the street here. In the veins of most of them flows the blood of two races, and sometimes of more. Usually their appearance is so striking that one is eager to see them again. Not a few of them are women. I call to mind one who is of immediate French, English, and Hawaiian descent. The characteristics of the three races are very marked in her. Strange vicissitudes have crowded themselves into her life. Born on the Atlantic; reared and educated in England; connected with well-known families, both in that country and France; a resident of this coast for forty years; several times the possessor of great wealth, and as many times the subject of absolute want, she has yet, under all circumstances, been a woman of influence, and of great charity, bestowed often upon the most lowly. She speaks Spanish, Hawaiian, English, and some French. There are enough interesting facts connected with her history to fill volumes.

Peter Ramau met us at the rude gate in front of his home, opened it politely, and inquired: "Are you tired, ladies?"

Mrs. H—, who had made several visits to the place, and knew the man quite well, replied: "It costs your friends something to visit yourself and your flowers, Mr. Ramau."

"Yes; and I 'm so much obliged to them for coming. Rest a little on the porch, and then I 'll show you what Madame Nature can do at flower making."

The man has a large round head, is broad-chested, and of medium height. His eyes sparkle with pleasure when he smiles, but flash like flames when he is angry, or some unwelcome thought of the past flits through his mind. His brain seems to be crowded with strange conceits and fancies. A reference to the beauty of his flowers is sure to cause these odd notions to spring into the queerest unions, like the bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. His manner is kindly and his disposition humane. Religiously he is a ship with anchor gone. He loves birds, dogs, and flowers passionately. His wife is dead. Two grown sons constitute the human part of his family.

In front and to the right of his rambling and desolate adobe house lies his flower garden, a parallelogram containing two acres or less. No other florist on earth ever arranged a garden spot like that. It is disarranged like the owner's brain, and strange to say, the disorder in both is one of their chief attractions. Will the reader try to imagine a small patch of anemones, beautiful beyond the power of pen to describe, springing out of a larger plat of verbenas, dense, gay with bloom? Then think of more anemones waving on the top of their

long, slender stems, among thorny rose bushes and woody heliotrope; and of more still, crowded by azure forget-me-nots and French pinks of every hue. See tulips as large as tea-cups, single, double, mottled, striped, ringed, and bordered, with a dozen glorious colors, trying to get the upper hand of fragrant thyme and rank geraniums. Here, they are reaching out for sunlight from under small orange trees; there, from amid bushy fuchsias.

Bending over a cluster of anemones, simply matchless for the delicacy, variety, and brilliancy of their colors, Mr. Ramau clasped a dozen of the perfect cups with both hands, and looking up in my face, said, solemnly:

"Do you know, madam, I see God in these. I can't see him in the Bible. If God were to tell me, this day, that in a year I must die, do you know what I would do?"—tears glistened in the man's eyes—"I would go to work and collect every variety of anemone under heaven, and get them to blooming in my ground. Then I'd watch them and admire them down to the last hour. Ah! madam, the anemone is God's flower. Only look! Where can you find such a sight?"

I did look, and could myself have cried over the flowers. They seemed almost human, almost able to think and love. There swayed to-and-fro splendid cups of scarlet, crimson, maroon, deep red, rich orange, soft pink, and delicate straw-color, cups of

blue, cups of purple and yellow, in shades magnificent. Some were single, others were double. As in the case of the tulips, the man had taxed his skill to the uttermost to produce these marvelous tints.

"Are you aware, madam," he continued, "that it is the multitude and variety of anemones in the gardens of Francis Joseph, of Austria, that make them so famous? My! madam, it is heaven to walk there. There you can see beds four hundred feet long, containing ever variety of wind-flower in the world, and all collected for the enjoyment of the people."

We remarked: "It is a pity you can not see God in the Bible, since he there speaks more to the purpose on some points than in flowers."

"Never mind; I see him in these gems of his. But now mark what man can do. Of anemones and tulips God made just one variety. Man, taking that beginning, has, by his skill, multiplied the varieties until now they are endless, and so beautiful! Madam, that 's man. And God does n't even make them grow. Man does that. I tell you, there 's a deal of God in man."

"Man is evidently your God," we replied. "Can you make a plant drink, draw sustenance from the soil, extract oxygen from the air, or appropriate sunlight?" Just then two ladies entered the grounds, and he turned to meet them.

During our stay we had observed numerous dogs lying under the trees, and playing about the house, and on his return we inquired if he owned them.

"Yes; they are my family. Let me call them together, that you may see them. I have seventeen in all."

He was then patting the heads of two that were impatiently pulling at his garments, just as I have seen peevish children tug at a mother's clothing. Now he began calling, whistling, shouting, for his family. "Lucy! Lucy! Here, Hongkong! here, brave fellow! Hongkong, madam, is a Chinese dog. Pat! here Pat! Pat is from green Erin, ladies, and does n't like the English."

Thus the man invited and coaxed until six or eight remarkable specimens of the canine race were wildly racing around him, leaping upon his person, or licking his hands, and all apparently anxious to know why they had been called together.

"Now, would you like to hear them sing? Shall I show you that some dogs know more than some men?"

"If dogs can do any thing more human than to bark and bite, we should be interested in seeing them do it," we answered.

Thereupon, his eyes lighting up, he began to hum a lively tune. Instantly the animals broke into canine bass, tenor, alto, soprano, and all kept time with their leader. When the time quickened,

they leaped upon him, sprang into the air, whined, barked, howled. Every dog was in a perfect frenzy, and we were in bedlam. Hongkong, a splendid greyhound, turned his back toward his master, stretched his long nose out toward the sky, and struck into a woeful, piercing cry, followed by a low, melancholy wail. The creature's heart seemed broken. He was telling his grief to the invisible stars. His whole aspect betokened the deepest sorrow. The scene and the noise beggared description. I doubt if any thing like it could be witnessed outside of Southern California, where scenes and objects unequaled are the rule rather than the exception.

We endured the horrible din five minutes, perhaps ten, and then entreated the strange man to bring that most unique of all vocal concerts to a close. But the dogs were proud of their accomplishments, and were far less ready to end the performance than to begin it. By degrees, however, quiet was restored.

Then said the Hungarian: "Ladies, until recently I have kept two hundred mocking-birds. The food of the happy songsters cost me ten dollars every week. At last I concluded that was an expensive amusement for a poor man. So one day I opened the cages and gave the sweet singers their freedom. You see a few cages still, with here and there a captive, but the family numbers only fifteen now. I love nature, and could n't live a day with-

out these dogs, and birds, and anemones. Like that lovely woman"—meaning Mrs. H—, whose snowy hair, pleasant eyes, and fair complexion attract notice wherever she goes—"they show me how God loves beautiful things.

"Madame, I never go to bed at night without taking a long, loving look at the stars; nor rise in the morning without indulging in a tender chat with the beauties in my garden. I tell you, if I but had money to buy a telescope, I 'd spend the nights in taking flights among the stars, and during the day I 'd grow toward heaven among my flowers.

"Where was I born? In Vodena, Hungary, a land which General Fremont declares is the 'most beautiful under the sun,' and he has seen it. For several years I was an officer in the Austrian army. In 1850 I fled to this country. I married in Iowa. My wife died in 1869, leaving me two good sons. Louie lives here with me. My real name you must not know. The Austrian Government has searched for me all over these United States."

It was drawing towards sunset, and other parties arriving, Mrs. H— and myself strolled for a moment through the trim orange orchard in the rear of the house. The handsome trees were laden with fragrant blossoms and ripe fruit. Returning, we bade the father good-bye and walked away, wondering if there were on the earth another mortal like him.

XVIII.

"The Native Californians."

IN his book entitled "Three Years in California," the Rev. Walter Colton talks much about the "native Californians," and in terms which leave most readers in doubt whether he means the Spaniards who centuries ago invaded California, or the Indian races whom the Spaniards found here. The latter are grouped by Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft under three divisions, called, "The Northern, Central, and Southern Californians." These, then, were the native Californians at the time of the Spanish invasion, but not the native Californians of Mr. Colton's book. Fully two centuries before the acquirement of California by the United States, the Spaniards had spread over Central America, Mexico, and California—then a part of Mexico. They not only subdued the Indian tribes or nations inhabiting these countries, but married, traded, and lived among them, and had possession of their soil. Thus, as the years passed on and on, there sprang up a nation in whose veins flowed a mixture of Spanish and Indian blood, and which spoke the

Spanish language, corrupted, in many instances, by words and phrases from the vocabularies of the vanquished peoples.

Also, after Mexico threw off the Spanish yoke—some years prior to the obtaining of California by our government—considerable colonies from that country settled on this part of the coast. They, likewise, were of Spanish and native origin, and spoke the Spanish tongue. From these two sources, then, came the "native Californians" with whom we mingle to-day, and of Mr. Colton's acquaintance from 1846 to 1849. In other words: Before they became Americans, by our acquiring their territory, they were Mexicans, and by that term are they very generally designated here to-day. Tourists and others often refer to them as Castilians, using the "pure Castilian tongue." But the fact is, few, if any of them, ever saw Spain. Much less were they born in Castile. However, some of them are of full Spanish blood, and are intelligent and meritorious citizens. Proverbial for politeness and generosity, often too confiding for their own interests, and always ready to serve a friend to the uttermost, they of course soon win the high esteem of the English-speaking Americans. Almost without exception they are members of the Catholic Church.

On the contrary, the lower orders of Mexicans are exceedingly illiterate, but their condition in this

respect is said to be due not so much to incapacity as to neglect. "It must be remembered," says an educated missionary who has for years labored among them, "that their religion is the Roman Catholic, mingled still, in too many cases, with traces of the ancient worship of the original tribes. Owing to the disposition of the Romish Church to temporize with its Indian converts, as it did with the heathen nations brought into its fold in Constantine's day, they were allowed to retain certain of their old observances. From that day to this the Catholic Church has been their teacher, and, as might be expected, the lower Mexican element of our population to-day, is, in a religious sense, elevated not far above its Indian ancestors prior to the Spanish conquest."

It should be remembered that those who do break away from the Catholic Church, among this class of Californians, seem to take most cordially to the denominations whose forms of worship differ most from the showy services of the system under which they have grown up. Many of them enter the Presbyterian fold, where they find neither images, crucifixes, lighted candles, holy fire, holy water, the confessional, nor vestments for the ministry.

"I can not express to you," said an intelligent Mexican, who had been reared in the Romish Church, but who is now a Protestant, "how distasteful to me, for years, was the sight of a clergy-

man in robes. And usually, according to my observation, when a Catholic becomes dissatisfied with that system, he flees to the one farthest removed from it, or to none at all."

At three points in Los Angelés County Mexican Presbyterian churches have been established, the stronger organization being in this city. No Sunday-schools are conducted as yet, but day schools are in progress at Anaheim and in Los Angeles.

There are now few Mexican families living in affluence in Southern California. Formerly many were rich in lands and herds, but upon the accession of the territory, understanding neither our language nor our laws, they were soon involved in endless litigations with rapacious fortune-hunters from "the States," who had managed, by one means or another, to secure claims upon their property. Often in these cases the decisions of the Federal courts were adverse to the Mexicans, how, or why, the latter could not tell, and in an incredibly short time numbers found themselves face to face with poverty. Unaccustomed to work, few were able to retrieve their condition, and in their straits actually borrowed money of the robbers at a ruinous interest, and mortgaged, to secure its payment, whatever property they had left. Of course this step hastened the end. Finally, realizing that they were no match for the new proprietors of the soil, many became disheartened, "gave themselves up to melancholy,"

and erelong moved into narrow homes on which there were no mortgages.

"When I first came here, eleven years ago," said a lady this morning, "there were Mexicans everywhere. They lounged on door-steps, within the presidios of their homes, in front of the shops and stores, and along the country roads. Apparently without a care, they laughed, chatted, and danced. Now, I meet a few on the streets as I go about the city, but their number seems greatly diminished. Doubtless some of them have caught the spirit of thrift and enterprise possessed by our people, and have adopted habits of industry; but my opinion is that the race is giving way before the Americans, whose force and tenacity of life are so much greater."

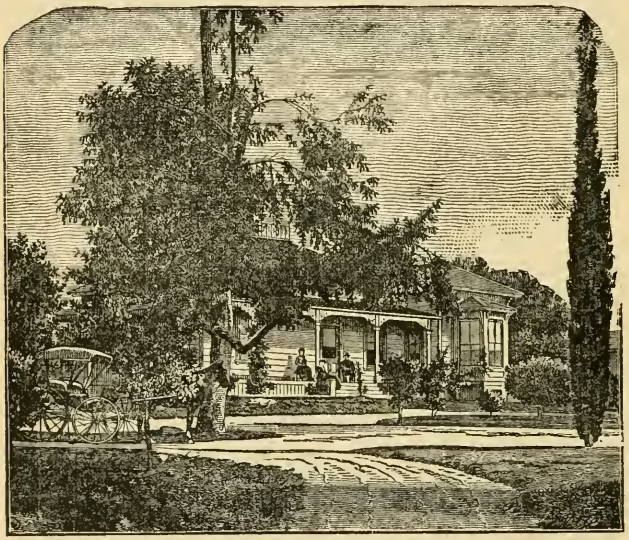
The Mexican women are objects of great interest to me. On the street the middle-aged woman appears almost invariably in a dress of black, destitute of trimmings. The skirt is made of straight breadths, minus any thing like drapery. Upon her head, framing in her swarthy face, she wears, usually, a plain black shawl folded cornerwise, and held together under her chin by her ungloved hand. She never carries parasol or umbrella, even though the Summer sun, holding the mercury up to 100° in the shade, beats down upon her head, cooking her ideas and wrinkling her skin. There she goes! hair, eyes, shawl, dress, the color of night; in her

face no brightness; a silent figure, destined to be left behind by a people whose skill, and power, and range of knowledge simply bewilder her.

Many of the younger women strongly resemble each other, with their black hair, dark eyes, southern complexion, medium height, slender figure, and cheerful, animated countenance. They dress in colors and with taste, and walk with an elastic step. But, a few years hence, should they follow in the course of their mothers, their forms will lose their compactness and shapeliness. Their carriage will become slow and heavy. American gentlemen frequently marry daughters of the better families, and our young women occasionally take husbands from among the educated Mexicans. So far as I have been able to learn, these unions prove quite as happy as if formed with persons of the same race. Having occasion the other day to call at the city home of Don Pio Pico, the last Mexican governor of California, I found there a niece of that courtly gentleman, from Santa Barbara. She was a ladylike, beautiful-looking little woman, who spoke English nicely, having enjoyed the benefit of the American schools in that city. Some time before she had married a young Mr. Perkins, from the East, with whom she seemed to be much pleased, and I could see no reason why he should not be pleased with her.

On another occasion, when taking a walk in the

outskirts of the city, after a hard day's work, I came upon one of the early rural homes of Los Angeles. The house stood far back from the street, in the midst of an orange-grove, and was a many-roomed adobe, built out this way and that, with a wide veranda running around most of it, and all the



A Rural Home in Southern California.

apartments opening upon that. It was the famous Wolfskill residence. William Wolfskill was a Kentuckian, I believe, who wandered off to this coast and "built this house over fifty years ago." He has gone to his rest, but the place is occupied by a son, whose wife is a beautiful Spanish woman. Entering the open gateway, and following the drive

to the house, I found Mrs. Wolfskill seated on the veranda, surrounded by a half-dozen children, all evidently of Spanish descent, all busy doing something, and apparently having a good time. Rising as I drew near, she greeted me kindly, using excellent English. I have seldom seen a more attractive woman. A wealth of dark hair was coiled loosely upon the top of her head. Her manners were charming, and I noticed that her toilet had been made without the use of cosmetics, a feature of dress which seems to be very popular among the young women of the Spanish tongue.

Upon my inquiring if the whole group of little ones were hers, she replied: "Ah, no! I wish they were. It is the sorrow of my life that I have not such a family of children. I love them, and find great pleasure in caring for them. The babe only is mine." After chatting a little time, and the evening shadows beginning to fall, I bade her good-night, having enjoyed the call. Afterward I learned that the lady represents the best class of Spanish-speaking people on the coast. For that reason I mention the trifling incident of my call.

XIX.

Schools of Los Angeles.

FOR twelve years Los Angeles has supported an excellent system of public schools. Although the city covers a large area, school-houses are conveniently located in every part. Many of the buildings are new, thoroughly equipped for their purpose, and are attractive externally. And it is doubtful if in any city of its size there can be found a body of teachers better qualified. Indeed the city is reputed for the high scholarship of the teachers in the graded schools. Moreover, the State itself demands unusual accomplishments in the candidates for certificates. It has been said that eastern teachers of experience have sometimes failed to pass the examinations it requires. A principal in one of the schools has just stated that applicants for certificates must pass an examination in a number of branches not demanded in other States. They must be familiar with the school laws of California, and have an intelligent acquaintance with the State Constitution.

A branch of the State Normal School is making fine headway here under Professor Ira More as principal. Accompanied by this gentleman and Mrs. More, on a recent Wednesday, the writer took a look through the great Normal School building, and paid some attention to the methods of instruction. It may truthfully be said that, from basement to roof, the structure is one of the best lighted, best ventilated, and most economically arranged, I have ever seen for the purpose. It is a handsome edifice, built of brick, is three stories in height, has spacious halls, ample class-rooms, and enough of them, a sunny office for the principal, a bright parlor for the preceptress, an inviting library on the first floor, partially filled with helpful books, and a well-equipped laboratory in the basement. In this latter room the professor of chemistry, Miss Sarah P. Monks, an alumnus of Vassar College, becomes a Michael Faraday every afternoon to a class of shrewd, inquiring young men and women. In the cheerful chapel, commanding a broad outlook westward, down the rich Cahuenga Valley, I found assembled for the simple religious exercises of the morning, nearly two hundred pupils in training for the teacher's profession. They were an earnest, sensible-looking company of students, evidently not at school for play, and represented a half-dozen nationalities, I should judge. Their free and frequent questions upon the subjects under study in

the class-rooms, afterward, showed they were working for a purpose.

The Normal-school building crowns a commanding eminence between Bunker Hill Avenue and Charity Street, and has the distinction of being the only school of its class in the United States, which is located in the midst of an orange grove. The art of the landscape gardener is now converting the formerly rough hill-side in front of it, into a picture wherein mingle flowers, trees, terraces, a fountain, and graveled drives. Glancing in any direction from the windows of the building, or from its high tower, the views of the country are inspiring. In the east loom up the stately Sierra Madre Mountains. On the west and north-west rise the Santa Monica and San Fernando chains, their sides chiseled with the storms of centuries, while towards the south stretches the verdant Los Angeles valley, bordered, twenty miles away, by a strip of the sea. All around lives the city, busy, taking on greater vigor every day. How could intelligent young men and women be otherwise than in earnest, while fitting themselves for life's work, amid such scenes?

Westward, a distance of three miles, or less, stands the "University of Southern California," founded by the Methodists in 1878. Its curriculum is open to both sexes. The institution is a thriving one, occupies a fine building, and holds the

title to considerable real estate. It has the confidence of the community, and looks forward to success. An important department of this University, is the Chaffey College of Horticulture, located at Ontario, the model colony of Southern California.

Now turn your eye toward that lovely elevation lying to the north-west of the Normal School, and possibly a mile distant. The handsome structure you see, built in the composite style, so much in favor just now, is Ellis Villa College, a school for young ladies, built and opened in 1884 by Rev. John Ellis, then pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, but now the president of the college. The building overlooks scenery as varied as that seen from the Normal School. The grounds are charmingly improved. Every young woman privileged to pursue her course of study in the presence of so much that is noble and beautiful in nature, ought to form a character as attractive as the scenes she looks upon.

About the time the Ellis Villa School opened its doors, there was established at Hermosa Vista Hill, a delightful eminence lying between the city of Los Angeles and the village of Pasadena, the "Eden of Southern California," a college for young men, also under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church, but not intended to be sectarian. Dr. Ellis was one of the prime movers in the enterprise. When projected, both these schools were by many thought to

be far in advance of the necessities in the line of education, because in advance of the population necessary to sustain them. But the cautious ones could not foresee, that in the short space of three years the metropolis of Southern California would double the number of its inhabitants, and that the increase of population in the county would preserve a fair proportion to that of the city, thus creating a demand for institutions of this class. On their arrival here, now, settlers find well planted and at work, every grade of school, from the kindergarten to the university.

The College of Hermosa Vista Hill is as favored as those I have described for scenic surroundings, being seated almost under the shadows of the Sierra Madre, with the fair San Gabriel valley spread out on one side. Here, surely, young men may prepare to live for their country, if not to die for it.

I learn this morning that the Baptists and Episcopalians are soon to appear on the field, bidding for their share of patronage for schools of a high order. Thus about all the ground will be occupied, and the children of all denominations may hurry forward. Teachers, books, and desks will be ready for them.

Now if the reader is not weary, we will retrace our steps to the fine, sloping ground in the rear of the Normal School. Here, built into the hill-side, and half hidden by the orange trees, we shall find

an institution of an entirely different, but most interesting character. This is an "observatory for determining the direction, variation, and force of the magnetic current." It is the only observatory of the kind in the United States, and the best one in the world. There are in this country several other stations where partial or occasional observations of the magnetic current are made. But here the record is ceaseless. The work of the needles stops night nor day, for holy day nor holiday. Here is one kind of perpetual motion. The officer whom the government appoints to duty in this dark, double-walled mite of a structure, is little better than buried. Unless he has an assistant, competent and faithful, he has no hours off. The magnetic current knows no Sunday. It furnishes a man no tent on the sea-shore for a three weeks' vacation in Summer.

The officer now in charge of this observatory is Charles C. Terry, Jr., of Columbus, Georgia, and is a relative—cousin, if I am correct—of General Terry, of Fort Fisher fame. The reader remembers that General Terry distinguished himself by carrying that stronghold by assault, after General B. F. Butler, co-operating with Admiral Porter, in an unsuccessful attempt to capture the fort, declared it could not be taken. Charles Terry is a young man, thirty years of age, perhaps, and though very courteous and obliging, seldom admits a visitor in-

side his castle, especially if he lacks the intelligence to comprehend its purpose and machinery. The writer was fortunate in having a "friend at court," and got in.

After our glance at the teaching of all sorts of sciences at the Normal School, Mrs. More and myself concluded we should like to see the inside of a building so rare as is this observatory, and to learn how the changes made by that mysterious force, magnetism, are recorded. Professor More, therefore, accompanied us down the narrow board walk leading to the little hut in the ground, and as we approached the door, said:

"Ladies, you 'd better wait outside until I see if you can be admitted." Then, with a firm, steady push, he turned the solid outer door on its hinges, and with a slow and cautious step, lest he should jar the magnetic needles, so faithfully at work in their dark dungeon, entered the narrow passage separating the inner from the outer wall, and disappeared. Meanwhile, we who were in waiting, speculated as to the things within, and questioned if it were possible to tread lightly enough not to cause the delicate instruments to break the ninth commandment. In a short time our friend emerged, saying:

"Mr. Terry is busy performing a difficult piece of work, which must not be laid aside. But he says that if you will call again in a half-hour you will

be welcome, and he will take pleasure in explaining to you how man, by his wonderful inventions, has compelled the magnetic current to disclose some of the laws by which it is governed."

We all returned to the school building, where Mrs. More and myself passed the half-hour listening to a specimen of able teaching of grammar. Then returning to the observatory, we pushed open the massive door, closed it softly behind us, groped our way along the dark hall until we came to a door made partly of glass, and through which fell a faint light. Upon our rapping gently, it was instantly opened by Mr. Terry, in shirt-sleeves and long apron, the latter made of striped ticking, and covering him from the neck down.

Greeting us kindly, he immediately defined the work of the observatory to be: "The photographing on paper, and afterwards making them permanent by chemical processes, the direction, changes, dip, and inclination of the magnetic current."

He then spent some moments explaining the use of certain appliances of his work-room, as a sort of introduction to our next lesson. Then asking us to resign our steel-ribbed umbrellas to the care of his chemicals, and charging us to step lightly, he led the way to a small, double-walled, windowless inner room, the walls of which were black with smoke from burning lamps. Admitting us first, he followed and carefully closed the door. Here, each

under a small glass dome covered with black cloth, were three magnetic needles, suspended by delicate cords. One of them indicating the vertical force, another the horizontal force, and the third the dip and inclination of the current of terrestrial magnetism. These needles are seldom, if ever, absolutely at rest. Their *movements* are photographed by light obtained from three coal-oil lamps, kept always burning. The light is focalized by small mirrors, upon strips of white paper, placed in an upright cylinder, itself incased in dark cloth. Mr. Terry explained, in a clear and interesting way, the manner in which all this work is done. But I forbear attempting the task here, lest the words I should use might shock those nicely hung needles into recording a great deviation of the magnetic current. Should the reader ever visit Los Angeles let him pay a visit to the Normal School, where Professor More will make him welcome, and then walk down to the observatory and take a look at it. There is little hope of his getting inside, but it is a satisfaction to say one has seen the place.

However, should you gain admission into that strange inner room, you will probably be required to leave behind you, not your umbrellas only, but your gold rings, watches, the metallic buttons on your clothing, and, if you are a woman, your hoop-skirts and corsets, if they have steels in them. All these things will so attract the magnets towards you

as to make them fail in their duty to the government. To some extent Mrs. More and myself were so appareled, but Mr. Terry politely said that, instead of asking us to lay the articles aside, he would, in his report for that day, state the cause of the aberration of the magnets, that the blame might not be charged to the magnetic current.

Upon my return to Los Angeles last October, after an absence of two years on the northern part of the coast, I learned that Mr. Terry, failing in health, contemplated resigning his position. His misfortune was thought by his friends to be due to two causes—close confinement in the observatory, and excessive smoking. To smoke, therefore, is one thing which the magnetic force allows a man to do. None the less, he makes a mistake who does it. They said Mr. Terry "smoked for company." If there is a place in the world where the practice would be justified on that ground, that little hut in the hill-side is the one. It is with sincere regret that I add: Since leaving the coast, word has reached me to the effect that Mr. Terry has ceased to be the medium through which the magnetic current tells its mute story to the world from Los Angeles. Death asked him to resign. He obeyed.

XX.

A Noble Pioneer.

FOR some years preceding, as well as subsequent to, the accession of California, there figured on the Pacific Coast many remarkable characters. Among them, besides native Californians, were Americans from every quarter of the Union, and also representatives of every nation on the globe. Some of them were brave, upright men, loyal as friends, generous to a fault, incapable of an unmanly deed. Others were unprincipled, mercenary, and placed a low value upon human life. To commit crime seemed as natural to them as to breathe. Of these some sprang from an ignoble ancestry. In others the bad blood seemed to start with themselves; but ill-doing distinguished them all. Society lived in terror of them, and slept peacefully only when the earth was rounded above their graves. But one by one both classes have left the stage, until to-day a survivor is met only here and there. Of one of these survivors, ranking in the first category, I have occasion to speak in this chapter.

Colonel J. J. Warner, now an active octogenarian, has resided in this part of the Golden State

for fifty-six years. These years embrace the most interesting and most exciting period in the modern history of California. In the stirring scenes attending the transfer of the Territory to the United States, as in the more turbulent and rancorous ones of the late Civil War, when wide difference of opinion as to the right of the government to coerce the slaveholding States divided the citizens of the coast, Colonel Warner was no inconsiderable figure. Fearless, resolute, absolutely loyal to the government, he stood a steadfast advocate of the Union, when the fiery adherents of secession, by whom the State was thronged, were determined to carry California for the Confederacy. Colonel Warner lived long also in the midst of treacherous Indian tribes, where a moment's hesitation, in exigent cases, would have proved fatal to his own and others' priceless interests. More than once his prompt action in great danger saved human lives and property.

Thus for many years following his settlement in Los Angeles were the circumstances of his life such as to bring out the strong traits in his character.

Such men, living in such times, usually make bitter enemies; but of this venerable pioneer, not one of the surviving zealous partisans of to-day speaks in other than terms of friendship and respect. Not a tongue is barbed with enmity. And if general testimony be accepted, none have won greater

respect for their opinions, or higher appreciation of their worth, than has the subject of this sketch, the first president of the California Historical Society.

Colonel Warner is a native of Lyme, Connecticut, in which place he was born in the year 1807. His ancestors were early settlers in that part of the State, and were persons of influence. His maternal grandfather, Samuel Selden, was a colonel in Washington's army when the colonial force evacuated New York. Colonel Warner is himself a favorite uncle of the wife of Chief-Justice Waite. He is a cousin of the wife of the eminent Judge Ranney, of Cleveland, Ohio. Other of his relatives scattered over the Buckeye State are quite numerous. Among them is Vice-President C. C. Waite, of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railway. Probably a half-century has passed since one of these friends has grasped the hand of the esteemed pioneer.

In October, 1830, Mr. Warner, being then twenty-three years of age, and of frail constitution, left Connecticut to seek health and fortune in the "far West." Arriving in St. Louis early in December, he there made the acquaintance of Jedediah S. Smith, a famous member of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company. The noted trapper had just come into the bustling village from the North-west, with an invoice of furs. He was accompanied by his partners, Jackson and the Soublette brothers. Young Warner's imagination was excited by

their stirring accounts of trapper life, and he concluded that rough fare and mountain air were just the things required to render him strong and vigorous. So, seeking an interview with the intrepid Smith, he conferred with him in reference to spending a limited time at his camps in the distant mountains. The hardy trapper discouraged the step, and the tall New England youth had to content himself with spending the Winter in the "metropolis of Missouri." However, when the Spring opened, Mr. Smith, who also had remained in St. Louis, offered him a position in an expedition he was organizing to convey a quantity of merchandise to Santa Fe, and once there, Mr. Warner might choose between remaining in the capital of New Mexico and returning East for a fresh stock of goods. Smith himself headed the enterprise, but not long after reaching Santa Fe he met his death at the hands of Indians on the Semeron River. This blow broke up the operations of his firm in New Mexico. Mr. Jackson wound up their affairs, and in company with his young friend Warner started on the perilous overland journey to Southern California, crossing the great desert of which considerable has already been said in this volume, and arrived in Los Angeles in November, 1831.

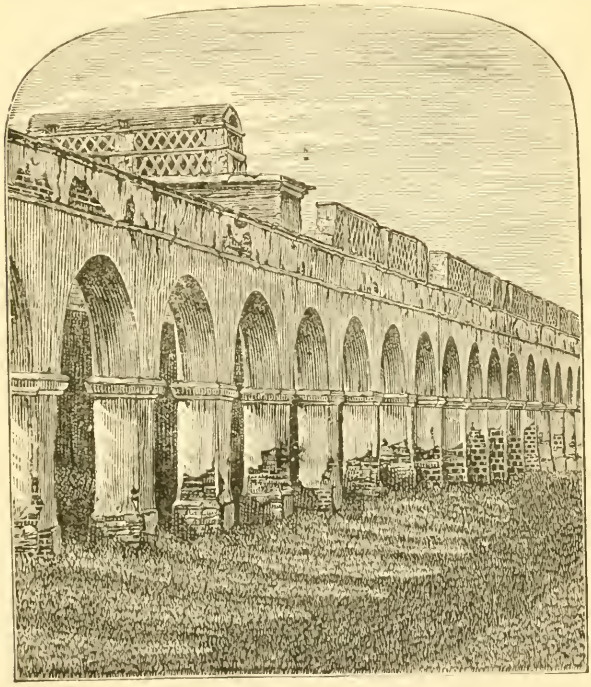
A few months subsequently Mr. Warner, desirous of seeing something of the vast North-west, joined a hunting party bound to the San Joaquin

River and its tributaries, to the Sacramento and its branches, and thence northward to the mouth of the Umpqua River in Oregon, and from that point eastward to the Klamath Lake region. In this then long and perilous trip, the young man accomplished his earnest desire to take life roughly for awhile. The adventures of the party were numerous, and some of them trying, if not exciting. For the fatigue and hardship he cared little, if he might but take his share in the risks and perils, and in the end turn out a Hercules in strength. And this he did, if the stories now told of his subsequent almost incredible feats of horsemanship, and of his ability to cope with a score of armed assailants, be true.

In those early days, trapping beaver in the great mountain ranges of the West was an exciting pursuit. Young men eager to engage in it were never lacking. All California was traversed by parties of bold hunters, who, upon carrying their furs to market in the East, set afloat marvelous accounts of the fair land. Twenty years later there were residing in Oregon, Washington, and California, numbers of men, of distinguished endowments, who had served an apprenticeship in trapping; men who had been attached to the hazardous business, fascinated by the wild, independent life they led. But the country settling up, one after another, for various reasons, abandoned the mountains and took up his residence on the coast. Some turned their attention

to civil affairs, and have rendered excellent service to the Pacific States.

Returning to Los Angeles after an absence of fourteen months, Mr. Warner settled permanently in Southern California. He was now twenty-seven



Corridor, San Luis Rey Mission.

years of age. Three years later, 1837, he was united in marriage to a young lady who was the ward of Don Pio Pico, then administrator of the Mission of San Luis Rey, and afterward Mexican

governor of California. The mother of the young woman being dead, her father had placed her at school in this mission. When the marriage took place, Mr. Pico acted as godfather of the groom, in obedience to a requirement of the Catholic Church, I believe. Out of this relation sprang an attachment between the two young men, which has known no change through fifty eventful years. Mr. Pico, of whom something is said further on in this volume, is now a resident of this city. He has seen upwards of eighty years, and is a person of striking appearance.

Mr. and Mrs. Warner established their home in Los Angeles, where they resided for a considerable period, and here occurred one of the incidents which attest the man's courage, and exemplify his fidelity to his friends.

During the Mexican *régime* in California, local rebellions were frequent on the coast. Factions out of power were ever plotting to unseat those in authority. The city of Los Angeles was sometimes the theater for this sort of pastime, and one morning Mr. Warner found himself suddenly and innocently taking part in one of these *émeutes*. The conflict began and ended so quickly, however, that it seemed more like a whiff of air off a battle-field than like a genuine struggle. When it was passed the hero found himself the possessor of a broken arm and needing the help of a surgeon.

Upon throwing open their dwellings early one sunny morning in April, I forget what year, the citizens of Los Angeles were surprised to see a company of armed soldiers encamped on their plaza, as a convenient point for operations in any direction. The commander of the body was one Espinosa, an adherent of the then reigning governor, Alvarado. The purpose of his silent and secret entrance into the city was the arrest of certain prominent men suspected of disaffection toward Alvarado, and of conspiring to reinstate in the gubernatorial chair one Corrillio, previously deposed from that office. Among the suspected persons were Don Pio Pico and his brother, Andrez Pico, subsequently quite a notable character in the history of Southern California, and a search for these parties had already begun.

Colonel and Mrs. Warner were seated at the breakfast table, in a cozy room at the rear of his store, when an authoritative knock upon the front door caused the husband to spring to his feet. Upon opening the door there confronted him a number of Espinosa's men, who inquired if Don Pio Pico were there. They were courteously informed that he was not. Not satisfied, they proposed to search the premises, a privilege which was at once refused. This provoked an attempt to arrest the proprietor, who stoutly resisted. A hand-to-hand contest ensued, and the parties were soon struggling in the

street, immediately below where the St. Charles and St. Elmo hotels now stand. At this juncture Espinosa himself appeared, coming out of Commercial Street, with his revolver drawn. Perceiving him, Colonel Warner realized his danger, and with great force breaking away from his assailants, made a dash upon that officer, and wrested the weapon from his hand. Soon after, having occasion to use his left arm, he found it would not obey his will. In the effort to quickly free himself from his captors, one of them, intending to disable him, had by an instantaneous blow broken the arm between the shoulder and elbow.

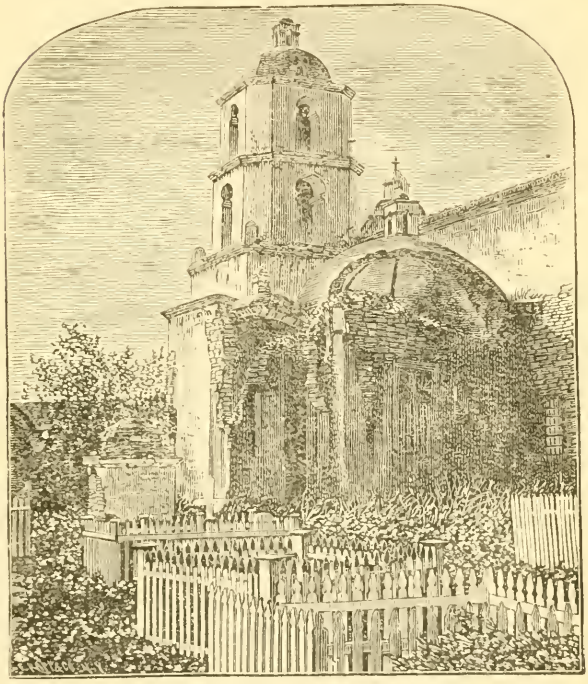
At that moment Mr. William Wolfskill, one of the remarkable men of the place, and a staunch friend of Colonel Warner, appeared in the doorway of his own business house, and comprehending the status of affairs in the street, advanced toward the crowd, himself well armed. Seeing him and divining his intent, the wounded man cried out:

"Do n't shoot; I do n't want any man killed."

These words had the effect to allay the heat of Espinosa and his company, who, after a short parley, released their captive. Meanwhile the Picos, early informed of the captain's errand, had made their escape. Some days later, however, they, with a half-dozen other prominent citizens, were arrested and conveyed to Santa Barbara "as prisoners of war!" Nearly fifty years have passed away since

that day, yet the victim of that rencounter recalls the circumstances as clearly and as readily as if the event had happened only yesterday.

In the year 1846, Colonel Warner secured from



Sacristy, San Luis Rey Mission.

the Mexican government a valuable grant of land, embracing twenty-six thousand acres, or six square leagues. The tract adjoined the lands belonging to the San Luis Rey Mission, and also skirted the old through wagon-road from San Diego to Fort Yuma.

It lay some sixty miles east of the former place, and one hundred and twenty south-east of Los Angeles. Some time in 1844 Mr. Warner removed his family to this princely estate. Thenceforth it was known as "Warner's Ranch," and bears that name to-day, though years have elapsed since the title thereto was vested in Colonel Warner.

A distinguished Californian, writing upon incidents connected with those dangerous days in this part of the State, says:

"Colonel John J. Warner, a pioneer whose magnificent domain was the first reached by the immigrant after crossing the Colorado desert, was always open-hearted and generous to the wayworn traveler, and nearly impoverished himself by his acts of charitable liberality. All honor to the benevolent old pioneer."

Once in possession of these broad acres, the next step was the stocking them liberally with horses, cattle, and sheep. This Colonel Warner did, and shortly was reputed to be "immensely rich." But to-day, while comfort and plenty find lodgment at the honorable man's fireside, he is no longer a Crœsus of the plains. In some of the many vicissitudes which have swept over this region, probably some of this wealth took wings and flew away. Much of it certainly was expended in charity. Not a little was stolen by marauding Indians, as the following occurrence shows:

The ranchos of that period were kept munificently supplied, not only with groceries and provisions for the entertainment of large companies of guests and frequent needy travelers, but also with a full and often expensive assortment of dry goods. This was especially the case at Colonel Warner's frontier home. The man who could so liberally provide for strangers and friends practiced no parsimony in supplying the wants of his family. One is not surprised that the vast store of necessaries and luxuries always on hand at the Warner rancho should sooner or later excite the cupidity of predatory Indians, of whom a plenty were the colonel's neighbors.

During the year 1851 he was repeatedly warned of a threatened attack from the Cowia tribe, numbering several hundred, and living in villages not far from his estate. Hardly believing the reports, he, however, took the precaution to remove his wife and children to San Diego, starting them out in the night, under escort of one Captain Nye, a sea-faring friend of the family, who happened to be on a visit to the rancho. A little before sunrise the second morning after their departure, the colonel was awakened by the shouts of savages around the house. Having kept watch during the night, he had lain down toward day, taking care not to remove his shoes, and was at the moment in a sound slumber.

On a table at the bedside lay several loaded

pistols and a fowling-piece or two. At the rear door stood three saddle horses, tied, and ready for instant mounting. The arms and animals were provided for the escape of himself, his Mexican servant—at that moment being slain by the plunderers, in a corral a few rods away—and a mulatto boy, the servant of an army officer at San Diego. The latter was confined in the house, a helpless victim of rheumatism. He had been sent out from the city to try the water of some notable hot springs on the rancho, and had come over to the house but the day before.

Springing from the bed, Colonel Warner ran, unarmed, to the rear door of the house, and opened it, to ascertain if the horses were yet there. The marauders, about two hundred in number, greeted him with a shower of arrows, not one of which hit him, fortunately.

Stepping quickly to the table, and securing one of the fowling-pieces, he returned to his guests, and found to his dismay that two of the horses had been removed, and that an Indian was in the act of loosing the third. The gun flashed, and the plunderer lay on the ground dead. A second, attempting to take the animal, fell also. Then a third, making the effort, was mortally wounded. Thrown into a panic by these casualties, the band retreated temporarily to a shed near by, bearing the bodies of their fallen comrades.

Resolved now to attempt an escape before the

Cowias could rally, and also to save the young invalid in his care, Colonel Warner quickly placed the boy on the horse, put his holster pistols in the saddle, his belt pistols on his person, laid one fowling-piece across the neck of the horse, and suspended another at the animal's side. Then mounting in front of the youth he dashed away, the foe not interfering. On the estate, some miles distant, lay a village of friendly Indians, where were the headquarters of his herdsmen. Thither rode the fugitives with all speed. Immediately thirty trusted Indians were charged with conveying the invalid to St. Isabel, for care and safety, and the herders were dispatched to bring in the stock. Then, accompanied by a number of his own Indian dependents, Colonel Warner hastened back to his home. The Cowias, recovered from their fright, were hurriedly removing from the premises the stock of merchandise, valued at about six thousand dollars. They now showed great hostility, terrifying the man's small escort into a prompt retreat. To oppose the spoilers single-handed, was to meet certain death. The Colonel, therefore, wheeled, rode away and joined his family in San Diego. Upon their return they were attended by a considerable military escort, led by Major, afterwards General, Heinzelman. This rancho, on the verge of the desert, was the home of the family for thirteen years, or until 1857, when Los Angeles once more became

their place of residence. The next year witnessed the death of Mrs. Warner.

For Mr. Warner's bravery in saving the life of the colored youth at the risk of his own, he received the title of Colonel—from his friends only, I presume. He was never in the army.

In 1858 Colonel Warner entered journalistic life, as the publisher of the *Southern California Vineyard*, a Democratic sheet, at first devoted to general news, but in time drifting into a strong political paper. But when the Democratic party of California took position in favor of secession, Colonel Warner adhered to the Union, notwithstanding strong party effort to control both him and his paper. As was to be expected, loyalty killed the journal, but failed to kill its editor.

The *Vineyard* breathed its last in 1861. For five years thereafter Colonel Warner was the Southern California correspondent of the *Alta California*.

Previous to becoming a knight of the pen, he served the public in several responsible civil positions. For the sessions of '51 and '52 he represented San Diego County in the Assembly of California; and Los Angeles County in the same body in 1860. He was once elected a judge in San Diego County, but being long absent in San Francisco never qualified, and never served.

A few years ago Colonel Warner wrote a series of articles on methods for confining the Los Angeles

River within its proper channel in seasons of flood. These papers drew attention at the time for their apparent practicability. But with the deceptive stream flowing under ground half the time, and seldom troubling any body very much, his suggestions were not heeded. But the suffering and loss of life and property caused by its overflows last Winter, have led to the republication and serious consideration of these articles.

In the spring of 1884 the aged pioneer completed a lengthy paper on "The Causes of the Cold and Warm Ages in the Arctic Latitudes." His theory, if not correct, is interesting, and reads as follows:

"At one time in the world's history the Continents of North and South America were not as they now are, united by the Isthmus of Panama. All Central America then lay beneath the ocean. Behring's Strait, instead of being a narrow passage of water, was a broad sea, connecting the Pacific and Arctic Oceans. No warm Gulf Stream flowed northward along the eastern coast of North America, and across the Atlantic to the British coast. But an equatorial warm stream of vast proportions flowed from the Atlantic into the Pacific Ocean, over submerged Central America, and on northwestwardly to the north-eastern coast of Asia, where, pouring through Behring's Strait into the Polar Ocean, it converted it into a vast thermal

sea, on whose shores flourished a tropical vegetation. Ages passed away, and Behring's Strait became very nearly closed by volcanic upheaval, greatly restricting the flow of warm water into the Northern Ocean. Arctic temperature was the result in those high latitudes. Meanwhile Central America had appeared above the ocean, sending the equatorial warm current northward along the eastern coast of North America, and forming the 'Gulf Stream' of to-day."

In the neighborhood of forty years ago this patriarch paid his first and, up to the present, only visit to his native State. His route was a devious one, taking him from Los Angeles to San Pedro, thence to Acapulco by water, and from there across Mexico to Vera Cruz, whence he went by sail to Mobile, and thence on to the land of steady habits. While in the East he delivered several addresses on California. In the city of Rochester, 1841, he discussed the question of a trans-continental railway, remarking: "Should I ever come East again, I shall come in a railway car." That discussion gives Colonel Warner, instead of Stephen H. Whitney, as has been claimed for him, the honor of being the first man to propose a thoroughfare of steel across the continent of America.

A Los Angeles paper, speaking on this point this morning, says: "Mr. Whitney took up the suggestion and talking upon it, gained much *éclat*

in the East for the boldness of the idea, while Colonel Warner, returning to California, lost all credit for it. The honor should certainly be awarded to our esteemed fellow-citizen. It seems to us," the sheet continues, "that the continental railway lines, even at this late day, should deem it an honor to transport, in the most luxurious Pullman car, the venerable gentleman, who, with profound foresight, nearly a half a century ago, first proposed a railway across the American continent."

It may interest the reader to know that the great railways did, in June, after this sketch was written, convey Colonel Warner and the young lady—a grandchild—who attended him, twice across the continent. In an absence of several months in the East, the happy pioneer visited the home of Chief Justice Waite, in Washington; was received with marked respect by President Arthur, and took a look through all the grand government buildings. Proceeding to New England, he renewed his acquaintance with the scenes and surviving friends of his youth, and, going or returning, passed some time, in a delightful way, among his relatives in and around Cleveland, Ohio; and, as he said to the writer after his return, "was everywhere treated like a prince."

Colonel Warner now resides with a married daughter on Main Street, in Los Angeles, in an old-time adobe home, with its only entrance at the

rear of the building. Unfortunately, since making his last eastern trip, he has almost wholly lost his sight. "I can not see you," he said, meeting me on my return to Los Angeles, after an absence of two years, "but I remember your voice." His mental faculties, on the other hand, are perfectly preserved. He was that day serving as a delegate to a county political convention, held in the city. The man is over six feet in height, slender, quite erect. His white hair stands out from his head in all directions. As to the matters of his own life he is modest and reticent, though most of the facts given in this sketch were obtained from his own lips. He is a perfect encyclopedia of information on a host of subjects. He readily recalls the leading events in the history of California for a half-century past, with their exact dates; and also the career of many of its prominent men. He is obliging, at great cost to himself many times. I frequently had occasion, during my residence here, to call upon him for information on some subject. Every time he was the same patient, courteous, self-forgetting gentleman.

XXI.

Colonization Schemes.

IN no part of the United States, certainly, and, perhaps, nowhere in the world, has the subject of colonization received more earnest and more intelligent consideration than has been given it in Southern California during the past six years. The most enterprising of men have devoted time, strength, ability, and fortunes to devising schemes for settling this part of the coast rapidly and well. There was, the moment the Southern Pacific Road was completed, and still is, ground for pushing and developing this sort of business. Lying on this coast, seven years ago, with a climate nowhere on earth surpassed, was a vast area of country almost literally without house or inhabitant. Of course I know there were villages here, and ranchos, with houses upon them, but that does not weaken the statement I have made. On account of the productiveness of the soil, this area was fitted to become the home of millions of people. Most of it could be given to the plow almost without cutting down a tree or removing a stone, but it was land asleep. During the past week I have ridden over

thousands of acres which the implements of husbandry have never touched. Under its covering of thickly blooming flowers—white, pink, blue, purple, and yellow, all tiny but beautiful things—are concealed possibilities of production, so great that I dare not express the facts in the case, lest the reader's incredulity shall break out in words I should not care to hear.

To bring these acres under cultivation, and bring human beings to the enjoyment of their products and the benefits of the delightful climate, as well as to contribute to the resources of the country, while increasing their individual fortunes, are the chief objects sought by the men engaged in the numerous colonization enterprises.

The subject of colonization has at least two sides. It will readily be conceded that all the benefits of the scheme ought not to accrue to the families who settle on colony sites, finding ready to their hand, the moment they arrive on the ground, systems of water, of light, and of education, together with church privileges, a dry-goods store, a grocery, a doctor, a newspaper, and, in many instances, a tasteful new dwelling ready for their occupancy. It is expected, or should be, that the two, ten, or twenty men who purchase a large tract of land in a favorable location; lay it off in lots and parcels; plant upon it trees by the thousand, for shade and fruit; conduct to all parts of it an unfailing supply of

pure soft water from some river or mountain spring, miles distant; build a hotel; erect a church and a school-house; secure postal facilities; arrange for telephonic and telegraphic communication with the outside world; work early and late, and hard, to interest people in what they are doing; and lastly, worry until health declines, lest after all, the venture may fail, will reap something of a harvest from the one or two hundred thousand dollars sown in all these improvements.

There are in Southern California a score, probably, of prosperous colonies. Some of them have expanded into beautiful towns and strengthened into extensive fruit-growing communities. In a preceding chapter I have referred to a cluster of such settlements, all lying south-east of Los Angeles, in the Santa Ana Valley. But on the through line of the Southern Pacific Railway, east of the city and within a distance of seventy miles, has been planted another series of such colonies. It will do the reader, who has never seen California, good to read about them.

Last Thursday afternoon, at four o'clock, the through eastern train on the above road pulled out from the depot in Los Angeles with the writer on board, wound through a dusty street or two, then turned squarely away from the sunset, swept across the nearly dry bed of the Los Angeles River, and struck out for the great Colorado Desert. On our

left until long after sunset, the purple Sierra Madres were in full view from the car windows, while short spurs and ranges, named for the whole catalogue of saints, shot out into the plain, over which we were speeding, in every direction. For the first two or three miles out the traveler sees nothing attractive, except a few vineyards and young orange orchards, with occasional residences planted on the hills around.

The first halt is at Alhambra, which suggests Washington Irving and Old Spain, but which consists of little more than a fine hotel, set away on a sightly hill-top under the Sierra Madre. Running on some miles the train stopped in front of the ancient church of the San Gabriel Mission, eleven and a half miles from the city. Here stood this somewhat unique structure when Los Angeles was founded, one hundred years ago. All around it lies the rich and highly cultivated San Gabriel Valley, verdant with all kinds of fruit orchards, and as fragrant with flowers as Ignatius Donnelly claims were the fair plains of the submerged island of Atlantis. It was the floral copy of this church which formed so notable a feature of the San Gabriel exhibit at the brilliant flower festival held in Los Angeles last May.

Next on the list is the incipient town of La Puente, which recalls to mind the fact that the La Puente Rancho in this vicinity, is a tract of land deemed exceedingly rich in petroleum deposit. Some

six years ago—1880, I think—two indomitable Canadian gentlemen, the Messrs. George and William Chaffey, founders of the flourishing colony of Ontario, where our train will soon arrive, were engaged, with some others, in developing this source of wealth here. About that time Mr. Burdette Chandler, a gentleman familiar with coal-oil mining in Pennsylvania, began boring for oil on this ranch. At a depth of one hundred and fifty feet he obtained in paying quantities a grade of oil similar to the West Virginia lubricating oil. Three wells were put down to a depth varying from one hundred and fifty to five hundred feet. Each well, produced fifteen barrels per day at the outset. About this time was organized the Chandler Oil Company, for the purpose of developing the petroleum on this farm. Other wells were then sunk, with flattering results; also a refinery was erected for distilling the oil. In the "Annual Report of the Los Angeles Board of Trade" for 1886, I notice that coal-oil is mentioned as one of the most promising resources of Los Angeles County. It is well known that the county abounds with oil springs, asphaltum beds, and mines of brea.

The celebrated Brea Rancho, situated some eight or nine miles north-west of Los Angeles, affords a splendid example of the bituminous deposit of the region. Originally this was a large and valuable estate, whose proprietor, becoming pecuniarily

involved, mortgaged portions of it to enable him to meet his obligations. But before the debts were liquidated death released him from his burdens, transferring them to the shoulders of his widow. She bravely faced the responsibility, sold enough of the estate to cancel the mortgages, and then began mining the brea as a source of income for herself, reducing it on the estate, to a form convenient for making cement pavement for streets. The whole was a piece of good management, and the lady now finds herself on the road to independence. Five hundred acres of this property are the possession of ex-Senator Cornelius Cole, of California, appointed some years ago to settle the claims of the Pacific Coast creditors in the notorious Alabama case.

But while we have been talking about coal-oil the train has run on to Pomona, an enterprising village thirty-three miles from the city, and the spot, of all others in Southern California, on which the Goddess of Fruits should shower her favors, since it bears her name. The place has existed but a few years, and has a population of twenty-five hundred people probably. Being a part of the great plain which slopes southward from the base of the Sierra Madre, its soil is inexhaustibly fertile, and its climate almost faultless. Groves of semi-tropical fruits flourish on all sides. A perennial supply of pure water is furnished by a stream which breaks from the mountains back of it. That the place has

schools, churches, and other facilities for the improvement of the citizens, goes without saying. For years to come, Pomona will be associated with the name of that admirable Christian man, Rev. C. T. Mills, who, with his capable wife, founded Mills Seminary near Oakland, California, a number of years ago. At one time Dr. Mills represented a large interest in the land on which this village stands, and his wise assistance in the development of the colony insured the gratifying progress we now see. While here attending to its affairs, one day, he met with the accident that cost him his life. Being thrown from his carriage, he received an injury to one of his arms which resulted in amputation, and subsequently in death. Thus was Mrs. Mills, assisted by a board of trustees, left the sole head of the institution, and also an important member of the Pomona Land Company. Dr. Mills, who was for some years president of Batticotta Theological Seminary, India, and also of Oahu College for Young Men in Honolulu, had the respect and friendship of many prominent people in this country.

Four miles further eastward, the train halts in front of the trim little station-house at Ontario. The tasteful building, with its surrounding of gay flowers and borderings of bright color, looks more like a summer-house on some gentleman's estate, than like a temporary shelter for passengers, and

the business office of the railway. The place takes its name from Ontario, Canada, where its founders, the Chaffey brothers, spent their youth. Their father was once the owner of large shipping interests in an old Canadian city, and established quite a commerce with certain American towns. As the train draws up, passengers on the village side of the cars exclaim: "What a pretty place!" But I happen to know that a little over four years ago not one building, and but a single tree, relieved the thousand desolate acres now changed into this pleasant scene. Less than three years since, I visited the place for the purpose of studying the practical workings of colonization schemes. The town was then undergoing wide advertising as "the model colony" of Southern California, and was a place of great interest for many reasons, but the reader will be most concerned in its present situation.

Ontario lies in San Bernardino County, the largest county in the State (having an area of ten million acres), is thirty-eight miles east of Los Angeles, and is a part of the territory known as the "warm belt," a strip of country from eight to ten miles wide, which skirts, for a distance of seventy miles, from west to east, the base of the Sierra Madre Mountains, and includes all the thriving towns between Pasadena and the San Gorgonio Pass. This district is seldom visited by frosts, never by severe ones. It may be irrigated in every

part by water from the rivers which traverse it from north to south, or from mountain springs and torrents. It is therefore admirably adapted to the culture of both northern and semi-tropical fruits.

Ontario may also be said to lie in what is termed the Upper Santa Ana Valley, between two lofty ranges of mountains, the Sierra Madre, ten miles away on the north, the Temescal, fifteen miles distant on the south. In every direction the view from the place is very fine. The town plat is a part of a tract of ten thousand acres to be devoted to the colony. Purer air can nowhere be breathed. Through the center of the tract, from the railway to the nearer mountains, stretches a beautiful avenue, seven miles long, two hundred feet wide, as straight as surveyor's chain could make it, with an ascending grade toward the Sierra of one thousand feet. Through the middle of this avenue was originally allotted a space forty feet wide for a double line of cable railway to be operated by water. But as the cars stopped opposite the magnificent thoroughfare, a passenger remarked:

"The Ontario Land Company is about to lay the rails for an electric road up one of those drives to the mountains, and thence around to the mouth of the famous San Antonio cañon."

Planted on both sides of this forty feet is a row of fan palms, alternating with the eucalyptus, or the pepper tree. Both the latter are rapid

growers, and are set to secure temporary shade and tree effects until the palms make a display, when they will be removed. The imposing effect of this

Fan Palms.

double row of the fan palm, when sufficiently grown, must be seen to be appreciated. Again, on either side of this central way, extends a carriage drive, sixty-five feet wide, very smooth, never

dusty, and lined, next the sidewalk, by a row of grevillia and pepper trees, with the eucalyptus interspersed. The grevillia is a handsome tree, evergreen, with bushy, spreading crown, and general appearance like that of the pepper tree, over which, however, it has the advantage of preserving a smooth, clean trunk in old age. Finally, fifteen feet are reserved on both sides this avenue for sidewalks and external parks of flowers. Many of the lots fronting upon this street have been fenced with a hedge of the Monterey cypress. Should this hedge be continued to the mountains, there will appear two low, trim lines of vivid green, seven miles long, doing away with unpicturesque fencings of wood and iron. Now imagine this broad roadway embellished with six rows of varied and fadeless green, the whole flanked with a wealth of beautiful bloom. Think of a drive at early morning, or after tea, up this smooth ascent, with the Sierra rising right before one and a health-giving breeze fanning the cheek. I myself rode over it when all this charm of vegetation was at the starting point, before the grade was established quite to the mountains. It was a delightful ride. But with all this ornamentation at maturity, there will be not another such street in California, unless a rival be found in Magnolia Avenue, at Riverside, of which we shall have a word to say further on; nor on the continent, except it be Euclid Avenue, in Cleveland,

Ohio, whose name it borrows. The Ontario Euclid embraces one hundred and eighty acres of land, and is adorned with something like seventy thousand trees, and is twice the width of Cleveland's beautiful street.

At the time of my first visit, eighteen months after the ground was broken, seventy families were settled upon the tract; a public school was in progress; postal and telegraph facilities had been secured; a commodious hotel had been erected, and the varied work of laying off lots, grading streets, putting down water-pipes, tunneling the mountains for unfailing water, setting vines for raisins, and planting a great variety of fruit trees, was going on with a will, besides building for this purpose and for that. Two years have passed since that day, changing the scene wondrously. How so much could have been done in so little time is a marvel.

The soil of this warm belt is a sandy, gravelly loam, lying gently inclined to the southern and western sun, and is easily worked. Dense fogs, a serious hindrance in some localities to the curing of raisins, are said to visit Ontario too seldom to be taken into account.

It should now be said that the interests of the colony have passed from the hands of its founders. Some months ago a gentleman representing an Australian colonization company arrived in Los Angeles for the purpose of investigating the coloniza-

tion schemes of Southern California. The fame of Ontario had reached his ears. He paid the place a visit. The plan of these brothers commended itself to his judgment. He conferred with them as to the feasibility of undertaking a similar enterprise on land near the city of Melbourne. The result was a proposition to the Messrs. Chaffey to transplant a colony of English people from the mother country to the Fifth Continent. Mr. George Chaffey soon sailed for Australia to look the field over. A grant of twenty-five thousand acres of land was offered him for the project. He accepted it, and decided to sell his interests in Ontario and remove his family to Melbourne. Returning to America he soon accomplished these steps, and is now domiciled in the far-off land with his wife and children. Mr. William Chaffey and his family, it is understood, follow at a later day. This gentleman is also known as having been active a few years earlier in adorning that section of the town of Riverside called Arlington. These young men seem to possess a genius for taking the virgin soil and building up towns upon it. Their success at both Ontario and Etiwanda, Mr. George Chaffey's place of residence, is strong evidence to that effect. I have it from a personal friend of this man, that when he arrived in Los Angeles, less than five years ago, "the sum of his wealth was four dollars." If that be true, Ontario, made to spring out of the

naked mesa in the space of four years, with all its present beauty, homes, and business, proves what wonders can be accomplished by sheer courage, energy, and industry, linked with a taste for education, and a reverence for God and religion.

A feature of special importance at Ontario is the noble San Antonio cañon. From the head of Euclid Avenue a carriage road winds off to the left, among the few low foot-hills of the Sierra Madre. After several hundred rods of distance, it turns and enters the rock-strewn mouth of this grand gorge, penetrating the Sierra not less than nine miles. Down this wild passage flows the clear, cold, roaring, tumbling stream, which gives the colony its splendid drinking water. Speckled trout abound in it, as do quail among the foot-hills and loftier heights, making the place a paradise for the angler and the hunter. But the place has higher recommendations than its fine scenery and myriad life in air and water. It is an Eden for sufferers from asthma and rheumatism. Relief from these troubles has been, almost immediate in some cases, at the entrance to this cañon. A well-known physician of Chicago relates that a severe case of asthma was greatly mitigated after one hour spent here, and a trying case of sciatic rheumatism yielded after a a two weeks' sojourn.

In a tent pitched on a grassy plot, among some trees, at the opening to this gorge, there lived in

1884 a gentleman from San Francisco, who had long been afflicted with asthma of a terrible type. So long as he remained in the cañon his enemy let him alone, but the moment he ventured into Los Angeles for twenty-four hours, the disease attacked him so fiercely that he was glad to hasten back to his retreat under the shadow of the everlasting hills. He pronounces the spot the best for his malady he has ever found.

Nor is the resort without attractions for well people. Numbers visit the locality every year for refreshment. Business men jaded with care and anxiety find new strength beside its merry stream. Romping among the granite bowlders, pining children become hardy as little bears. And such an appetite as people get! The most provident cook would be taxed to meet its demands. Some three years ago Mr. William Chaffey, worn with the burden of Ontario affairs, removed his wife and children to the cañon and camped for several weeks. Speaking of that time, he told me that when ready to return to his home he felt strong enough to found another colony. A fair road extends up the deep rent in the mountains for a distance of some miles. Mount Baldy, the regal, snow-capped summit mentioned in an early chapter of this book, stands at its head, eight miles from the mouth, and sixteen from Ontario and the Southern Pacific road. The monarch is worthy a visit. Its height is nine thousand feet.

In all this ten thousand acres of inclined plane there is not an acre of marsh or fen; not a rod over which malaria dare hover; scarcely a foot which the health-giving sunshine does not bless. A thick fog rarely finds its way this distance from the sea. Sometimes a thin vapor floats over the tract just before morning, but even that vanishes soon after breakfast. About two o'clock, as sure as the afternoon comes, a refreshing breeze springs up and continues until sunset. The average temperature of the Summer days is eighty degrees. The evenings are cool. Warm wraps are then necessary.

XXII.

Vineyards and Orange Groves.

IN Southern California all distances are measured from Los Angeles. I mention, therefore, that Riverside, with its beautiful suburb, Arlington—I am not sure but that I should say Arlington, with its less attractive suburb, Riverside—is located sixty-eight miles south-east of that city, and seven miles south of the Southern Pacific Railway. I entered the place in an open, high-seated, square-topped "stage," having left the train at Colton, nine miles distant. The vehicle tossed its load of six passengers about in a merciless fashion, but afforded us a fine view of the hills and valleys at every turn. Along most of our course wild flowers covered the ground as with a carpet. There were millions upon millions of the tiny things, exquisite in coloring, dainty in shape.

Every feature and aspect of Riverside is rural. A day's ride through the State of Ohio by rail, in any direction, would reveal twenty such villages, omitting the vineyards, orange groves, cypress hedges, eucalypti, and fan palms of Riverside.

"That sounds like omitting a great deal," says the reader. It is.

The whole vicinity of Riverside and Arlington

furnishes indubitable evidence that somebody works in the valley. Yet during a drive of eight miles yesterday afternoon past an almost unbroken succession of orange groves and vineyards, I actually saw only three men engaged in their cultivation. The grounds and trees were faultlessly clean. The leaves of the orange trees looked as if they had been subjected to an application of polishing powder, so glossy and bright were they. Probably the secret of all this tidiness, was, that the golden fruit had been gathered by the shippers, and any trimming the trees required after that, had been done and the ground carefully raked. The vines likewise had had their pruning and were growing finely. Thus was the Spring work of the horticulturists "done up," just as housekeepers do up their Spring cleaning. The extreme neatness of some of the orchards added immensely to their attractions. I had visited fine orange orchards in Florida, but never had I seen a sight to compare with these miles upon miles of glistening trees. From the road to far back in the distance stretched the diagonal rows as straight as hand of man could set them. To have stopped a few moments here and there, simply to look at them, would have been a satisfaction, but I was taking a hurried drive and could not tarry.

In 1884 Riverside had the largest acreage of vines and trees of any of the colonies giving attention to orange and raisin culture south of the Sierra

Madre. Yet no farther back than 1870, this valley, now so smiling and yielding such lavish returns to its cultivators, was but a silent waste, mantled in Spring-time with gay flowers and tall wild grasses. The soil is composed largely of disintegrated rock, washed from the surrounding mountains by the storms of ages, and possesses almost boundless powers of production. But these powers were dormant. Something was needed to arouse them, and that something was simply the voice of running water. The making this discovery has changed the face of Nature all over this section of our country. There was more sense in General Fremont's idea of flooding the Colorado Desert, or portions of it, in order to render it productive, than he has ever had credit for. He has been laughed at for his supposed *want* of sense in even thinking of so shallow a project. Yet experiment has proved that water is the one thing necessary to convert miles of those arid stretches into fruitful gardens.

In September of 1870 the Southern California Colony Association was formed for the purpose of buying and selling lands, and of appropriating the water of the Santa Ana River to the irrigation of sixteen townships. The next year, in June, a canal was finished to the hamlet now called Riverside. Then began the experiments in irrigation. Wonderful mutation! Then, the barren land. To-day, fruit, bloom, and beauty everywhere, with

fortunes making and fortunes promised, all out of the once somnolent soil.

In the chapter on Ontario reference was made to Magnolia Avenue, in Arlington, which is but an extension of Riverside, and contains many pretty streets and handsome homes, Riverside being the business portion of the place. It includes the

The Pepper Tree.

hotels, stores, newspaper offices, and all kinds of shops. But Arlington's street, *par excellence*, is Magnolia Avenue, consisting of a double driveway, each lined on both sides by a row of pepper, eucalyptus, fan-palm, and grevillia trees, alternating in places. The appearance of the street is magnificent. The effect is produced mainly by the two passageways and the several lines of trees, intensified by the presence of the palms, and by plats of brilliant

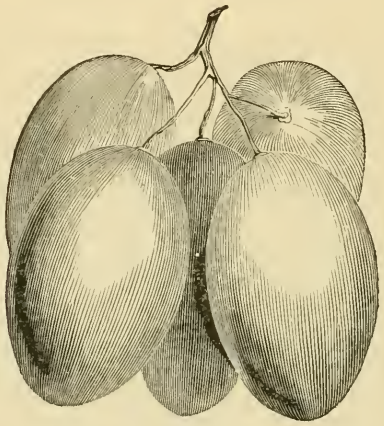
flowers blooming between the curb-stone and side-walk in front of some of the residences. Merely as a street Magnolia Avenue far transcends the world-renowned Euclid Avenue in Cleveland. But the moment the lawns and residences of Euclid Avenue are placed in the picture, it completely eclipses the Arlington thoroughfare. There are some fine dwellings, however, among these orange groves, themselves a feature which can never grace the Cleveland street.

In orange culture Riverside is supposed to rival the best orange-fields of the continent. Eminent among the varieties grown here is the Riverside Naval, an orange of Brazilian origin, and surpassing in size and flavor, as some think, the luscious Indian River orange of Florida. At the California fruit exhibits it has "often taken the premium over all competitors," being pronounced the best orange grown in the United States. About 1885 a blood orange, in flavor superior to the well-known Malta, made its appearance in this valley, coming from the Island of Tahiti. There are said to be growing in Southern California thirty-three varieties of oranges, and fourteen or more kinds of lemons.

RAISIN CULTURE AT RIVERSIDE.

But it is as a center of raisin culture, perhaps, that Riverside comes most prominently to the front among the colonies of Southern California. I should say, without the figures at hand to prove it, that its

shipments of this fruit exceed those from all other points combined. In this valley much study and intelligent experiment have been given to the industry, and it has been learned that four conditions are indispensable to success in the pursuit. These are: A rich, warm, well-drained soil; a dry atmosphere;



Raisin Grapes.

skillful cultivation of the soil, and a high temperature for curing the fruit. All these requisites seem to obtain at Riverside. The reader may have supposed that raisins can be made wherever grapes can be grown. A few observations taken in a raisin-making community would banish that notion. Grapes can be grown where rains are frequent; but a shower when raisins are curing, is an undesirable visitor. The details of the industry are very interesting. If the reader will peruse the following

paragraphs he will get a good idea of how raisins are made. Most of the information given was derived from the Messrs. Orrin and William Backus, intelligent raisin-growers at Riverside.

The grape most in favor with the Riverside culturists, and the one from which their best raisins are made, is the Muscat of Alexandria, a native of Northern Africa. Besides this, there are much cultivated, the Muscatel Gordo Blanco, a large, white, pulpy grape, of high flavor, and the Seedless Sultana, a small, white, prolific variety, mainly used for cooking. The Muscat, however, is the staple grape for raisins. Under favorable circumstances it yields very large, open clusters, which, when ripe, are of a light, amber color, firm in flesh and rich in sugar. The seeds are small, and the flavor very fine. The Muscat vine is peculiarly sensitive to cold and dampness, especially at the period of inflorescence. Such a state of weather is quite certain to produce sterile blossoms. It is for this reason that the Muscat is not so well adapted to the northern part of the State, where showers and heavy fogs are frequent. Also, the occurrence of a few extremely hot days in Summer will cause the berries to fall; while a chilly season delays their maturing, and increases the labor of curing them.

A raisin vineyard is in full bearing at eight years from the planting. Properly cared for after that age, it ought to yield bountifully for at least

forty years. Some of the vineyards of the Mission Grape—a wine-making fruit—planted in California by the Franciscan Fathers, are a century old, yet but a few years since, the black, distorted stumps of one of these vineyards were to be seen fruiting in the neighborhood of Aliso Street, in Los Angeles. Once in bearing, therefore, a raisin vineyard may be a source of income during the owner's life-time; and, should he be early removed by death, is a desirable property to leave his family.

The operations of pruning and irrigating the vines; of picking, drying, and packing the raisins, require the exercise of skill and intelligence, if the vineyardist would reap a harvest from his investment. In the singular soil of California nature has hidden away many a fortune, and if man would persuade her to unlock them for his benefit, he must work in harmony with her plans. Therefore, if she requires grapevines to be trimmed down to two eyes, instead of more, his wisest course is to obey her. If she resents having the soil washed away from, rather than properly soaked above their roots, during irrigation, he had better gracefully yield the point. Prodigal irrigation meets its punishment in deteriorated fruits and impoverished fields. How often and how much to irrigate, are important questions in California. Location, the character of the soil, and the variation in the seasons, modify the answer. The fruit-grower must

use his judgment, and his experience, in deciding the case.

In planting vines for raisins, cuttings from eighteen to twenty inches in length, and bearing from three to five healthy buds, are preferred. The cutting is made close to one bud, and that one, with one or two others, is buried firmly beneath the well-prepared soil.

The customary, and probably best time for pruning is in December and January. It may be done at any time after the leaves fall and before the buds start. A second or "Summer pruning" is practiced by some vine-dressers. But the step is objected to by others, on the ground that removing many of the leaves exposes the berries to sun-burn. At the Winter pruning Mr. Backus, who has made an earnest study of the soil and climate, cuts his canes down to ten or twelve inches from the ground. It is considered that a low, strong stump, with short spurs for the fruit, insures better results than does a greater length of vine. Just before the buds start, the ground is plowed and irrigated thoroughly. If a second and later irrigation can be avoided, the better. If not, just enough water should be given the vines to ripen the fruit. To insure first-class raisins, the grapes must be fully ripe when cut.

When the Muscat berries have taken on a clear, bright, amber color, as they do between the first and middle of September, they are ready for the pick-

ing. Chinese and Indians are usually employed for this branch of the work. In some vineyards the picking is done by the day, in others by the tray, the wages varying from $1.50 to $2.00 per day. Each picker removes the clusters from two rows of vines at the same time, placing them on wooden trays capable of holding twenty pounds each, which are placed at intervals between the rows. In the picking great care is taken not to remove the "bloom" from the fruit with the hands, as that detracts from the appearance of the raisins. Three trays, of twenty pounds each, will make twenty pounds of raisins. Thus the fruit shrinks about two-thirds in curing.

The weather being favorable, the raisins will dry in about fourteen days. Should a shower fall while they are curing, the trays must be "stacked," several in a company, the sides being well protected in some way. By this arrangement the berries will stand a heavy rain without injury. It has been learned that to *incline* the trays to the sun on favorable days hastens the drying. The fruit is turned but once during the fourteen days, but the act requires some dexterity, as a tray-full is turned by a single movement. It is accomplished by inverting an empty tray upon a full one, and turning both simultaneously, the full tray thus becomes the empty one. Two men are required for the deed.

By some parties the trays are allowed to remain

on the ground between the rows during the drying. By others they are disposed in an open space, where the fruit may have the full fervor of the sun and the free sweep of the air. Formerly it was the custom to lay the clusters on the bare ground to dry, and to turn each one by hand. Laying them on paper superseded this practice. Boards were next adopted. Then followed frames made of lath. Trays are the latest invention.

The berries not being uniform in size, there results unevenness in the curing. Before they are packed, however, not only must the moisture be equalized, but the aroma must be developed; also the fragile stems must be rendered pliable, else the clusters will be broken in the packing. All these results are secured by placing the trays in contrivances called "sweat-boxes" for a few days. Here the fruit is "evened up," or brought to the requisite condition for the final step. On removal from the sweat-box the bunches are assorted into Layers, London Layers, and Loose Muscatels. From this last grade the Riverside Packing Company selects the small seedless raisins and rates them as "Seedless Sultanas," though not one of them is the fruit of a Sultana vine. Some parties cull from the trays, before the turning, such stems as will rank as London Layers, and place them on separate trays, where they may dry uniformly.

After the distribution into classes, the raisins

are weighed into parcels of five pounds each. The packer then presses each package into close shape, places it in a mold of proper size, puts that under a lever-press until the fruit is quite compact, when he drops it, wrapped in fine white paper, into the box in which it is to go to market. Raisin-boxes are graded in sizes to hold two-and-a-half, five, ten, and twenty pounds each. The last are known as whole boxes, and always contain four of the five-pound packages.

The yield of raisins from the vicinity of Riverside is very great. In 1883 it amounted to sixty thousand boxes. At that time most of the vineyards had about half reached maturity. Thirty-three tons per acre, or two thousand two hundred and thirty trays, each averaging twenty pounds, was the product of Mr. Backus's young vineyard that year. Of course, the harvest has vastly increased since that time.

California raisin-makers have learned that vines permitted to overbear, produce an inferior quality of fruit, a much finer flavor being obtained when prodigality of production is checked. It is said that for a prime quality of raisins, the Malaga grower, who received the award for the best raisins shown at the Philadelphia Centennial, allows his vines to produce only two pounds of fruit each.

XXIII.

The Picos and the Surrender of Cahuenga.

IMMEDIATELY after my return from my jaunt to Riverside, I met at her pleasant home, near the First Presbyterian Church, in Los Angeles, a daughter of General Andrez Pico, the Mexican officer who surrendered to Captain, now General J. C. Fremont, in 1848, if I am correct—I write from memory as to the date—the famous Cahuenga Pass, a rudely fortified position some nine miles from the city, in the San Fernando Mountains. This event in the history of Southern California is one of which a stranger in this part of the State often hears. And it is not an infrequent thing for such to be asked:

"Have you visited the Cahuenga Pass yet?"

Having answered my share of such interrogatories in the negative, and hoping to obtain from this daughter a correct version of the action at Cahuenga, I called at her home. The lady, loyal to the Pico blood in her veins, was affable in manner, and appeared interested in my errand.

She had "often heard the story—the Mexican side of it—but, unfortunately, her memory was not reliable; and, besides, Mexican women were not

accustomed to remember those matters as the American women do." Then she urged me to "see her uncle, Don Pio Pico, at his residence in the old quarter of the city," or to call "upon Colonel Warner, a life-long friend of Don Pio. Either of those gentlemen could tell exactly how Cahuenga was delivered up to the Americans by her father."

So wending my way through High Street, until I came to a long, low, adobe house, standing back some little distance from the corner of Castellar Street, in that part of the city called Sonoratown, I inquired of a Mexican woman in the yard if the place were the residence of Don Pio Pico.

"It is," she replied, "but he is not here. He is at Ranchita, his country home, a few miles out of the city, and comes in to-morrow. But walk in, and I will find the Señora Ortega, the sister of Don Pio, who will be glad to see you, although she speaks little English."

While the woman kindly sought the Señora, who was employed in the domestic apartments of the house, I took note of the surroundings. The house stands in an ample yard, fenced with boards, at the base of the high hill which terminates Fort Street, near Temple. A long piazza finishes the eastern side. Upon this open the five or six rooms, all on the ground-floor, which compose the dwelling. Externally and internally it is far from palatial.

The apartment which serves as a family sitting-room and parlor for guests, is innocent of carpet, except that a short strip of tapestry Brussels answers the purpose of a rug in front of the sofa. A couple of small stands, a willow chair or two, and a set of furniture upholstered in green reps, faded and worn, with the wood-work stained to imitate rosewood, render the place home-like, a variety of bright ornaments and fixtures on the white wall adding to this effect. Every thing was in perfect order, and the house scrupulously clean throughout, showing that Mrs. Ortega is a good housekeeper.

Presently in came the lady, small, homely, wrinkled, aged seventy-four, ignorant of English, but very courteous and quick to understand. From a niece who accompanied her—the Mrs. Perkins, of Santa Barbara, of whom I have already spoken—I learned that Mrs. Ortega is one of a family of eleven children, of whom eight were daughters, and of whom only three survive, herself, a sister in Santa Barbara, aged eighty-eight, and Don Pio Pico, now eighty-four, each one being remarkably active and hale. The Picos are native Californians, but of true Spanish descent, and in intellectual qualities surpass the average of the race.

The father of the family was a corporal in the Spanish army. At the beginning of this century he was stationed at the well-known Mission of San Gabriel, where he died many years ago. His eldest

son, Jose Antonio Pico, was an officer in the Mexican army, from his early manhood until the accession of California, and reached the grade of lieutenant.

The youngest son, Andrez Pico, was also an officer in that army, and attained the rank of general. It was he who figured as the Mexican commander in a sharp conflict with a force of American infantry, under one Captain Gray, at San Pasqual, in December, 1846, and soon afterwards, in conducting the negotiations preliminary thereto, and concluding the famous treaty of Cahuenga, with Captain Fremont. On the part of the Mexican leader, the last affair was a brilliant achievement, in which, according to some authorities, he completely outgeneraled the American officer. The substance of a graphic account of the event, as contained in the "Reminiscences of a Ranger," by Major Horace Bell, is here appended:

"As Colonel Fremont approached Cahuenga, frowning artillery confronting him from the intrenchments, he was met with a flag of truce from General Pico within the stronghold. A parley ensued, and the treaty of Cahuenga was the result. Representing the Republic of Mexico, Pico proposed to disband his force, the officers retaining their private arms; to deliver to Captain Fremont all the arms and munitions of war at the Pass, and to permit the latter to march, without opposition, into

the city of Los Angeles, on condition that he—General Pico—should have two hours in which to make his preparations and retire his force from the fort, after which the American commander might march in and take possession.

"On his part Colonel Fremont agreed that the Mexican force should be allowed to retire peaceably to their homes, and there remain unmolested; and also that certain Mexican officers who had violated their paroles in the preceding September, should be pardoned. Having affixed their signatures to the treaty, each commander retaining a copy, General Pico, at the head of about forty men, withdrew from the fort, and the Americans marched in.

"The spoils, which by this treaty passed out of the hands of humbled Mexico, were two batteries of artillery, consisting of a dozen live-oak logs, mounted on as many native corretas; one venerable blunderbuss, the date of which, engraved upon it, suggested service at the siege of Granada; two flint-lock Spanish holster-pistols, and forty Mexican ox-goads, with gay pennons attached."

Don Andreas Pico is said to have been a great humorist, and to have taken much delight in laughing over his Quaker demonstrations at Cahuenga. During the governorship of General Micheltoreno over California, General Pico was his aid-de-camp. After the acquirement of the province by the United States, he held several responsible positions

under both the State and general governments. And subsequent to the admission of California into the Union, he represented the county of Los Angeles in the State General Assembly, and the Southern District of California in the Senate. He was a man who had many friends. His demise occurred some nine years ago.

The surviving brother, Don Pio Pico, seems not to have had a taste for military life; or if so, the circumstances of his youth precluded his entering the Mexican army. He however became prominent in the political changes which took place in California, from about the year 1831 onward to 1846. From a warm personal friend of the gentleman, I have the following facts in his career:

In his youth he had but narrow opportunities for education. He however learned to read and write well in Spanish, and acquired a good knowledge of arithmetic. In early manhood, his father having died, he was left without patrimony, to provide for his widowed mother and several sisters. But he proved himself an admirable manager, and accumulated property until, at the age of forty-five, he had the reputation throughout Southern California of being a wealthy man. At that period, 1845, himself and his brother Andrez were joint proprietors of the magnificent rancho of Santa Margarita, in San Diego County. The property comprised ninety thousand acres. There roamed upon it from

six to eight thousand head of cattle, common property also.

In addition to this Don Pio Pico was the sole owner of a valuable estate situated in Los Angeles County, some twelve or fourteen miles from the city, and called Ranchita. This he still retains, spending most of his time upon it. Subsequently he acquired considerable property in Los Angeles, the site on which the "Pico House" now stands, and that building itself, being a part of it.

In 1834, Mr. Pico, having become attached to a young Spanish woman by the name of Maria Ignacia Alvarado, entered the matrimonial state. The lady was a distinguished beauty, and a person of fascinating manners. Speaking of her yesterday, a Spanish woman who knew her well said to me:

"You should have seen her. Words can not express her looks, nor her charming ways when she conversed with people. She smiled the most sweetly of all women."

Twenty-four years have passed away since this lovely woman died, leaving no children. Tenderly cherishing her memory, Governor Pico has never married again. At that time it was quite the custom among Mexican women, as it now is, to smoke cigarettes. Mrs. Pico is said to have indulged in this practice occasionally. But her husband carried the habit to excess, being an almost constant smoker. The friend I am quoting in this particu-

lar states that one day during the lady's final illness, herself and Don Pio were enjoying their cigarettes together, when she was seized with a terrible rigor, which terminated in death in about an hour. "From that day to the present," said my informant, "Don Pio Pico has never smoked."

Upon the expulsion of Governor Micheltoreno, as the executive of California, in 1839, I think, Mr. Pico, by virtue of being the senior member of the California Legislature, became ex-officio governor of the province. Afterward he was elected and appointed "Governor of the Department of the Californias," as provided under the Constitution of Mexico. This position he retained until the transfer of what is now the State of California to the United States, August 14, 1846. During his administration the city of Los Angeles was the seat of government. Just preceding its occupation by the American forces, Governor Pico judged it prudent, for political reasons, to withdraw from his capital. Retiring to Lower California, he crossed thence to the State of Sonora, where he remained in exile until some time in '49 or '50, since which time he has resided in or near this city.

At the secularization of the California Missions by the Mexican Government, Don Pio Pico was appointed administrator of the Mission of San Luis Rey, an important position, and one he maintained

for a number of years. About the same time General Andrez Pico was made one of the grantees of the magnificent estate belonging to the Mission of San Fernando, lying in the fertile valley of that name. The interest in this property also was held in common by the two brothers. After a time Don Pio acquired his brother's claim and eventually sold it for a large sum of money.

For years past the Catholic Church has been at law for the recovery of both these princely domains, and yesterday morning a Catholic priest informed me, with a somewhat triumphant air, that the Church had succeeded, the San Fernando property having recently fallen into her hands.

Don Pio, "the last of the Picos," is a person who, once seen, could not well be forgotten. He is of medium height, stoutly built, with straight shoulders, full face, dark eyes, snowy hair, and brown skin. He is social, charitable, polished in manners. These gifts and graces win him the high regard of all acquaintances, and the admiration of his kindred. He is one of the few representatives remaining of the Mexican *régime* in California.

XXIV.

Time Beguiles You.

A SINGULAR feature of life in Southern California is the apparent rapid flight of time. The days seem to come and go on the wings of the wind. A very short sojourn on the coast suffices to produce this impression. Nor is it made only upon the strangers who tarry but for a Winter, or a year. Even old residents of the country say there is something remarkable in the haste with which the passing part of eternity speeds by.

"Here Time waits for nobody, I assure you," said a citizen lately, who had enjoyed the Pacific breeze for twelve years. "I used to wonder if this impression, of no length to the days, would not wear off after a while; but I see no difference. Slow time must have gone out with the dreaming Mexicans."

Said a lady from Chicago to the writer a few days since: "What an alarming hurry the days are in on this strange coast! It is noon before sunrise, and night before midday. I have the feeling all the while, that I must in some way chain the time until I can accomplish something."

My own experience confirms these statements.

Eight months have elapsed since my entrance into this old Spanish town, yet, should I be informed that half that number is the real length of time, I

Time Beguiles.

should accept the announcement as correct. Even young persons, for whom Father Time, accoutered with hour-glass and scythe, is usually much too

slow, appear to be quite satisfied with the progress the quaint old fellow makes in the Golden State.

How to account for this influence is difficult. There seems to exist in the country a something which cheats the senses. Whether it be in the air, the sunshine, in the ocean breeze, or in all these combined, I can not say. Certainly the climate is not the home-made, common-sense article of the ante-Rocky Mountain States. It is a product of consummate art. There is a variety in the evenness of the weather, and a strange evenness in this variety, which throws an unreality around life, and not more, so far as I can learn, in the case of persons especially affected by climatic influences than of those whose feelings do not rise and fall with the thermometer. All alike walk and work in a dream. Something beguiles, deludes, plays falsely with the senses. Were only the aged, or the ill, or the sorrowful, subjects of the influence, the matter would be less worthy of remark. But since old and young, sad and happy, are its victims, there is some ground for the attention I am giving the subject.

It appears to make trifling difference in the case how closely one applies one's self. The effect is the same. I seat myself to write at nine o'clock in the morning. In an incredibly short time it is one o'clock. I realize that I am hungry. I take my light dinner of bread and peaches, and return to my

task. Ere I am aware the sun is dropping into the Pacific. I find myself unspeakably tired, but have had no appreciation of the passage of the day. Had I been at home, on the southern shore of much maligned Lake Erie, I should have "sensed" the going by of nine honest, substantial hours, though I had been just as busy. Now, I am not finding fault with this state of things. I rather like it. I think all the people do. It is in keeping with every thing else on this coast. Every thing is new and peculiar and wonderful.

A friend under this roof says she has "dreamed away eleven years in this city, since bidding adieu to the rigor of Michigan Winters," and, so far as her "realizing its length is concerned, the time might as well have been two years as eleven." She declares that frequently upon awakening in the morning, she has to ask herself what day of the week it is, and sometimes what season of the year, so uncertain is she as to just where the time is. This suggests that indefinite ideas of the days and seasons are due, certainly in part, to the slight change which marks the seasons. Scores upon scores of days are alike as to warmth, brightness, and beauty. Flowers bloom the year round. Most of the trees wear a changeless dress.

DO THEY NEVER SLEEP?

Another strange characteristic of the country is the sleeplessness of the fowls and dogs. I can not remember to have wakened once in the night since my advent into Los Angeles, when a multitude of these creatures were not doing their "level best" to excel in exercising their vocal organs. The result, of course, is an intense and wide-spread din, a great volume of crowings and barkings. The air is filled with the music, and sleep is driven to the mountains, or out to sea.

However, in this respect California can not hold a candle—excuse the expression—to old-new Arizona. During a week spent in the unique but interesting city of Tucson last Winter, a small colony of fowls was "corraled" in the court of the house in which I lodged. A window of my room, which I was obliged to have open at night for fresh air, opened upon this court. Those feathered people must have understood that I was a stranger in the land of silver and gold, and have desired to give me a cordial welcome, for every night, presumably at great cost of comfort to themselves, they arranged an all-night concert for my entertainment. Several neighboring companies joined heartily in the choruses, and with such force as to convince me that the domestic bird of Arizona excels the world in vocal talent. I can account for the steady nightly

music of the Los Angeles fowls, on the ground that the city is so well lighted that they can not distinguish night from day, but why those of Arizona should never sleep is a mystery.

A THUNDER SHOWER IN MIDSUMMER.

About mid-afternoon yesterday, several unusual sounds caused the citizens to step quickly to the doors and take a look at the sky. These rare noises were simply a few moderate peals of thunder. It being Sunday, most of the week-day clamor was hushed. Thus were the tones from the heavens all the more distinct and startling. Not more surprised, though undoubtedly more alarmed, would the people have been had the notes been the premonitions of an earthquake. A sensible daughter in the household, looking up from her book, said:

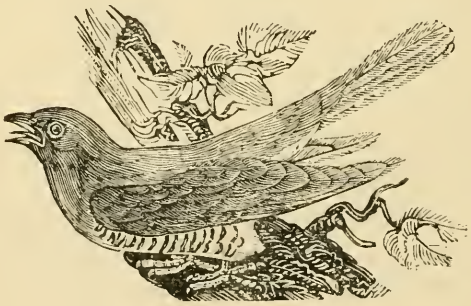
"Well, we have lived in this city eleven years, and this is the first time I have heard thunder in Summer. We occasionally, in Winter, hear such reminders of our Michigan home, but never after April." It was then the 4th of August.

A lady residing in San Bernardino affirms that it was the first time she had listened to such music in midsummer, during a sojourn of thirteen years in Southern California. These remarks attest the rarity of electrical phenomena on this part of the coast. But Nature must certainly have changed her programme for 1884, for I have heard peals of thunder

on several occasions since the Winter rains, one as late as June and—I am not keeping a meteorological record, and so may be mistaken—another in July.

Happening to be seated beside a window overlooking the Los Angeles Valley, picturesque with its groves of eucalypti and orange trees in the distance, I turned my eyes toward the sea after the tones rolled through the heavens. Sure enough! there were unmistakable signs of a shower, and soon down came the welcome rain, delighting every body. Even the little birds were gleeful. Shortly then, uprose the sweet odors from the ground, the flowers, and trees. The dust nicely laid, the dark cloud swept off northward, hovering awhile over the summits of the San Fernando Mountains, and flashing out its crooked ribbons of fire.

"When he uttereth his voice there is a multitude of waters in the heavens." "He maketh lightnings with rain and bringeth forth the wind out of his treasures."



XXV.

A Minister to the Lowliest.

THE present Summer has witnessed a notable revival of interest in the early Spanish missions of Alta California. The feeling has been confined chiefly within the State, and particularly to the Catholic portion of the citizens, though some concern has been evinced beyond the border lines. The cause of this revival was the recurrence, on August 28th, of the one hundredth anniversary of their founder, the Rev. Junipero Serra, D. D.

For many weeks prior to that date the correspondents of the Pacific Coast newspapers were busy searching the archives and records of that early period; visiting the seats of the various missions; writing eloquent descriptions of their former wealth and present decay, and catechising the oldest living Spaniards, as well as the earliest pioneer Americans, for the purpose of bringing to light all the history of these stations and of their distinguished superintendent.

How much of permanent, practical good resulted from the labors of this man among the wild Indian tribes whom he and his assistants found peopling

this coast, and whom they subjugated in the name of the gospel and of the king of Spain, only a careful and impartial consideration of his methods, and of their immediate and later fruits, can determine. Certain it is, that viewed from this distance of time, and in the light of the fact that the tribes began to waste away almost from the hour the effort was inaugurated, those fifty or sixty years of Catholic attempt at uplifting and Christianizing the untutored race, form not a very satisfactory chapter in the history of civilization.

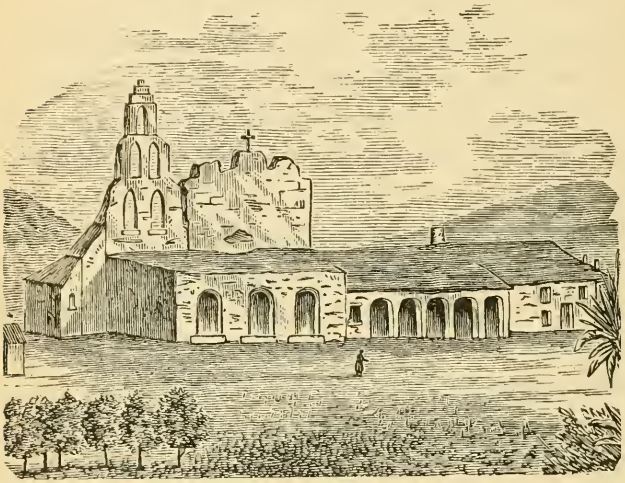
Nevertheless, the entire history of the period attests the fact that the Padre Junipero Serra himself ardently desired to be a true missionary of the cross and messenger of blessing to the rude red man. And if his work failed at all of the ends he sought, it should be attributed most to the methods and the paralyzing genius of the ecclesiastical power to which he was responsible. The eminent man lacked neither love for the Indian nor devotion to his work. This, all Californians concede, regardless of sect or creed. And unquestionably it was in reference to him, as a man who desired the good of the lowest of his race, and not as a priest of the Catholic Church, that the citizens of the State, rather generally, were interested in the step to honor his memory. His name is inseparable from the early history of California, and in his personal record is the attraction of a spirit of great self-

denial. For these reasons I take notice of this passing movement.

Junipero Serra was a native of the Island of Majorca, Spain, having been born November 24, 1713. He was small in stature, of feeble constitution, and "possessed a great love for books." Religiously inclined, he at the early age of seventeen applied to the order of Franciscans for membership. A year later he was admitted to full companionship in the fraternity, and addressed himself to the study of theology and philosophy, soon excelling as a teacher of these subjects. Immediately, also, he became celebrated as a pulpit orator, but, indifferent to the applause of city communities, he craved the privilege of preaching the gospel to the peasantry, especially desiring to minister to any who had never heard its conditions.

With this object in view he sailed for the New World, from Cadiz, August 28, 1749, and entered Mexico on New-Year's Day, 1750. Beginning missionary labors at once, and with great ardor, his name quickly became known in the Catholic Church of Mexico. After seventeen years of service in that part of the country, he was appointed president of the fifteen missions then existing in the Peninsula of California, and which had been founded by the Order of Jesuits, whom the government had just expelled. Here Serra found a field as needy, a people as abject, as he could wish for his training

hand. It proved a territory far more difficult to cultivate than any the scholarly prelate had known, and in the course of time it was turned over to the Dominicans. Then, himself and sixteen subordinates set out on a missionary tour among the heathen tribes of Alta California.



Ruins of Mission Church, San Diego.

Reaching the point on the coast where to-day stands the city of San Diego, seventeen miles north of the present frontier of Mexico, he there established, July 16, 1769, the first of the series of twenty-one missions embraced in what is now the State of California. The last of the series, that of San Francisco de Solano, was erected August 25, 1823. Ten years later this mission invoiced its possessions as follows: "Indian converts, fifteen

hundred; cattle and horses, thirty-five hundred; goats and hogs, four thousand; fruits and grain, three thousand bushels. Nineteen years afterward, or in 1842, there were, it is said, but seventy Indians amenable to this mission.

From San Diego, whose mission church still stands, unroofed, with its walls crumbling to ruin, Father Serra moved northward to the lovely bay of Monterey. Here, June 3, 1770, he planted his second station, at the head of that sheet of water. Twelve months later the mission was transferred to the beautiful Carmelo Valley, some five miles down the coast from Monterey. Here, in time, rose a church edifice, a house for the priests, and barracks for the mission's handful of military protectors. These were all built of wood, and with the exception of the church, were covered with tules. The latter was roofed simply with earth.

From Carmelo it is claimed that Serra explored the coast as far northward as the fifty-fifth parallel, taking possession, "in the name of the Church and the King of Spain," of all the territory comprised in California, Oregon, and Washington. Returning to the mission on the Little Carmelo River, he there filled up the remainder of his days with self-denying labors among the surrounding Indian tribes; and there, greatly lamented by the simple-minded natives to whom he had faithfully ministered, he breathed his last, just one hundred years ago.

By his special request, his remains were interred "in the sanctuary of the church, on the gospel side of the altar." In the progress of years this building fell into decay, and was replaced by a structure of stone, erected on the same site, and covering the cherished remains of Junipero Serra. In turn this edifice also lapsed into ruin; and it is the question of its restoration which has this Summer drawn all Catholic eyes toward the little city of Monterey.

Recalling that the centennial of the great missionary's death was imminent, the pastor of the Catholic Church, at Monterey, "was moved early in the season to ask all Californians, irrespective of creed or color, to show respect to the man's memory, by handsomely restoring the ruin which had so long served as a monument over his grave." The newspapers took up his appeal; talked eloquently of the self-denying spirit of Padre Junipero Serra; of his manifold services to California and to its aboriginal tribes; of the fact that most of the missions he planted are well on the way to decay, and urged that the church at Carmelo should, out of gratitude, be preserved. The many Spaniards, Mexicans, and other Catholics of the coast were much aroused by these pleas, and contributed liberally to the object. Other citizens of the State also aided the cause generously.

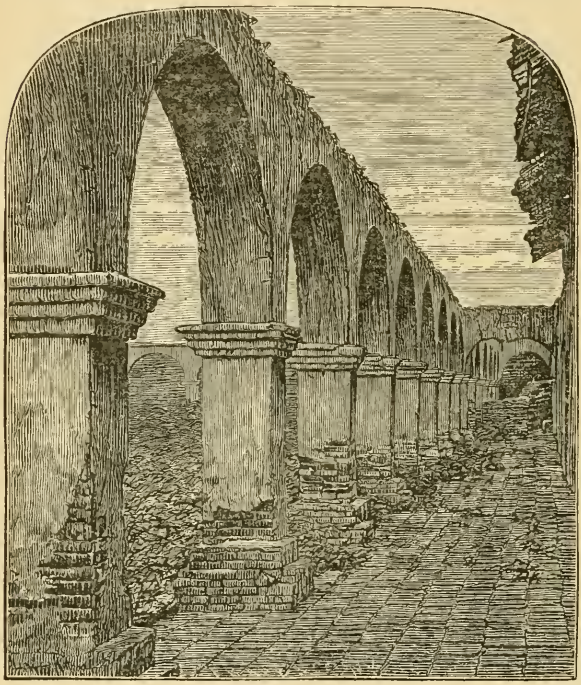
Sufficient enthusiasm having been awakened to

insure success, the work of renovation began, and in good time was completed. On the 28th of August, 1884, the old-new monument church was blessed with the customary Catholic ceremonial, many dignitaries of the Church being present, as were some State officials, and a large concourse of other persons. The ceremonies were of both a civic and religious character.

The renewal of the building was effected at a cost of sixteen thousand dollars, and now presents a curious mingling of ancient and modern architecture and decoration. The structure really serves the double purpose of a house of worship and a mausoleum. Upon the hearts of the Catholics the spot has a great hold. Through his whole life, I believe, Junipero Serra was a subject of great personal suffering, rendering his work all the more arduous. Certain it is that most of his days in California were passed in physical agony, which was partly the result of a frail constitution, and partly the fruit of exposure in founding the missions.

Of the twenty-one missions planted in Upper California, nine are said to have been established by Serra in person. These were, besides the two already named, that of San Juan Capistrano, the first station north of San Diego; that of San Gabriel, lying twelve miles east of Los Angeles, in one of the garden spots of Southern California; that of San Buena Ventura near the sea-board, twenty-seven

miles south of Santa Barbara; that of Santa Barbara itself—if I remember correctly—one of the richest of the series; that of San Antonio, located on the



Ruins, San Juan Capistrano.

bank of a fine stream some miles from Soledad; that of San Luis Obispo, in the heart of the town of that name, and that of Santa Clara, three miles from San Jose, the largest and best preserved of the entire list, and once surrounded by vast productive acres. The church of San Juan Capistrano is described as a splendid ruin. It was demolished by an

earthquake one morning while mass was being celebrated, and the building was thronged with worshipers. Thirty persons lost their lives, and many more were injured. Services have always been held in one of its little chapels. "A priest resides there, and ekes out a scanty living by renting some of the crumbling rooms."

Establishing the mission of San Buena Ventura was Padre Serra's last work in extending the realm of the Catholic Church. Twenty-eight months later, at Carmelo, he entered upon his final sleep. The Ventura mission was founded March 31, 1782, with jurisdiction over fifteen hundred square miles of territory. Before the sequestration of the missions it had acquired large possessions in flocks and herds.

"The dominant idea in that really imposing missionary movement," said a gentleman yesterday, who, though not a Catholic, has through a long life been closely associated with members of that body, and has observed its methods of extending its power, "was, that within the period of one generation at most, whole tribes of the rude, idol-worshiping Indians could, under the teachings of the Church, the influence of the priests, and the restraints of the Spanish soldiery, be transformed into permanently civilized and Christianized societies. It was believed they could then be left to pursue works of piety and arts of peace under a civil adminis-

trator. The fatal defect in this reasoning was, to speak mildly, forgetfulness of the physiological fact that blood, which has been deteriorating through centuries of time, can not be restored to prime quality in the short space of forty or fifty years.

"As might have been foreseen, the whole scheme was a failure. And no person who has ever written upon the swift decadence of these Indian missions has touched the real cause. This, unquestionably, was their sequestration by the Mexican government. The moment the supreme control which the missionary fathers exercised over the neophytes of their respective stations was superseded by the rule of secular administrators, that moment the majority of the Indians left the missions and returned to the haunts of their ancestors, or sought employment on the ranchos of citizens friendly to them. Every attempt made between 1830 and 1840 to convert the neophytes into free and property-holding citizens, as was done in several important instances, proved miserable failures. The Indians soon showed that they had not acquired the power to retain the property left in their hands, nor to obtain more. It was the purpose of the Mexican government to leave in the hands of the converts all the land and other property belonging to the missions, as an outfit at the beginning of their self-governing career. But in a brief time the immense wealth of the stations was irrevocably scattered."

XXVI.

Roses—Pampas Grass—The Datura Arborea.

ONE of the chief attractions of Southern California is its ceaseless production of beautiful flowers. Some of those which bloom the year round have a special season of efflorescence—a time when they reach their maximum of abundance and beauty. If I might select a single flower of which this is true, I should name the rose. The month of May is pre-eminently the rose period of the year, although there is never a day without them, and never a dearth of them.

A walk at evening, during this month, through some of the streets of Los Angeles inevitably brings to mind an enchanting story about the Vale of Cashmere, which I read in my childhood, in the State of New York. It was the power of contrast which made the story produce its ineffaceable impression upon my mind. I read it in midwinter. The snow covered the high rail fence which lined the public road leading to the country school which I attended. I walked to school on the crest of those snow-drifts. I read it before a great fire made of hickory logs, which snapped and hissed merrily in

the big fire-place. The heat from it burned my round face, and warped the leather covers of the book. But I was wandering in a land flooded with sunshine, full of bloom, and breathing air laden with perfume. I wondered if the story were true; if I should ever see a land so fair; should smell roses so fragrant. Happily for my faith in that book, I now see roses as beautiful, breathe air as highly scented as ever floated over the sweet Vale of Cashmere.

On my way to Presbyterian prayer-meeting on Wednesday evenings I pass a beautifully kept ground, in which bloom, probably, a dozen varieties of roses. Among them are the Safrano, the Solfaterre, the bright Sanguinea, and the delicious Marechal Neil, besides five or six pink varieties, whose exquisite odor no language can describe. Climbing higher than any of the others, is the elegant Lamarque, pouring into the atmosphere from hundreds of blossoms a delightful perfume.

If I am alone, the moment I approach that yard I begin to walk slowly, and to take in great draughts of the fragrant air. When opposite some of the bushes I stand still, inhale the odor, and try to think what the perfume of flowers is. I recall all the words which have any aroma in them, and neither singly nor together do they express what I want to know. So I walk on, wishing it were a mile to the church, and that elegant roses lined all the way.

Yesterday afternoon an errand took me through Lower Third Street to Main. On one side stands a fine residence in the midst of trees and flowers. At the right of the entrance were a half-dozen rose-trees, four or five feet in height. The flexible branches bent under their burden of bloom. The warm air was dense with the mingled odors of the flowers. Separating this yard from its neighbor was a high fence. Over the top of it for many feet, down both its sides, and up among the branches of a cypress and another tree standing near, climbed a luxuriant Lamarque and a magnificent Cloth of Gold, both a mass of flowers, large and very double. It was a sight to make one stop and look.

In the adjoining yard was a cottage finished, with a veranda across the front. Up the pillars of the veranda, and over its roof the whole length, ran another Lamarque and a rich Marechal Neil. The result was a dense surface, from three to four feet wide by forty feet long, probably, of pure white and soft yellow flowers, the whole forming the most beautiful display of living roses I had ever seen. In the yard stood a Safrano rose-tree, five or more feet in height, and canopied with blossoms of matchless scent. Imagine those yards, that fence, that veranda! What a place for intoxicating the senses! What a pity that the Chinese—Americans, too—do not smoke rose-leaves!

It is quite customary on the Coast to compel

rose-bushes to grow in the form of small trees. The effect is very pretty. At the top of a slender trunk shoot out a multitude of short branches, forming a canopy about the size of a sun-umbrella. Here the vitality centers, and, per consequence, the sprays are lavish in bloom. At the same time, the strength of the tree is well husbanded, for the moment a rose begins to fade it is removed, if the gardener does his duty.

Not far from where I write, is a rose tree, with trunk as large around as my arm. The first branches are some six feet above the ground, and are trimmed to present a flat surface to the sky. The effect is an even plane of delicate salmon-colored roses—a novelty even in Southern California.

A very charming class of roses to be seen here are the Banksias. There are three varieties, white, pink, and yellow, all bountiful bloomers and exceedingly fragrant. The blossoms are about the size of a large daisy, and usually are very double. They grow with astonishing rapidity. When riding into the country with a friend not long ago, she suddenly exclaimed, "Just look!"

Her object was to call my attention to a white banksia, which had climbed into the feathery top of a tall cypress, and then thrust its slender sprays all through the green boughs, so that they fell toward the ground on the side next the street, like a veil of snow. That, too, was a very striking sight.

Among the flowers which diffuse a fine perfume at night, as well as during the day, are the carnations, the orange blossoms, and the large, white, funnel-shaped blossoms of the Datura Arborea, a native of Peru and Columbia. The flowers consist of two corollas, one dropped within the other, as we would place a small funnel within a larger one. Both are ruffled slightly at the mouth, and remind one of the calla lily, but are far more delicate in texture. They hang pendulous from the branches of the trees, and will average nine inches in length. A number of the blossoms given me recently, measured twelve inches. I pass a Datura daily on my way to the post-office. From the lower branches, which strike out nearly at right angles from the trunk, depend a myriad of white, waxy-looking funnels. The fragrance from them never fails to send my imagination off on a trip to the Orient.

The carnations have a remarkably aromatic perfume which I have failed to notice in the pinks of the East. Nine handsome varieties flower beneath my windows, which are opened all night to let the breath of the beauties come in. What a sense of luxury they impart, perfuming one's very sleep!

Pampas plumes, the regal blossoms of the Gynerium Argenteum, made their appearance in the East but a few years ago. They were not then the article of commerce they now are. Usually they

were seen only in homes where some member of the family had wandered away to this coast, and coming upon the elegant plant, had sent home one or two of the graceful flowers to adorn the best room. I well remember the first time I saw them. Three of the stately plumes drooped from a large vase in a friends' parlor. They were broad and heavy, with a rich cream color next the long stem, and a silver hue at the edges. They had a sort of royal look, as has a long ostrich plume.

The silver gynerium is a native of the pampas of Southern Brazil and lower plains of South America, where its appearance is very showy. As now cultivated in Southern California, it rivals the plant on its original prairies. Perhaps I can sketch the product for the reader. Imagine immense tufts of long, narrow, tough, finely saw-edged, green leaves, all sharply reflexed at the middle, and rising from the center of the tufts, fifty or one hundred splendid plumes or blossoms, averaging from two to three feet in length, and swaying from the top of slender stems twelve or fourteen feet in height. This paints you pampas grass as it may be seen here early in September, the time for harvesting the flowers, if I mistake not.

Heretofore Santa Barbara, ninety miles further north, has had the pre-eminence in the cultivation of this splendid plant. The climate being almost tropical, like that of Los Angeles, many foreign

products, native to such latitudes, flourish there finely. This year, however, the florists of this city have rivaled it in the production of the gynerium.

Agave Americanus—"The Century Plant."

The blossoms of the Los Angeles seedling variety are the finest known on the coast. They are of a rich cream tint at the center, very feathery throughout, and measure from twenty-four to thirty-six inches in length. It is the unusual breadth of the flowers which distinguishes this variety.

OTHER GYNERIUMS.

It is said that the great conservatories of Belgium grow not only the gynerium of this coast, but also some other varieties, the leaves of which are very handsome, being striped with white or yellow. It is doubtful, though, if these grasses belong to the same family as the Brazilian pampas. Very probably they belong to the Eulalia group, grasses which, in this country, are very effective in lawn ornamentation. In one variety bars of white cross the leaves, adding immensely to the beauty of the plant.

A fairly ornamental plant, possessing marked pampas characteristics, is produced now by eastern florists. It is a member of the Erianthus family, and like the true gynerium, may be propagated from the seed, or by dividing the root. The flower stems shoot up to a height of eight or ten feet, and the blossom makes a great effort to equal the plumes of the latter.

The South American pampas craves water. The result of liberal hydropathic treatment in its culture may be seen at a florist's on Los Angeles Street. One side the premises are bounded by a zanga. through which flows a stream of muddy water from the irrigating reservoir. One bank of the stream is bordered with gigantic clumps of this plant. A forest of stems, topped out with regal plumes, rises from the midst of each. So interwoven are the saw-edged leaves that to pass between the tufts is an impossibility.

XXVII.

Women as Cultivators of the Soil.

ONE day in June last the writer was one of a dozen passengers in the "morning stage" from Los Angeles to Pasadena. The vehicle was not one of those oval-shaped, springy, swaying coaches which, as I fancied in my childhood, insure the very perfection of carriage riding, and which the traveler of the present day may test, should he ever cross the rugged Siskiyou Mountains in one of the coaches of the Oregon and California stage-line, but was a long, four-seated conveyance, with high, square top and open sides. From it we could obtain a fine view of the picturesque country for miles around.

The passengers were all in their seats only one-half hour after the time, and presently the four-in-hand dashed off from the *cigar-store* in Temple Block, claiming to be the head-quarters of the stage company. The little seven-by-nine room is by no means a pleasant waiting point for ladies, and I being usually ahead of time when setting out on such a jaunt, had the pleasure of seeing no end of money set fire to, in little slender rolls of tobacco, during the hour I watched for the stage.

The morning was cloudy. The atmosphere was laden with chilling moisture, which the breeze drove sharply into our faces. Anywhere in the East, under such circumstances, an all-day rain might confidently have been predicted; but in Southern California it "never rains when it does," so we were not disappointed to see the mist drift away long before noon. Then down came the genial sunlight, making the earth and ourselves rejoice.

Our road twice crossed the Arroyo Secco, a chatty stream flowing from the Sierra Madre. All around, the country was covered with wrinkles, like an aged face furrowed by years of care. Now we sped across a pretty valley, decked with venerable live-oaks, ever green, and singularly effective in the landscape, but some of them painfully distorted in shape. Now we were borne up a long hill, from whose top we had a view of scenes quite worthy the brush which put the Yo-Semite on canvas.

Upon the seat beside me sat an intelligent lady from some town in Iowa. She had been on a visit to Elsinore, a new colony springing up, with fair prospects, not far from Riverside. Her husband, as I soon learned, was one of its projectors, and, as was entirely proper, she appeared to be much interested in the sale of Elsinore lots. She quietly advised a young man, forming the third party on our seat, and evidently just catching the real-estate fever, to

"see Elsinore before investing elsewhere in Southern California." That was kind of her. The new town occupies a location as charming as is its name, on the border of Elsinore Lake, where it would be delightful to dwell. The place has advantages all its own, and might exactly meet the wants and means of this stranger. If so, two men had been helped.

It is very noticeable how quickly bright-minded women from other parts of the country become interested, and then engaged, in real-estate transactions on this coast. It is worthy of remark, too, what ability they display in the business, and what success they achieve. Some one has said that as large a proportion of women as men, increase their fortunes by this sort of trade. They are quick to discern the favorable or unfavorable points in a piece of property, and seem to know when they have received a good offer from a purchaser.

A friend recently informed me that of a certain large tract of land near the city, which was put on the market lately in small lots, nearly one-half the buyers were women; and also, that it is not a rare thing for numbers of feminine speculators to attend the auction sales of land frequently taking place, and to bid quietly but intelligently for the property.

Of the sixty-five or more women employed as teachers in the public schools of Los Angeles, there is scarcely one who is not the owner of land some-

where in the State. Numbers of women on the coast—in California, in Oregon—personally superintend considerable farms, the titles to which are in their own name. They themselves make the sales of the crops. In some instances they have brought their land up to a high figure by putting it under fine cultivation. Of the five women who happen to be at this moment in the house where I write, all possess land in or near the city.

Much has been said about an educated and sensible young woman who, with her invalid father, resides in one of the colonies not very distant from Los Angeles. She is the owner of a raisin vineyard of ten or more acres, every vine in which was planted by her own hands. The vineyard is now in full bearing. Every year she superintends the picking, curing, and packing of her crop, and makes her own terms with the dealers. I think she is the possessor also of ten acres of orange trees, in thrifty condition. The story goes that when the little cottage in which they live was in process of erection, the roof being unfinished, a severe storm threatened. This made it necessary for the father—his own carpenter, I presume—to have aid in the shingling. None being obtainable in the small town, the indomitable girl climbed to the roof, and laid shingles until the work was complete, acquitting herself as creditably at carpentry as she does at raisin-making.

I am now obliged to add that, no sooner had this brave, energetic girl acquired her pretty home, and become well advanced toward competency, than there chanced that way a Methodist minister, who, admiring her noble qualities, invited her to become his wife. And she, pleased with the idea, accepted the invitation, and is about to be married.

In the same village live two sisters, young women from Wisconsin, who, with a widowed mother, came to the place but a few years ago. With their slender means they purchased a few acres of land near, and soon had growing upon it a raisin vineyard and an orange grove, much of the labor of planting them being performed with their own hands. While their vines and trees were growing, one of them, a girl rarely endowed, applied for the position of postmaster in the community, and received the appointment, "her application being indorsed by nearly every voter in the town."

About this time the Southern Pacific Railway, learning that she was an accomplished telegrapher, gave her important employment in that occupation, her sister becoming her efficient deputy in the post-office. These young women are the daughters of a Congregational clergyman who died some years ago, and are, of course, cultured, Christian girls. Their womanly ways, promptness, and conscientious discharge of duty, as daughters, in the Church, in society, in business, have won them the good will

and respect of all parties. As a result of economy and judicious investments in real estate, their combined fortune now, at the close of about five years, amounts to some sixteen thousand dollars.

We are now well on the way to Pasadena. Suddenly the four-in-hand wheel into a flower-bordered drive-way on our right. Then comes to view a trim little cottage crowning one of the "wrinkles." Now out of the front door-way bound two or three young children, shouting "Mamma!" After them comes a babe in somebody's arms. The place was the home, these were the children, of the lady from Elsinore. Ourselves happy over the welcome she received, we bade her adieu, turned back to the main road, and began climbing Hermosa Vista Hill, one of the sightliest eminences in all this picturesque region, and, as has been said in a previous chapter, the seat of a college for young men.

The summit gained, a short time brought us into Orange Grove Avenue, the finest street in Pasadena. Throughout its entire length vineyards, orange groves, inviting grounds, and comfortable abodes grace both sides. Speeding on a couple of miles, we at last turned into the broad, arched gateway at Carmelita, the beautiful home of Dr. Ezra S. Carr and his family. Here the stage left the writer for a twenty-four hours' sojourn. As we wound through the drive-way to the house, we noticed among the great variety of choice trees in the

grounds, cedars from Lebanon, India, Norway, Oregon, and the Norfolk Islands; also, the maple, butternut, mulberry, palm, bamboo, several species of eucalypti—natives of Australia—and the sturdy sequoia, of Calaveras stock, with other home and foreign trees.

The Sierra Madre Villa.

Carmelita is intended to suggest not only the name of its proprietor, but also Mount Carmel, in Syria. Naturally it calls up the days of Elijah, and the scenes of the august miracle which took place on that summit, with its attendant human slaughter.

The cottage, framed in with flowers and vines, occupies the crown of a long descent toward the east. In the foreground, on that side, stands an apricot orchard in splendid condition. Beyond that, a part of the lovely village comes into the picture. Farther away, stretches the rich San Gabriel Valley. On the left, three miles distant, rise the stately Sierra Madre Mountains. Thus are brought into the beautiful panorama the extremes of scenery. Walking about the perfect grounds at Carmelita today, noting the scope of the improvements on every hand, it is difficult to persuade one's self that seven years have sufficed to produce fruit and forest trees of such magnitude; and still more difficult to believe the whole is the result of one little woman's effort.

Seven years ago—this account was penned in 1884—Doctor Carr and his family were living in the city of Sacramento, himself being the State Superintendent of Public Instruction. With health impaired by forty years of arduous labor in educational fields, he was admonished that a retreat where rest could be assured, would soon become a necessity. This led to the purchase of the forty acres now constituting Carmelita. They were then a mere barren waste. Not a furrow had ever been turned upon them. Soon after they were acquired Mrs. Carr left her home in Sacramento, came to Pasadena, set men to breaking up the soil on this

place, built a temporary habitation for her family, laid out these now beautiful grounds, and from that time, with great energy, carried forward her improvements. At that time Mrs. Carr was the Assistant State Superintendent of the Public Schools of California. For years she had been associated with her husband in educational work.

On many occasions during this period had women of culture and ability sought her advice, with reference to earning a livelihood for themselves. In reply she had often urged the obtaining a support from the soil, in some one of the many pleasant departments of horticulture possible in California. Most, if not all of them, had lacked the courage to make the attempt. In the development of her forty acres, therefore, she determined to furnish them a practical illustration of the views she had advocated. And, to-day, Carmelita, with its many different lines of production, is her noble, self-denying answer to a multitude of women desirous of learning how they may support themselves, and provide something for the future.

Mrs. Carr has endeavored to exemplify what a woman may accomplish on a few acres of land in one, two, three, and four years, with much or with little capital. The particulars of her effort are as interesting as useful, but must be excluded from this volume. Suffice it to say that Carmelita is, in many of its departments, a splendid object-lesson for

women having families of children to support. It is a favorite project in the mind of Mrs. Carr to some day convert Carmelita into a State school of horticulture for women. May she live to do it!

Of Pasadena itself all the world has heard; how attractive it is; how delightfully situated, at the head of the fair San Gabriel Valley; and how, in the space of a few swift years, it sprang from a desert state into square miles of vineyards and orchards of all kinds. It is the gem of Southern California towns, and will long remain such. Tourists can find no lovelier place to winter in. But the man of limited means, seeking a home there for his family, would be shut out by the high price of land.

A little farther away down the valley stands the notable Sierra Madre Villa, a view of which adorns a preceding page. The praise of its situation, and of its delights as a resort, have been heralded all over the Union. Very seldom does a tourist to Los Angeles omit this villa, or Pasadena, from his trip. Immediately back of the premises rise the frowning summits of the Sierra Madre Mountains. Gracing the long broad slope in front of the building are shining orange-groves and thrifty vineyards. From its tower are to be seen leagues of the charming vale of San Gabriel, a spot more or less highly cultivated for a century past.

XXVIII.

San Pedro.

SAN PEDRO is a name one hears daily in Southern California. Every traveler, bound up or down the coast by sea, and desiring to reach Los Angeles, must enter the place *via* San Pedro. Or, being already in the thriving metropolis, and wishing to journey by water to any point along the shore, it is San Pedro which opens the door and lets him out. To a great extent Australian coal-fields furnish the citizens of Los Angeles their fuel. But it can glow on their hearths only after a handsome fee for lighterage has been paid this town.

San Pedro is the sea-port of Los Angeles County, and is therefore a place of some importance, though but a mere hamlet in size. I had spent thirteen months in this part of the State, and had not seen the locality. So one morning last week, a very dear friend accompanying me, I determined to make the southward run to the sea. Accordingly, at half-past nine o'clock we were at the Commercial Street depot, in Los Angeles, waiting for the train. Every morning about that hour four trains halt there, bound to as many different parts of the country. The small waiting-room was

crowded with travelers, collected from every quarter of the city. Outside, under the extended roof of the building, were congregated nearly as many more, Americans, Mexicans, Germans, Italians, Chinese, and negroes, the same incongruous assembly one sees on all such occasions in any of these coast towns.

It was interesting to watch them. They were doing almost as many different things as there were persons—reading, talking, calculating with a pencil, entering memoranda in note-books, buying tickets, changing money, moving baggage, studying the costumes of the women. One man, with fiery red hair, a hard, freckled face, and an expression of the eye which made one feel sick and turn away, seated himself directly opposite us, and immediately opened a small bag filled with Muscat grapes, which he began to devour greedily. Seeds, pulp, and tough skin were relished alike. No wonder the man's face wore both a pale and painful look. That was one of nature's punishments for his lack of obedience to her laws. He deserved it.

Just as our train appeared in sight, far down Alameda Street, a fruit-vender drove up in front of the station, with a load of pomegranates, the first I had seen in California. The fruit was about the shape and size of the common quince, of a golden, yellow color on one side, and rose-tinted on the other. Inside the pomegranate is filled with bright, red seeds, nearly flat, and as large as those of

a small watermelon. Filled in between them is the pleasant, sweetish, cooling pulp, so grateful to the taste in warm Asiatic climates. The pomegranate is cultivated with success in this section of the

The Pomegranate.

State, and in increasing quantities. To what use it is put, except the making of refreshing drinks, and eating out of hand, I have not learned. I admired the sample handed me by my friend, for its beauty, and regarded it with interest, on account of its Bible associations; but upon trying to eat it, concluded that an orange, an apricot, or a

banana were ever so much more agreeable to my taste.

"Let us take seats in the last car," said Mrs. H—, as we stepped aboard the train, "for from the rear door we can obtain a view of the whole country, and that is what you want."

To that part of the train, therefore, we betook ourselves, and soon were speeding through the suburbs of the city, with acres of vineyards, orange groves, walnut and apricot orchards, bounding the track on either side. The charm of these fruit fields continued for five or six miles out. Then the scene changed, and we flitted past a succession of extensive ranchos. Around the residences upon them rose small forests of eucalypti, planted as much for effect in the landscape as for protection against the sun and wind. The eucalyptus is *the* tree of Southern California for elegance and style, unless the dracœna or fan-palm are its rivals in these respects. As unlike as possible in height, form, and foliage, they all are extremely, though differently, effective in expansive grounds. Each studied as it deserves, awakens lofty thoughts. The springs of poetry are in all of them. Though seen every day, they are the same impressive objects. One never tires of them. In that happy day when "all the trees of the field shall clap their hands," may the eucalyptus, dracœna, and fan-palm help make the music!

Again the panorama changes, and we have a vision of broad, bare, brown hills, slopes, and levels, off westward; but toward the south a picture of smooth water, blue as the cloudless sky over our heads. It is San Pedro Bay. Now we rumble into Wilmington, situated at the head of tide-water on Wilmington Bay, or "the inner harbor," as it is often called, and five miles from the anchorage of the great ocean ships and steamers. It is approaching eleven o'clock in the morning, and the tide is now in, making the little place look attractive with its foreground of shimmering sea. But wait until we return this afternoon, then we shall find it high and dry on the edge of a long stretch of wet marsh and mud. In 1882 an act of Congress established the "customs district of Wilmington," making the place the port of entry for Southern California, and Hueneme, Santa Barbara, and San Buena Ventura its ports of delivery. The young town has a fair prospect of growth.

But it is the grand old ocean itself we desire to see, and so we continue our ride three miles and a half over a row of piles standing deep in water to San Pedro, close to the sea, but sheltered from the furious north-west winds by a high bluff on the right, and commanding a magnificent view of the outer bay, the roadstead, and that "classic mound" at the mouth of the harbor, called Dead Man's Island.

The bay of San Pedro sets up into the mainland from the Pacific in a north-easterly direction, and from east to west is three and one-half miles wide. Back from its shores some distance lie the flourishing towns of Orange, Tustin, Santa Ana, and Westminster. While hugging the water's edge, almost due east of San Pedro, can be discerned "Long Beach," a new Summer resort in high favor among lovers of sea-side pleasures throughout all this region. And away to the southward thirty-five miles, out of sight, stand the interesting ruins of the old mission of San Juan Capistrano.

Our train drawing up alongside the dock of the Pacific Coast Steamship Company, we tarried a few moments to see our fellow passengers, most of whom were bound up the coast, embark on board the transport which was to convey them off to the great steamer *Santa Rosa*, anchored in the roadstead, and pouring from her tall, black pipes columns of dense smoke into the pure salt-scented air. Then turning away we walked up the beach a half-mile or less, to Timms' Point, where stand the pleasant home of Captain Timms, once the owner of six thousand acres adjoining the point, a cottage occupied by a Presbyterian minister and his family, from Pasadena, and those of one or two other parties who had come to the spot for a new lease of life. Seated on the porch of the captain's cottage, and looking southward we had an extended view of the

sea and outer bay. In the harbor, besides the *Santa Rosa*, lay a number of large merchant ships—five of them English—which had come in freighted with coal from Australia, and having discharged their cargoes, were loading with wheat grown in the Cahuenga, Los Angeles, and San Gabriel Valleys. Both these commodities were conveyed, the one from, the other to, the ships by transports at great expense. Upon every ton of coal from Australia, unladed at the port, the government receives a duty of seventy-five cents.

From Dead Man's Island, at the very mouth of the harbor and just in front of the cottage, there stretches to Rattlesnake Island, a low, sandy reach of land in the northern part of the outer bay, a costly breakwater, one mile and a quarter in length, on which the government has expended three-fourths of a million of dollars, in order to provide a channel of sufficient depth to float up to the docks at San Pedro the largest ocean vessels. As yet the work proves but a partial success, and there are persons who openly assert that the object can never be attained with the breakwater in its present position. Some distance from Timms' Point, on the west, a head of land makes out into the ocean, from which, it is said, if the defense had been constructed to Dead Man's Island, a harbor would have been secured capacious and deep enough to have admitted all the shipping likely to visit the port at any one

time. As it is, the north-west wind, which almost talks around these points, drives the sand into the channel, necessitating constant dredging to preserve a passage that will admit lumber vessels and steamers of ordinary size. The last Congress appropriated $75,000 to continue the improvement of the harbor.

Captain Timms proved to be an old sailor, who possessed a bountiful experience of ocean life and hardships, besides a fund of knowledge of foreign countries. By birth he is a Prussian. In 1844 he entered the American merchant-marine service, while a mere youth, remaining four years. Then he accompanied the benevolent-hearted master of some ship, to his home in Portland, Maine, and under his direction studied navigation, together with the rudimentary branches of an English education. In 1849, leaving New York as the mate of a vessel, he came to the Pacific Coast, made an attempt at mining, met with no success, and disliking the business, went to San Francisco, and engaged with certain shipping firms of that city to act as their agent in San Pedro. Hither he came in 1852, bidding sailor life a lasting farewell, and establishing himself as a commission merchant, or general business man of the region. Here, in sight of the sea, with the woman who came, a young girl, from the far-off home land, to marry him, he has lived thirty-four years. The captain's house is built partly upon a government transport, which, during

the war with Mexico in 1846, steamed into this bay freighted with troops bound for Los Angeles to reenforce General Kearney, then in command there. After the soldiers disembarked the vessel parted her chains in a storm and went ashore under the bluff on our right. Sometime subsequently she was floated into the harbor for repairs, but was condemned instead. About this date Captain Timms was meeting with some opposition from the Mexicans of the vicinity, who did not relish his movements for permanent settlement among them. So, wishing to avoid a collision, he erected his dwelling over the abandoned transport, holding that it was American territory.

The argument was a success, and they ceased to molest him. All these years the wind and the waves have been making land in front of his home, and to-day the old transport lies firmly imbedded in sand and pebbles several rods back from its native element.

"For twenty-five years after we came here," said the urbane captain, "we brought all the water we used for cooking and drinking a distance of three miles. Now we get it from the railway reservoir, a half-mile away."

Dead Man's Island, just before us, and containing less than an acre of ground, received its name, it is said, from the circumstance that when on the march towards Los Angeles, the troops above men-

tioned had an engagement with the Mexican force and suffered a loss of fifteen men. The bodies of the slain were returned to San Pedro and interred near this point. At this the natives were much incensed, and declared that if the bodies were not removed they should be thrown over the high bluff into the sea. Thereupon the dead were exhumed and re-buried on this little hillock rising out of the water.

It was in the bay of San Pedro, and on board the little brig *Pilgrim*, from Boston, while she lay anchored off shore, near where, to-day, float these seven large merchantmen, that took place that cruel and disgraceful flogging scene which Mr. Richard Henry Dana so thrillingly describes in his "Two Years Before the Mast." Here the commander of the brig, Captain Thompson, with barely the shadow of a reason for his cruel deed, and with his own hands, punished two of his crew until their bodies were lacerated and dripping with blood; and, as if that were torture insufficient, he immediately upon releasing them, ordered his boat lowered and commanded the wounded men to bear a hand in rowing him to shore, three miles and a half distant! That barbarity occurred fifty-one years ago, but the memory of it lingers about this harbor still, and will be vividly called up by every reader of Mr. Dana's most interesting book who chances to visit San Pedro.

San Pedro lies twenty-one miles south of Los Angeles, occupies a sightly situation, is a pleasant sea-side resort, has a few hundred inhabitants, three churches, two public school-houses, and is the southern terminus of the Southern Pacific Railway.

XXIX.

In the Santiago Cañon.

SOME one has said that "prisons are not the abodes of wicked men only." Equally true is it that mountain fastnesses are not the retreats of criminals solely. Men and women have languished long in cells and dungeons for no other reason than because they opposed wrong and approved of right. So have men and women spent their lives in secluded gorges, on lonely mountain sides, not because they had infringed the laws, or were hiding from justice, but for reasons as right as are the motives which lead other people to settle on plains or in valleys. There are persons who crave a life among Nature's wild scenes. The nearer her rough, honest heart they can get the happier they are. Never is her visage harsh or repellent to them. Marred or fair, in repose or swept by storms, it is beautiful.

Nor does it follow that these lovers of Nature are indifferent to the affairs of the great family of man to which they belong. They are lovers of their race as well. Molinos once said: "Whoever wounds the Church of God wounds me." So whatever concerns the human race, concerns these great-

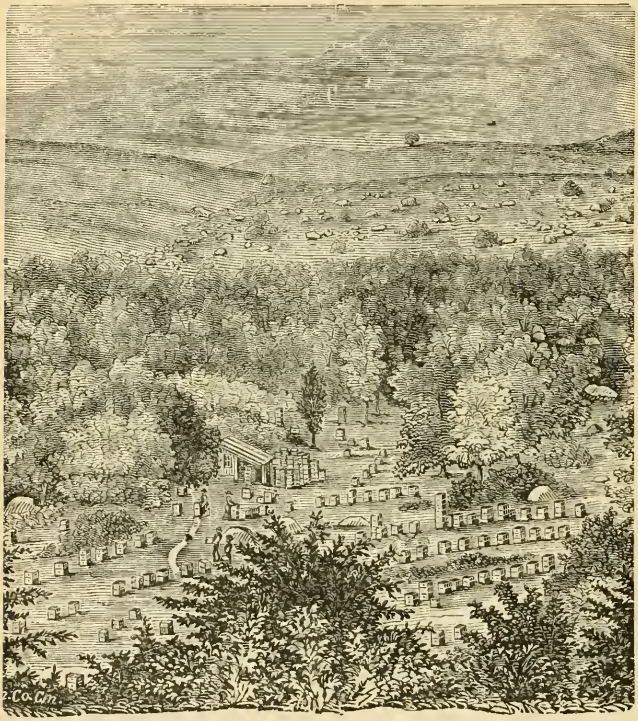
hearted dwellers among the everlasting hills, and some of them manage to send down, or carry down, from their lofty nooks a vast deal of help for the needy world. Though themselves cabined in pure air,

A California Live-oak.

they do not forget the multitudes tented amid the earth's moral miasms below. Never are they the people to say: "What matters it to us whether men are blessed or wretched?"

It is in such a mountain home, among such helpful people, that I pen these lines this morning. Or rather it is in the door-yard, seated in the shade of a spreading live-oak tree, through whose branches falls the yellow sunlight, in flickering patches, on the smooth, hard ground. Close by stands the tiny

cottage, with its green blinds, its numerous porches and outer doors. Near the dwelling, supported by nine slender posts, is a square roofing of live-oak branches laid thickly together. The posts are twined



A Bee Farm.

with water ivy and other climbing vines. The space sheltered by this canopy is the dining-room. In the center stands a large table, at which we have just taken a delicious breakfast of coffee, hot rolls, fresh cheese, and thick white honey from the apiary,

in sight across the creek which flows down the cañon. For this dining-room Nature wove the carpet. Disdaining cotton or wool, she made it of the earth, and took pleasure in the thought that the feet of men and women can never wear the staunch fabric thread-bare. Feet may come and feet may go, but that carpet will wear forever.

Adjoining the dining-room is the kitchen, without vestige of walls. In other words, the cooking-stove is overarched by a glossy live-oak, the heavens overarching that. The short pipe is kept in place by an ingenious contrivance, as follows: Two slender poles have an end of each nailed to separate trees near, in such manner as to cross and fasten nicely just in front of the pipe, while a cross-piece holds them in place back of the pipe. There is a twofold advantage in this arrangement. First, it is economical; second, when the stove goes into the house, as it will at the approach of cold weather, it will be but the work of a moment to send the poles flying; then the remainder of the work is *easy*.

Nor must it be inferred that kitchen pantries have been omitted in this plan for open-air housekeeping. Three or four cases of shelves conveniently placed, some with doors, some without, one secured to a strong tree, another set upon a couple of boxes, supply every want of that character.

The cottage stands on a mere green shelf in the

cañon, sixteen miles from its mouth. Westward from it stretches a narrow plateau adorned with grand live-oaks, a number of them growing in families from one root. Fifteen or twenty feet back of the dwelling rises a steep, semi-circular wall of mountain, and immediately back of that a lofty cone towering to a height of 5,500 feet above the sea. Across the cañon, here about six hundred feet wide, a second summit sends its crest toward the sky. Beyond and north of that stretches up cone after cone in noble array, while farther up the gorge, which narrows every rod of the distance, height crowns height in sublime succession. All around is majesty and grandeur. This is no place for the wicked. A fugitive from the law would be miserable here. Only the good and the true can be in harmony with these massive works of the Almighty. Round and about these immutable peaks winds Santiago Creek, washing this plateau within a few rods of my feet, and sending over to me, from among its rocks and stones, a gleeful "Good morning." At this season of the year—October—it is a harmless stream; but let a characteristic Southern California rain descend for a week, and it would foam, and tumble, and revel in the midst of ruin.

The proprietors of this delightful home, and of many acres of this splendid scenery, are Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pleasants, both of genuine pioneer stock and well known among the old families of the coast.

In fulfillment of a promise to visit them, made some weeks ago, I am now here, and am enjoying more than words can express the bracing mountain air, the songs of the birds, and the absence of all city sounds and voices. No wonder the Son of man craved the quietude of the mountains, and the rest of "sweet Galilee, where he so much loved to be." Rest, strength, and inspiration are in these heights, in this stream.

Sometime in 1833 there arrived on this part of the coast a young man by the name of Carpenter, from Kentucky. He engaged in business in Los Angeles, acquired quite a fortune, and became the possessor of an extensive tract of land in the vicinity of Los Nietos, which was for many years known as "Carpenter's Rancho." In the course of time he married a young lady by the name of Dominguez, a Spanish family then notable in Los Angeles and Santa Barbara counties. This couple were the parents of Mrs. Pleasants. Her early home was the Los Nietos rancho. Much pains was taken with the young lady's education, and she reached womanhood possessed of intelligence, broad views, and a kindly heart. She, of course, speaks the language of both her father and mother.

The parents of Mr. Pleasants, both Americans, emigrated to the northern portion of the State from the East before there existed the faintest token of California's present enterprise and greatness, and at

a period when it required great heroism to make a stand for a home and subsistence in that part of the coast. Hostile Indians and savage beasts lurked on every hand. At the age of twelve young Pleasants was sent down to Los Angeles to attend school in the family of William Wolfskill, a personal friend of his father, and at that time the owner of leagues of this Santiago Mountain chain, and of the fair and fertile Valley of Santa Ana spreading out from their base. Mrs. Wolfskill was herself a Dominguez. Maria Refugio Carpenter was her relative, and a pupil in the Wolfskill school. Years went by. Young Pleasants became attached to Southern California and to Maria Carpenter, and concluded to remain indefinitely. To assist him in carrying out this resolution, Mr. Wolfskill proposed his coming down into this section of the country to look after the flocks and herds roaming over the vast Wolfskill estate.

The proposal was accepted, and soon the young man found himself leading an easy, fascinating kind of life; one strongly spiced with danger, indeed, but not more objectionable on that account. Mounted upon a fleet, intelligent horse, he rode up and down these wild cañons, to and fro over the lonely mountains, back and forth on the grassy plains, day after day. Thus sped several years. Greater grew the charm of the mountains, more repulsive the thought of spending life in some pent-up town or city.

Finally Maria Carpenter concluded that it would be pleasant to change her name. So, seven years ago, the two, made one, pitched their tent on this little green shelf in the Santiago cañon; gave it the name of Pleasant Refuge; made it bright with books, pictures, and flowers, and made their lives useful, as well by dispensing here a delightful hospitality, as by heartily forwarding the interests of society in county and State.

The cottage is located about three miles from the head of the cañon. From Santa Ana, the nearest town, it is distant twenty-three miles, and from Los Angeles sixty. It is neither a hotel nor a boarding-house, but the quiet home of a private family. And yet to the sunny nook come old and young, sick and well, tired and hungry, strangers and acquaintances, the simple and the gifted, all feeling assured of a hearty welcome. When urged, as he sometimes is, to convert his residence into a resort for the public, and take compensation for meals, lodging, and provender for the teams of guests, Mr. Pleasants always replies:

"I can't do that. I like to make people happy. Every body is welcome."

And Mrs. Pleasants, always in perfect accord with her husband on this point, says: "Our house is capable of enlarging itself to almost any size; and then it is quite worth while to live to help people on their way," or something to that effect.

But not always do guests come uninvited. Some are welcomed out of a great love for them in the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Pleasants. This is true, for instance, whenever Madame Modjeska, Count Bozenta, her husband, and their son Rudolph, come into this gorge for a month's recreation, as they do whenever their engagements call them to this part of the world. It may not be well known that Madame Modjeska and her husband, desiring that their son should be reared under American institutions, and become a citizen of the United States, left Europe permanently as they supposed, came to Southern California, purchased property at or near Anaheim, and settled down to pass the remainder of their days in quiet. Three years went by. The competency they possessed at their coming had taken wings and disappeared. This misfortune induced the gifted woman to seek the stage again. It is comforting to know, when you are a wanderer in distant lands, that only just words will be spoken of you by the friends from whom duty forced you to turn away. Such friends had Modjeska in the Santiago Cañon, when she went out to rebuild the fortune wrecked in the Santa Ana Valley.

During the Industrial Exhibition at New Orleans Mr. Pleasants was commissioned by the Southern California Bee Association to act as the superintendent of the honey exhibit from this part of the State. He conveyed to the Crescent City a

complete line of honey plants native to the region, together with a magnificent display of the product itself, and sample colonies of the three races of bees at work on the coast. Mr. Pleasants spent some months in New Orleans, calling the world's attentention to the fact that nowhere does there grow a greater variety of rich bee food, and nowhere is there made a finer quality of honey, than in Southern Cali-

The Honey Makers.

fornia. The supply of food is almost, if not quite, perennial, the flowers of one set of plants coming forward as soon as others disappear. Notable among them are the blossoms of the four sages—the white, black, silver, and hybrid; also, the wild sumac, wild coffee-plant, golden rod, wild alfalfa, wild buckwheat, and many others. These were shown mostly in a living state in New Orleans, so that persons interested might see how they look. Not only the Santiago range, but most of the mountains of Southern California teem with honey plants. The San Fernando chain is especially prolific of such growths.

XXX.

A Wonderful Flower Festival.

THE devoting a chapter of this work to a Southern California floral display simply, may seem like an inconsiderate waste of time and space; but when I state that the exhibition was probably the most extraordinary affair of the kind that ever occurred, that fact will be received as a sufficient apology for inserting an acount of it. Should the reader, upon reaching the end of the chapter, regret that circumstances did not call him to Los Angeles last Spring, let me remind him that a similar magnificent *fête* will be given in that city for several years to come, and each will probably exceed in loveliness the one of which I am about to write. Thus opportunity will be afforded to retrieve one's loss in this respect.

Beautiful exhibitions of cut flowers and growing plants have been witnessed in California for a number of years past. Santa Barbara has rivaled the coast in the elegance and magnitude of her displays, until Los Angeles tried her hand at the lovely labor in April, 1886. Then Santa Barbara lost her pretty pre-eminence, and all the rest of America was eclipsed. The prestige then gained, quite unex-

pectedly to herself, Los Angeles proposes, albeit very courteously, to retain. The complete success achieved last April is evidence that this will not be difficult to do.

There exists in Los Angeles an organization whose object is, to aid poor women in the city who are compelled to toil for daily bread, and especially women who are strangers. Sincere and earnest in their purpose, the ladies who formed the organization two years ago set about ascertaining the extent of their field. To their surprise they found in the city a large number of women whose earnings were so meager as to preclude the possibility of their living comfortably. Not a few were young women in frail health, who had come to the coast from all parts of the country, in the hope of regaining strength, but lacked the means to remain long without some occupation. Unable to forget their pathetic discoveries, these women determined to establish a home where those whose cases appealed most strongly to their sympathies, should be furnished the comforts and pleasures they required, at very small cost.

So, taking the name of the Flower Festival Society, they resolved to give annually, for some time, a grand floral entertainment, devoting the proceeds to this purpose. An effort, which netted them a handsome sum was made in the Spring of 1885, and in the Autumn of that year followed an art loan

exhibition, which also proved a great success financially, and at the same time a source of many-sided education to the public. How it was possible, even for women so determined, to pick up in a city no larger than Los Angeles, the extensive collection of rare, curious, and beautiful articles, many of which were of great interest on account of their age, history, or intrinsic value, was a mystery.

It was not dreamed, until the work of centralization began, what a wealth of rich relics, curios, souvenirs, and heir-looms were hidden away in the homes of this promiscuous people. All lands had a share in the display. Kings, and grandees, and warriors, and skillful old art-workers lived again in the garments and ornaments, etchings, engravings, paintings, carvings, and books of a past day. If the exhibit proclaimed any thing, it was, that away down in this south-western corner of our country dwells a community possessed of taste, culture, and a veneration for the wonderful handicraft and headcraft of the human race. Families brought out for an airing, articles skillfully devised by savants and savages, priests and prisoners, all showing that, spite of the defacings of sin, man retains something, mentally, of the image of God in which he was made.

This over, the Winter was given to preparations for the event of the Spring. The tabernacle erected by the churches of Los Angeles for the meetings of Dr. Munhall in the Autumn, and having a capac-

ity for seating five thousand persons, was engaged for the occasion. The next step was to form the plan of the festival. And herein, as well as in its successful execution, was manifested the marked ability of the society. The ladies determined what features the exhibition should comprise, besides that of the flowers, and placed each department in charge of some woman of well-known responsibility and executive talent, leaving her to select her own assistants, and to conduct its affairs to the end, according to her own judgment. Then a gentleman who combined the qualifications of an architect and of a landscape gardener was engaged to construct the necessary booths, and dispose them in the building with a view to picturesque and landscape effects. Next, a list was made of the parties in the city, vicinity, and surrounding towns, who would without fail contribute flowers during the two weeks' display, and also of the kinds of flowers they would furnish. This known, the city and country were districted, and the days assigned for calling upon each party for its contributions. Also, committees were appointed to collect the flowers in each district on the days specified. The object of all these steps was to insure a sufficient supply of flowers to effect a complete renewal of the exhibit every day; and this most astonishing feat was actually accomplished.

Let the reader imagine the magnitude of the

task of replacing thousands upon thousands of slightly withered blossoms, in a multitude of intricate and elaborate designs, every morning before ten ten o'clock. Furthermore, conceive of a country which could yield the lovely products in such profusion that the change could even be thought of. And think of the daring and energy of the women, who, without precedent, ventured to make the attempt.

The plan inside the tabernacle embraced thirty-four booths. Among them were those named for the towns of Tustin, Orange, Santa Ana, Pasadena, San Gabriel, Boyle Heights, San Buena Ventura, and others, all of which were daily supplied with fresh flowers and other attractions from these communities, thus preserving their loveliness to the end. The Tustin booth was conspicuous for its beauty, being kept filled with gems of the florist's art. One of its marvels was a collection of pansies of every known color, kept daily renewed. Another was a miniature house, with walls of sweet alyssum, roof of red geraniums, and cornice of heliotrope. The columns of its piazza were wreated with smilax. The house stood on a hill-side built of geraniums. Leading up to the front door was a pathway paved with fragrant banksia roses. Inside the lovely structure appeared floral designs made solidly of either heliotrope, banksia roses, waxy calla lillies, or starry marguerites, with not a wilted blossom

among them during the entire exhibit. San Gabriel showed a representation of its old mission church, built of tuberoses, alyssum, geraniums, and other effective blooms. But the Ventura booth, with its source of supply at least ninety miles distant, carried off the palm for enterprise. Invoices of fresh flowers were dispatched from that town every afternoon at five o'clock, and in twenty-three hours were delivered at the tabernacle, fifty miles of the journey having been accomplished by teams and the remainder by rail.

At the booth devoted to oranges, trim cones, cubes, and pyramids of the royal fruit vanished daily with the sun. At one or more booths exquisite corsage and button-hole bouquets, with little fancy baskets of flowers, were retailed in great numbers, keeping constantly employed in their manufacture the deft fingers of a committee for the purpose. Besides these booths, a number were devoted exclusively to the sale and exhibition of loose cut-flowers and growing plants. Here the lovely creations were furnished the purchaser in any form to suit his fancy, at any price, of any variety. This required no small investment in twine, tin-foil, and other appliances for instantly constructing hand bouquets. A great demand was created for the yellow marigold for corsage decoration. Among roses, strong preference was shown for the beautiful zenwood, a flower having nearly the same characteris-

tics as the safrano, except that its color is a shrimp pink.

How general, and how warm, was the interest taken in the *fête* itself, as well as in its object, is apparent from the facts given, and from the time and labor devoted to it by a large company of persons both before and after the event.

The booths varied greatly in size and design. All were covered with white muslin as a foundation for the decorations. With this for a beginning, each lady in charge of a booth taxed her taste and skill in its adornment. The roofs, as a general thing, were made either of evergreen boughs or of tarlatan in bright tints, while the columns were wreathed with smilax, ivy geranium, and many other vines. A complete departure from this was a booth fairly embowered in pampas plumes. This was very striking. Another exception was a booth the inside walls and roof of which were solid with the feathery sprays of the graceful pepper tree. The dense green effect was relieved by the free use of spirea in bloom.

A magnificent feature of the place was the fountain, around which, in a broad ring of green turf were imbedded the emblems of numerous societies, some being very elegant, showing exquisite taste in the selection and arrangement of the flowers. All these societies had a representative on the ground replacing each day the withered flowers in their

designs with fresh ones. In close proximity to this appeared a bank of eighty thousand cut roses, a bed of eleven thousand cut calla lillies, and near at hand seven thousand pansies showed their faces—all cut from one lady's garden! Not one perished blossom was allowed to be seen in all these during the festival. There was no decrease in the supply of flowers during the entire time, and at the close of the exhibit enough were blooming in the city and country to immediately repeat the unparalleled display. Fifteen hundred fan-palm leaves—very effective in decoration—were contributed by one family.

But March 30th, the day for the festival to open, had arrived. To give the final touches to every thing during the day was an herculean task. But when the tired workers left the place for their homes, to obtain a little rest and prepare for the evening, the tabernacle presented a scene of beauty impossible for pen to describe. Now the evening has come, and what do we see? A vast mass of people so closely wedged together in the aisles and spaces, that no one can obtain any thing like a satisfactory idea of the wonderful display. Eight thousand persons, it is said, were admitted between eight and ten o'clock. The perfume from millions of flowers filled the air. So dense was the odor that breathing was difficult. A flood of electric light turned night into day. An admirably drilled band discoursed excellent music. The pretty toilets

of the ladies in the long line of booths added, if possible, to the charm of the scene. The main features of the exercises were the procession through the aisles of Queen Flora and her train, her greeting to the people, and the address of the mayor of the city. The attractions of the place were maintained unabated to the final hour. Multitudes thronged the tabernacle day and evening, seeming never to tire of the beautiful scene, and always reluctant to leave.

Aside from the large pecuniary encouragement to the Festival Society, and the delight afforded to thousands of people who had never conceived of such a sight, the exhibit proved of great utility in extending the culture of the finer varieties of flowers. Indeed, the tabernacle became a grand flower exchange, in which ideas, knowledge, and experience gained in the domain of Flora, were freely communicated. Men and women, from far and near, went home to surround themselves with more beauty; to multiply their ways of doing good. Southern California immediately began to increase its stock of flowers for the next Spring's festival.

XXXI.

Los Angeles to San Francisco.

WE uttered our tearful farewells in the city of Los Angeles on the morning of Tuesday last, having spent one year among its remarkably sympathetic and hospitable people; a year daily brightened by touching acts of kindness performed toward us by stranger hands; a year full of obligation on our part, obligation which can never be discharged by us in other way than by holding in grateful remembrance the friends from whom we have parted.

The citizens of Los Angeles have set before them multiplied opportunities for doing good, not only in befriending strangers in health, but in soothing the last hours of dying strangers, and faithfully do many of them improve it. Could all the facts in reference to their patient and gentle care of such persons be made public, the gratitude of the whole country would be awakened, since from every quarter of the land have people gone thither in pursuit of health. Of these a large proportion are young men. Coming to the coast very ill, oftentimes without fortunes, in great need of gentle attentions, they have been received into the homes of the citi-

zens, and by their inmates have been as assiduously nursed as if they had been brothers or sons, until the end, when they have been either gently laid to rest, or have with great painstaking been returned to their friends.

Nor is it only to the citizens of Los Angeles that this tribute of acknowledgment is due. Fifty other communities equally merit it. When in the enterprising village of Santa Ana a short time ago, several marked instances of devotion to invalid young men, by the citizens, were related to me. In one case, occurring among some Minnesota people, an outlay of nearly two hundred dollars was incurred for one sufferer's comfort, with no expectation of a return of the money.

I left Southern California with a prospect of soon emerging from its "annual panic," caused by the tardiness of the rains. This uneasiness rarely holds off until the rains are much past due. "Taking its start about the middle of Autumn, it acquires dimensions," so states a clergyman, "up to the middle of January. By that time, if the clouds have not sent down their showers, all classes of business men are at a white heat of anxiety." They well know that without rain, only partial, if any, grain crops may be expected the next year; and the crops failing, there results a general stagnation of trade. Those departments which depend much upon the daily wants of the community for support,

are the best sustained, but a year of drought sadly cripples even them.

It is said that the panic—very naturally—originates with the farmers and stock-raisers. To the former, a rainless Winter signifies a direct loss in the partial if not total loss of his grain crop the next year. To the latter it means the feeding of flocks and herds from the beginning of one Winter until the middle of the next. It may also betoken the loss of large numbers of sheep and cattle by thirst and starvation. On this coast, as everywhere, these classes of producers are the fountain-head of the money resources of the country. When they lock their coffers in anticipation of a dry season, and institute a strict economy in the household, immediately the towns and cities are in trouble. Then nothing but rain can clear the sky of the future.

Probably no more rueful looking person can be seen in Southern California, while a drought is in prospect, than the owner of miles of rich grazing land, over which roam his thousands of cattle and sheep. Several such princely proprietors of real and personal property reside in the city of Los Angeles. Just before leaving there I was told that about a year ago one of these gentlemen, the owner of a celebrated ranch situated a few miles from the city, which is stocked with between thirty and forty thousand sheep, had spent the day on his domain, looking after the welfare of the animals. Return-

ing to the city toward night, he entered his attractive home, wearing a gloomy countenance, and threw himself into an easy chair before the fire. Observing his distressed appearance, his wife inquired what was the matter.

"Wife," said he, looking up at her with an anxious face, "unless it rains to-night I shall not be worth ten cents to-morrow, for many of the sheep will die. But an all-night rain would put ten thousand dollars in my pocket."

At that moment there were some indications of a shower. The air was cold and the sky was overcast with an unbroken cloud. Before retiring, the anxious man went out to take a look at the heavens. Lo! the whole vault above him was as clear as crystal, and thickly gemmed with stars. Hope took her flight. He re-entered the house and retired, disheartened. But suddenly, a little after midnight, he heard the music of

> "Myriads of massive rain-drops,
> Falling on all around;
> Some were dancing on the house-tops,
> Some were hiding in the ground."

That was the beginning of the first heavy rain of last Winter. The proprietor of the great rancho was comforted. Of course fruit culture continues whether there be rains or not, because few vines and trees are planted without provision for irrigating them. Hence fruit crops, and the business

attaching thereto, are assured, unless there come untimely frost, or unkindly insect to destroy them.

That portion of the Southern Pacific Railway which unites the cities of Los Angeles and San

Mission of San Fernando.

Francisco bears the traveler through some rare scenery. First it crosses the beautiful Valley of San Fernando, one of the finest wheat sections of Southern California; the home of the olive, fig, pear, pomegranate, and grape; a notable grazing section, and the seat of the Mission of San Fernando, the seventeenth in order of the line of mis-

sions founded by the Franciscan Fathers between San Diego and San Francisco. Of the many buildings once constituting this mission, the most interesting is the one erected as a residence for the priests. After the sequestration of the missions it was for several years the home of General Andrez Pico. Major B. C. Truman, writing of the structure, says: "It is three hundred feet long, eighty feet wide between the walls, which are four feet thick and two stories in height. The great attraction of the building is the corridor, nearly three hundred feet long, and made of columns and arches of superb masonry, with tile roof and brick floor. A vast succession of rooms compose the interior, and constitute a private residence unlike any other in America."

Drawing out from the station of San Fernando, where, on either side of the track, stood a village of white tents occupied by the Chinese railway hands, we began the ascent to the "San Fernando tunnel," six thousand nine hundred and sixty-six feet long, with a grade of one hundred feet to the mile, and requiring seven minutes for its passage. Twice that number seemed to have passed before the light broke in from the front and we dashed out upon Newhall, the shipping point for the fountains of oil concealed in the Fernando range.

Then comes the Mojave Desert, with its interesting cacti orchards, or groves of Yucca palm.

We whisked through miles of them, the trees planted, in places, with almost the regularity of orange orchards. Their clumsy limbs and bunchy foliage give them a weird appearance which allies them to a past day and a vanished people. Mojave village springs out of the hot sand, rejoices in the fervid sunlight, disdains shelter or shade, but is all alive when the trains stop for something to eat. From this point the Atlantic and Pacific Railway branches off toward the East, bearing travelers within a few miles of that masterpiece of river plowing, the cañon of the Colorado, and within easy reach of two of the largest cattle ranges on the continent.

On my return from the North two years after that, there occurred at Mojave a funny little episode which showed how necessary it is that women who travel alone should know how their tickets read. As we drew up at the place a fleshy, good-natured looking woman, seated a little back of me, arranged to take her luncheon in the cars. Procuring a small pailful of coffee from the hotel, she was soon enjoying her tempting eatables. On a track close by stood the Atlantic and Pacific train, just ready to roll out into the desert. Most of the passengers on our road had returned from dinner. At that moment, looking up in a careless way, this woman inquired if we knew of any one on the train going to St. Louis.

"Are you going to St. Louis?" asked a bright woman from Phœnix, Arizona.

"Yes."

"Does your ticket take you over the Southern Pacific? Seems to me you must change cars here. If so, that is your train; and it is about to leave."

The woman quickly opened her reticule, examined her ticket, and found to her dismay that she was booked to St. Louis, *via* the Atlantic and Pacific. Away then went her coffee. On went her bonnet. Pell-mell into its basket went her luncheon. Two ladies sprang to her side to help. One caught her wraps and umbrella. Another her satchel. The brakeman, hearing the bustle, came in and seized her pillows and blankets. Then the caravan started for the other train, stumbling over bricks and stones, and stirring up the dust. That moment the writer discovered that the woman had left her veil, seized it, ran after the others, tossed it to a man standing on the platform, and asked him to hand it to her, just as the train moved off. How she must have missed her coffee!

But northward we go, off the desert at last, and climbing into the mountains again. Now and then we cross warm, grassy valleys, some of them threaded by little streams of water, talking gayly to the everlasting heights around. Now we are in the Soledad Cañon, thousands of feet above the sea, and climbing steadily. After awhile the hills lift

up their heads grandly. Around sharp pinnacles on the left, and far above us, a snow-storm is raging, the only thing in the awful solitudes which has motion, except our steam-impelled train.

Finally, soon after dark, we gain the Tehachapi Pass, four thousand and twenty-six feet above sea level. Here the Coast Range forms a junction with the Sierra Nevada, and the result is some of the noblest scenery in California. A descent of eleven miles, and we have reached the "Loop," a bit of railroad engineering which has caused more comment than any other on the continent. And when one has studied the ground plan of the work, and understands its object, he does indeed wonder that such a plan should have been conceived for achieving such a result, on a surface of such a character.

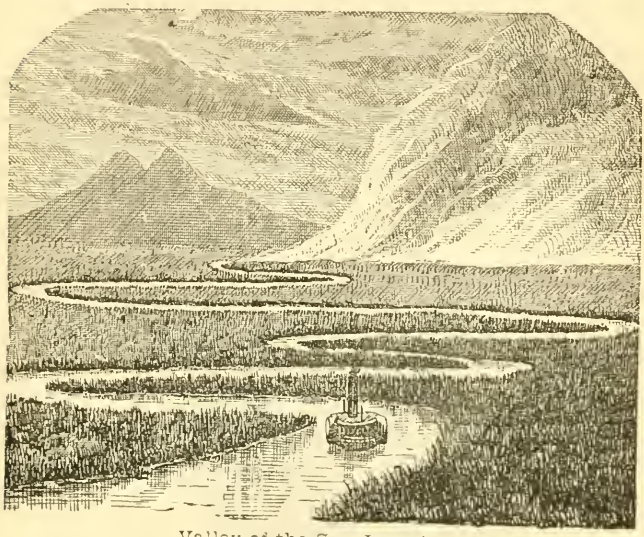
The desire was, to carry the road out of the pass without running the track up and around the side of a steep mountain, lying in the path of the survey at the point where the loop is made, a course it would naturally take, but one involving heavy and expensive construction. To accomplish this a certain amount of vertical distance had to be overcome. To find how that could be done was the great thing. Mr. Hood, the young engineer making the survey, drew a plan by which he believed the feat could be accomplished and avoid the mountain. He submitted this to the board of directors, a board unequaled in all the history of railroad

building for correct judgment and sagacity. The plan was at once adopted as by far the cheapest way out of the difficulty.

The loop is double and embraces five folds of track. To form the first loop the track makes the circuit of the base of a low butte, accomplishing a horizontal distance of three thousand seven hundred and ninety-four feet, or about three-fourths of a mile, when it plunges under itself through a tunnel four hundred and twenty-six feet long, by which a vertical distance of seventy-seven and one-half feet is overcome. The next loop increases the gain, and carries the road successfully out of the trouble. In a conversation with Mr. Hood himself on the subject, he stated that no sooner had the news of the work gone abroad than he was addressed relative to it by European engineers; and as early as two years ago two similar loops had been constructed among the mountains of the Continent. The Tehachapi loop was very easy of construction, and financially was a great success. Actual surveys show that, with all the doubling of the track, the road is only fifty feet longer than it would have been, had it been run around the mountain side.

Mr. Hood is now the chief engineer of that mighty corporation, the Southern Pacific Company. Last Spring, 1886, he was busy improving the surveys for the California and Oregon Railroad, which for many miles leads up the stupendous cañon of

the Sacramento River, and after crossing some intervening rather level country, performs the feat of crossing the Siskiyou Mountains, a chain which is the peer of the Cascades in height and massiveness.

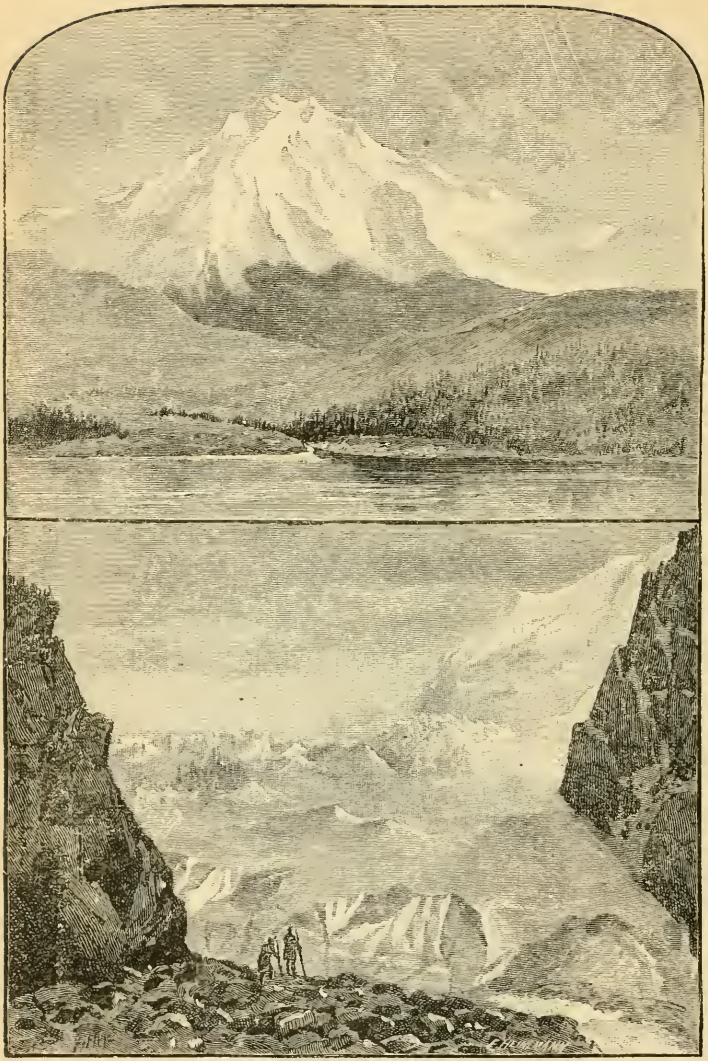


Valley of the San Joaquin.

How to surmount the difficulties of these great physical features must as thoroughly tax the genius of the man as did those of Tehachapi.

Our train passed over the loop about nine in the evening. At early breakfast hour next morning we were at Lathrop, where passengers take cars for Sacramento. For hours then, our route lay through the vast San Joaquin Valley. Miles of young green wheat stretched away on either side. Farmers were plowing along the way. It was December, the

Summer time of the coast. At ten o'clock we rolled into Oakland. An hour later we were in San Francisco, the metropolis of the Pacific Coast; the rival of Chicago in marvelous growth; a young city, old in wealth, institutions, commerce, railroads, and tributary towns; as cosmopolitan as New York; the gateway to the old East, to the island world of the Pacific. We spend the next year writing of its affairs, people, and surrounding country.



Glaciers of Mount Tacoma, Washington Territory.

(See page 430.)

UP AND DOWN

IN

OREGON AND WASHINGTON.

XXXII.

FROM SAN FRANCISCO TO PORTLAND BY SEA.

AT nine o'clock of a late June morning, seven months after the date of the last chapter, the writer rode down to the landing, in San Francisco, where lay the fine steamship *Oregon*, of the San Francisco and Portland line, with steam up. My name was on her passenger list for the current trip. Stepping from the carriage, I surveyed for a moment the huge craft, her decks already alive with people, and instantly realized how utterly alone I should be among that multitude of strangers. Upon showing my ticket at the plank, a sprightly youth received my wraps and satchel from the driver, and conducted me to my nicely situated state-room. Quickly arranging my effects for the voyage, I locked the door, and stepped outside into the genial sunlight and the freshening breeze.

On the dock, waiting to see the noble boat off, stood a curious crowd of people—white, black, yellow, and brown, old and young. The little ones of the company, their faces upturned ready to utter "good-bye" to friends on board, were attired like the flowers. A gray-haired couple standing close to the water's edge lifted their eyes to the last deck, and endeavored, amid the din produced by shouting deck-hands, tumbling baggage, and rumbling vehicles, to repeat some tender charge to a lady who leaned over the railing, eager to catch every word.

Up the gangway, meanwhile, pushed a steady stream of men, women, and children, freighted with wraps, satchels, umbrellas, bird-cages, and other things—a thousand. But now among them appeared a face I knew. It was that of one of San Francisco's great-hearted citizens. Gaining the deck, he glanced around, and, discovering me, came forward and presented me a lovely bouquet, a parting gift from his wife, a very dear friend. A long way had he come that morning to brighten my outgoing by this fragrant deed. In his charming home, commanding a fine view of the Golden Gate, had I passed many an hour of delight and rest during my sojourn in the city, my welcome always complete. Bringing these flowers was his last kindly act for me. Just before the Christmas days he entered upon the sleep from which the waking will be by the Lord himself. "May you be the sickest

person on board!" he turned to say as he passed down the plank, and I was—almost.

A few moments more and the *Oregon* swept out into the beautiful bay. "Good-bye, grandpa," pealed forth a sweet, child voice from the upper deck. At the same time a tiny hand made a little blue parasol describe several quick, uneven circles in the air, as a parting salute. "Good-bye, darling," came back in manly tones from the landing. Then took place a general flutter of handkerchiefs on ship, on shore, reminding me of that most unique proceeding, the giving the "Chautauqua salute."

Now, reader, come to the starboard side of the steamer. See! At the right on the main-land is Oakland, a beautiful city with fifty thousand inhabitants, and always bright with flowers. To the north of it, slightly, you see Berkeley, the seat of the State University, of the Asylum for Deaf Mutes, and the location of many pretty homes, surrounded with almost semi-tropic bloom and verdure. Turn now toward the east. Those are the spires of Alameda, a village almost without a rival for beauty in all California.

But here we are just opposite Yerba Buena, one of the three small islands which adorns the central portion of San Francisco Bay, and lying almost in the pathway of the ferries from the great city to Oakland. "Goat Island" is its homely American name, a reason for which lies some years back in

its history. It stands three hundred and forty-six feet above the water; is inhabited by the keeper of its light, and serves as a fog-signal station, as well as a place for the manufacture and storage of buoys, numbers of which lie scattered about on the other side. It is about midway between the two cities, they being separated by three and three-fourth miles of water.

But while we have been studying geography the *Oregon* has sped on her way, and now we are abreast of "Alcatraz Island," the middle gem of the cluster, one and a half miles north of San Francisco, and three and a half miles east of the Golden Gate. It stands "one hundred and forty feet above low-water mark;" contains about twelve acres, chiefly solid rock; is four hundred and fifty feet wide, sixteen hundred and fifty feet long, irregular in shape, and encircled by powerful batteries, in which are said to be mounted some of the heaviest guns ever cast in America. It commands the entrance to the Golden Gate, and forms an effectual defense for the harbor of San Francisco. From the light-house visible on its highest point, light is reflected twelve miles to sea. On its south-eastern extremity is stationed a fog-bell, which peals forth notes of warning four times every minute in heavy weather. The citadel—well defended—on its top furnishes quarters for about two hundred men, and will, if necessity requires, with certain adjacent accommodations, shelter

three times that number. Added to these is a series of stone guard-houses, shell-proof, defended by strong gates and drawbridges, and pierced on all sides for rifled cannon. Destitute of springs or wells, Alcatraz receives its chief supply of water from the main-land, and stores it beneath the citadel.

A glance toward the north now, brings to view Angel Island, much the largest and most important of the group. It embraces from six to eight hundred acres of valuable land, and contains large quarries of blue and brown sandstone, durable in quality and of great utility for building purposes. Of it are constructed the government works at the Navy-yard on Mare Island, near the northern extremity of the bay, and also the fortifications at Alcatraz and Fort Point. The latter defense, you observe, stands upon the southern shore of the bay, near the eastern entrance of the Golden Gate. Angel Island is strongly garrisoned, and the powerful guns of its three fixed batteries defend the harbor in all directions, insuring the safety of the Navy-yard and of the towns and cities lining the shores of the bay. Unlike Alcatraz, it is abundantly supplied with good water from natural sources, and at the season is carpeted with flowers.

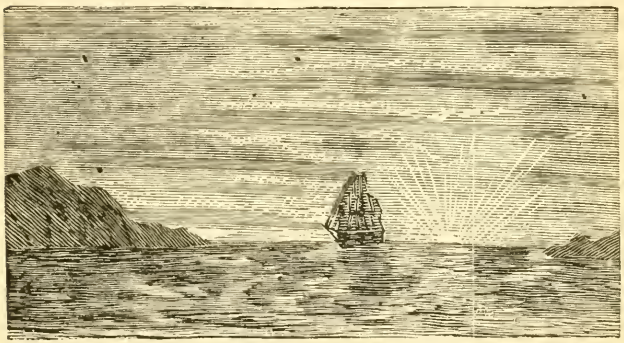
A more favorable hour for viewing all this charming scenery, including the Marin County hills, which wall in the Golden Gate on the north, is near

the close of the day, or when the sun is about to drop behind the high elevations in the west, and the harsh din of San Francisco waxes faint in the evening air. Then there falls over the pretty islands, over the stern fortifications, the distant mountains, the many-fashioned craft upon the water, and over the magnificent bay itself, just the light which turns the entire scene into a picture of wonderful beauty. For convenience at elections the two first islands have been made precincts of San Francisco, and the third a precinct of Marin County.

But we are inattentive. The *Oregon* is already well into the narrow strait through which passes commerce from all parts of the world to San Francisco, and to which, by universal assent, has been given the name "Golden Gate." But it is possible to be more definite than that. Strictly, the Golden Gate is the Pacific mouth of the passage, or that portion which lies immediately between Point Bonita on the north, and Point Lobos on the south. It is the passing between these heads which is so much dreaded by travelers by sea. There Neptune is usually on the alert to make mortals wretched. Let us hope his majesty is to-day absorbingly occupied in some far-away quarter of his realm, and we may therefore escape being sent to bed at noon.

The entire strait is about one mile wide and two miles long. Fort Point, on the south, and an abrupt recession of the Marin County hills, on the

north, mark its junction with the bay. The fortification from which Fort Point receives its name, is a brick structure modeled after Fort Sumter, and, before the recent improvements in naval warfare, was considered an impregnable work; but before the arms now in use, it is asserted, it would not stand one hour. On the green slope in the rear of the fort, we see the presidio, embracing the barracks



The Golden Gate.

and the homes of the officers. East of this, a mile perhaps, is Black Point, also fortified and garrisoned.

Steadily, after leaving the landing, the breeze strengthened, and, as we sailed out between "the heads" and turned northward, blew directly in the face of the *Oregon*, cold and disagreeable, and drove the passengers to their rooms for warmer wraps. As the night drew on, and wore away, the wind increased to a gale. Monday morning found the sea furiously wrathy, and the wind still sweeping south-

ward. Through that day, and onward to midnight, the brave vessel plowed right into the heart of great waves, frequently shipping heavy seas and deluging her decks with water. Thus, for thirty hours or more, did the misnamed ocean treat us in this un-Pacific manner. Of the passengers, barely a half-dozen deserted their berths the second day. These were hardened sea-goers, who had witnessed the performance before, and were used to it. They not only took the rocking and the drenching patiently, but in one or two instances even jocularly.

Upon arriving off Cape Blanco, a little after midnight, the *Oregon* suddenly glided into calm water as had been foretold, and on Tuesday morning, the third day out, the voyagers, upon emerging from their state-rooms, beheld an ocean scene of wonderful beauty. The sun shone brightly and warmly. The sky was without a cloud. The air was balmy and exhilarating. The sea, almost as smooth as a mirror, flashed and sparkled as if sprinkled with diamonds. Myriads of tiny sea-duck were gracefully skimming the surface of the water, or were gleefully describing circles above it. Here and there, on the ocean side of the boat, rose slender columns of water, straight into the air a distance of six or eight feet, and then quickly broke into feathery spray, the color of the rainbow, and floated away in iridescent mist. What sent up the columns? The *Oregon* was passing through a school of whales.

Occasionally one of the monsters would rise to the surface and remain in sight until all had a good view of him, thus conferring a special favor on those who had seen whales, only in skeleton, in the museums; or in ink, in books.

On the starboard side quite another scene was presented. We were skirting Oregon's coast, six miles perhaps, out from shore. Inland, a varying distance, loomed up the Coast Range of mountains, looking cool and indifferent behind their veil of deep blue. Presently the cry of "Tillamook Head!" sounded along the deck, and then the learned ones began to tell the story of "Tillamook Light," which crowns a bare brown rock, rising many feet above the ocean, and about one mile out from the "Head," a bold, almost perpendicular cliff on the main-land. Between the beacon and the promontory, where the water is seventeen fathoms deep, there flow swift counter-currents of the sea. These currents render the passage of the channel extremely dangerous, especially at night. Associated with the spot are some painful casualties, which occurred before the light was erected.

"I can give you some points about that dangerous rock, madam," said Mr. Gilmore, the chief engineer, approaching me, as with my glass I scanned the islet of stone, and the formidable head-land back of it. I thanked him, and he went on to say:

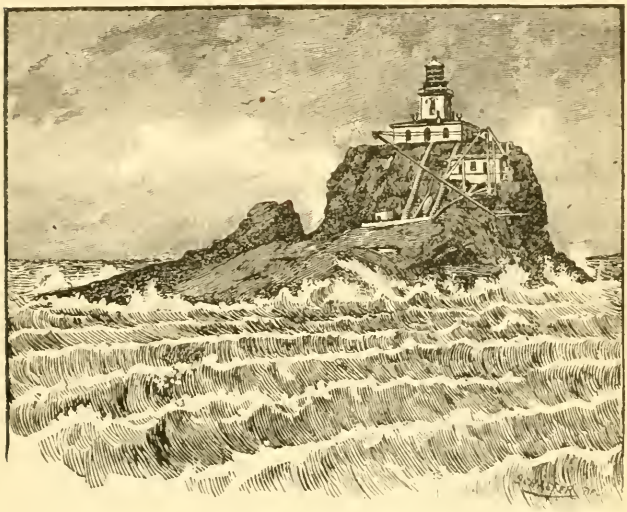
"When the government decided to place a

warning light before Tillamook Head, the contract for its erection was awarded to a friend of mine. Something like twenty or thirty feet had to be blasted off the top of the rock, in order to obtain space for the foundation of the structure. The task proved a very difficult one, and one day, when my friend and four or five others were busy at their work, with high seas rolling all around them, his foot slipped, and in a flash he was gone. That was in 1879 or '80. One dark night, in 1881, before the tower for the light was quite finished, an English steamer, mistaking her course, got into that passage. Two men, who were sleeping in the basement of the tower, were awakened by the grating of her boxes against the rock. Springing instantly from bed, they ran out upon the rock, swung a light, and shouted into the darkness:

"'You are in the channel before Tillamook Head.'

"They then heard, from on board, a command to reverse the engine, but there followed no other sounds. The next morning a steamer's masts pointed upward, out of the sea near by. Forthwith launching their boat, the two men propelled themselves around to the north of the head, where were some settlers living. Arousing them, they lowered parties over the steep cliff to the water below. There, in a narrow recess of the rocks, they found the dead bodies of sixteen men, washed in from the

wreck. Not a soul had survived the disaster. Report of the steamer's loss was immediately made to Washington, and the government ordered the dan-



Tillamook Light.

gerous rock to be lighted without delay. In previous times numerous casualties have occurred at the spot."

It is a little singular how firmly such tales fasten themselves in the memories of men. Probably not one of the *Oregon's* passengers, who listened to Mr. Gilmore's several recitals, will ever forget them, or perilous Tillamook channel. The height of Tillamook Rock is one hundred and thirty-eight feet above the sea. There are times when the custodian of the light is obliged to abide

in his isolated abode for weeks, without communication with the shore. Usually, in the Autumn, provisions to last for months are stored beneath the tower. On one occasion supplies for half a year were unloaded upon the rock. That night, the keeper having failed to remove them to the vaults, a fierce storm arose and washed the whole invoice into the hungry sea.

The next object of general interest was Mount St. Helens, a splendid solitary snow cone, piercing the atmosphere, eighty miles away, in Washington Territory, and yet plainly visible from the deck of the steamer. Upon some of the passengers, who saw the majestic snow cone for the first time, the effect was peculiar. Statue-like, far enough away to be shrouded in mystery, the mountain seemed a Mikado of the old *régime*, holding absolute sway over the thousands of lesser summits, lifting their heads cloudward all about.

Presently, now, there fell upon our ears at regular intervals, a loud, hoarse cry which sounded much like a tone of distress. "What is that?" asked several of the company.

"We are approaching the mouth of the Columbia," answered the engineer, "and that is the warning voice of the buoy, which you see just ahead, there."

How the thing moaned and groaned as the *Oregon* glided by, as if really afraid of failing in duty! Like a giant with lusty lungs, the bellows-

throated creature ceaselessly sends out its never-to-be-forgotten cries, which seem to say: "Beware of the bar of the Columbia." Even above the roar of the ocean, may mariners sailing amid darkness and fog hear its notes of alarm.

The *Oregon* sailed right on, paying no heed, and ere we were aware had headed eastward and was crossing the bar. The tide was full, and without the slightest difficulty she floated into the splendid stream, with Cape Disappointment on the north, and Fort Stevens on the south. The broad expansion of the river from its mouth to the city of Astoria, a distance of fifteen miles, is known as Chinook, or Astoria Bay. But what means this multitude of tiny craft with sails all set, which decks the beautiful sheet?

"That is a small section of the salmon fleet of the Columbia," answered a gentleman standing near. "And by the way, madam, the salmon industry is one of the most important subjects to which you can give attention in the North-west. Between here and Astoria there are a thousand boats engaged in taking the fish sometimes, with two men to each boat. What a pity you are going on to Portland to-night! Why don't you stop at Astoria? That's the place to get information about the pursuit. I tell you there's no end of interest attached to it."

Upon his stopping to take breath, I inquired if he were engaged in the salmon trade.

"No, I live twenty miles up the Washington coast. But salmon fishing is one of the leading lines of business on this coast, and I wish you 'd look into it." I assured the enterprising man that my plans comprehended a return to Astoria the next week for that very purpose. Whereupon he appeared delighted.

A little before sunset the *Oregon* floated up to her docks in the oldest town of the State. Seventy-six years ago it was founded by John Jacob Astor, in his day the most notable fur-trader in America. It was Mr. Astor's intention to make the place "a trading-post and half-way fur-station between New York and China." Not approving of the project, the "British North-west Fur Company" determinedly resisted his attempts, and sought to gain possession of the post, and, eventually, through the treachery of one of Mr. Astor's partners, who was in charge of the place, it fell for a time into the hands of this company. At that period the English crown claimed all the territory now included in Oregon and Washington. And British subjects engaged in the fur-trade throughout the region strenuously opposed American occupation of the ground for the same purpose. Subsequently the portion south of the forty-ninth parallel was yielded to the United States, and soon after a little settlement sprang up around the post. The place is still but a village, but has recently much increased in extent.

It stretches some distance up the south bank of the Columbia, and also quite up the bluff at its most accessible point. Its situation is really pleasant. Spite of the rain which had been falling for some time, I went ashore for a short walk through the nearer streets. Many features suggested the salmon industry, by which I imagine the town is largely sustained. But with regard to that, I shall be better informed next week.

Discharging a portion of her cargo, and taking on a "river pilot," the steamer resumed her course toward the western Portland. For many miles above Astoria the channel for large steamers lies near the Washington side of the river. The scenery is attractive much of the distance. Bold hills, clothed with green and studded with feathery firs, come down to the very brink. In some localities lofty, almost perpendicular rocks, clearly of igneous origin, skirt the stream for many rods. On the other hand, its banks on the Oregon side show stretches of low land, which in some places are very picturesque. Often a line of distant blue hills or a fringe of dense timber frames them in. The Columbia is studded with numerous islands. Even those which are low and marshy contribute much to the loveliness of the scenes.

XXXIII.

Portland on the Willamette.

FIVE o'clock, Wednesday morning, July 1st, found us at the landing in the western Portland, six hundred and eighty-three miles, by sea, from San Francisco, and located, like its namesake in the Pine Tree State, on an edge of the continent. It is a handsome city, and toward itself probably draws more footsteps in a year than does the Maine metropolis in five. How fortuitous, apparently, are the circumstances which locate certain cities where need of them will be great, where they will naturally dominate vast regions of country, and supply large numbers of people! A trifling necessity, a narrow purpose, or a transient scheme, is oftentimes the cause of their origin. And yet never too small is such a beginning, to enter into the plan of Him whose designs, cities, as well as nations, carry out. Strange, too, are the happenings by which places are sometimes named! A bare chance, a happy hit, a thoughtless suggestion, or better, an attachment to some spot far away, settles the question. But how came the continent with two Portlands? Forty years ago the coming Winter, two men built the first house on this site, their imaginations picturing a

future city rising on the ground. One of them hailed from the grand Old Bay State, and wanted to call the place "Boston." The other must have strayed from Maine, for he had a preference for "Portland." To settle it they tossed a penny into the air, and Portland won. Named simply by chance, you see, but well named, after all. Just as good as Boston.

The beautiful city lies on both sides of the Willamette River, and approaches forty thousand in population, the west side claiming three-fourths of the number. Though very crooked, the general course of this stream for a distance of one hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, is from south to north. Thus naturally we have "East and West Portland" for the two sections of the town. Communication between them is by steam ferries, four in number. The Willamette is navigable to Portland by the largest sea-going ships, making the city practically an ocean port, though distant from the sea one hundred and twenty-three miles. In width the river varies greatly. At the point where the principal ferries ply it is about a half-mile wide.

Inevitably where two towns confront each other with but a narrow water-way between them, one of them secures the larger share of wealth, business, railroads, and newspapers, together with the finest churches, school-houses, and other public buildings. The city on the Blue Willamette forms no exception to the rule. In Portland proper, cen-

ter, for the present certainly, most of the facilities for the growth and prosperity of the place. It is of itself a beautiful city, threaded by many picturesque streets, and for its size is one of the wealthiest in the Union. The stranger is surprised to find here a town of its dimensions. Multitudes of my readers can remember when the Portland of the Pacific did not exist. It now aspires to be, and to an important degree is, a business rival of San Francisco. This is due, of course, to the completion of the Northern Pacific Railway. Since that event the latter city has suffered a marked restriction of its traffic from the North. So has it also from the South, the Southern Pacific road having made Los Angeles neighbor to the vast East. Thus instead of one metropolis the coast now has three, with the semi-tropical city, particularly, making phenomenal strides in material growth.

Portland experienced a terrible stroke of paralysis from the second financial disaster to the Northern Pacific Railway, several of its wealthiest citizens being heavy losers in that crash. Nor has the place yet recovered from the blow, though there is perceptible a steady effort toward regaining the lost ground. The local journals are urging, I notice, a larger investment of capital in manufactures in the city, and the hearty welcoming to their midst outside money and enterprise, as the surest means of hastening a return of those "days of abundance,"

Portland, Oregon.

now so much lamented "as having passed away with the advent of the Northern Railroad."

West Portland occupies an exceptionally fine location both for business and for beauty. Practically the Willamette bounds it on the north and east, making nearly a square turn midway of the city, giving plenty of water front, while back from the river a little distance, a bold bluff sweeps around on the south and west. Crowding close against this is a succession of high hills, affording delightful sites for residences, and splendid views of some of the grandest scenes on the coast. From the bluff the land descends with an admirable grade to the river in two directions, furnishing excellent drainage and many lovely views up and down the long, straight streets. Those running east and west are especially picturesque. Crossing them at certain points, one involuntarily stops and asks himself: "What produces this charming effect?" Then, first, he notes the long ascending or descending grade of the street. Next he takes in the line of elegant shade-trees on either side, with here and there the bits of terraced lawns. To all these he adds, lastly, the glimpses of pretty homes near and far away. Now he understands why he stopped so suddenly in his hurried walk, delighted by something; by what, he could not tell. A score of times have I been so arrested in my quiet rambles about the city.

Mainly the thoroughfares cross at right angles.

The blocks thus laid off are two hundred feet square. Around most of them stands a cordon of vigorous elms, maples, walnuts, locust-trees, with now a trim poplar, a feathery willow, or a splendid mountain ash, fairly aflame with scarlet berries. The latter remind me of the city of Oswego, New York, seen in August, thirty years ago.

But charming streets are not the only interesting things to be seen in Portland. Let us walk around

Mount Hood

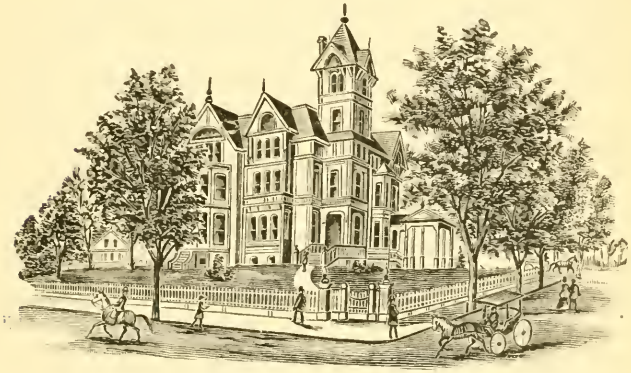
into Clay Street, corner of Fifth, for a moment. Now look off eastward. You are face to face with Mount Hood, the magnificent, snow-clad for ages, a wonder ever since man was made, one of nature's masterpieces on this coast. "How near it seems!" Ah, but it is fifty miles away. Every time the inmates of this home on our right open its front door and glance eastward they behold, if the

weather be clear, this monarch of the Cascades. "Do not frequent views breed contempt?" Not for kingly mountains.

I invite you to pass with me through Fourth Street on our way home. Now we are at the spot. Turn your eyes toward the northern horizon. That dazzling object peering down upon us through the leafy trees is beautiful Mount St. Helens, sixty miles distant. Mantled in immaculate snow, it seems like a being from heaven, appointed to keep an eye upon the goings and doings of these Oregonians. Overflows of lava from this mountain have been witnessed, it is said, during the past half century.

Portland contains many handsome residences, of which the great majority look fresh and new, as if built within the past five years. Like most of the homes in the city of Cleveland, Ohio, each presents its own green yard and separate picture of shrubs, vines, and flowers. The dwellings and lawns of numbers of the wealthier citizens occupy an entire square. The home of Mr. J. N. Dolph, the present United States Senator from Oregon, is so situated. The premises, bounded by four streets, front upon Fifth, between Jefferson and Columbia. The house, a two-story white frame, with a high attic and a lofty tower, commands a wide area of both Oregon and Washington. Within the range of vision from the inviting uppermost room of the tower are to be seen several of the notable snow cones of the region.

Of these, Mount Adams and Mount St. Helens are in Washington. Oregon claims Mount Jefferson and Mount Hood. The last coast survey gives the latter a height of 11,225 feet. St. Helens cleaves the air to a distance of 9,750 feet; while 5,860 feet content both Adams and Jefferson. For the reader to conceive of the splendid effect of these grand elevations, rising majestically here and



Residence of Senator Dolph.

there out of the landscape, is impossible without seeing them. One view of them is ample compensation for a journey hither. During his term at Washington, the home of Senator Dolph is occupied by the family of a younger brother, Mr. Cyrus A. Dolph, himself a lawyer of ability and influence in Portland. Within its walls is practiced daily a hospitality like Abraham's—ready, unstinted, often making glad the heart of the stranger, as the writer can attest.

Through the center of Portland there stretches a succession of public parks, at which the public may simply look as it passes by. All are inclosed separately, and set with pretty Oregon trees. In none of them are there flowers, rustic seats, nor trim walks bordered with velvet turf. Numerous fine residences front upon them, but they only increase their unsightliness by contrast. Thrown open and made attractive, these sunny reservations would enhance beyond estimate the beauty of Portland, and would become the delight of citizens who seldom if ever recreate beyond the city limits. Laid off in front of the court-house, however, is a plaza of considerable extent which partially meets this want.

The one extremely ornate public building in the city is that for the high-school. No other place I have visited on the coast contains its equal in this respect. Architecture not being my strong point, I can not mention the order to which it belongs, but I should say to the composite style. The architect himself may know. He has certainly not left the purpose of the building in doubt; for on the front of it, on both sides the tower, appear the words "High School" in very legible characters. When completed the structure will have cost one hundred thousand dollars. The system of graded schools in the city is conceded to be excellent. Episcopal and Catholic private schools are well sustained in the place.

Architecturally speaking, most of the church edifices represent a past day. The Calvary Presbyterian Church, corner of Clay and Ninth Streets, is new, modern, built of wood, and within is a charming house of worship, complete in its equipments, and a most inviting place for quiet communion with the Divine Father. In the faithful preaching of the gospel in Portland, no other denomination excels the Baptists. Zealous and tireless, they are ever about their Father's business. The Methodists are numerically strong, and have a firm foot-hold in the community.

Should the reader ever visit Portland, one of the first objects which will arrest his attention is the massive stone foundation of an intended hotel occupying the entire block immediately west of the post-office. The walls abut the sidewalk on four streets, and hence are two hundred feet square. They rise above the pavement a full half story, and penetrate the ground sufficiently for a deep, light basement. Below the surface they are of heavy brick work; above it, of hammered blue limestone. Deep recesses form spacious courts on both the eastern and western sides. The window embrasures and the broad arched doorways, welcome the storms and dust. Both courts and the basement are strewn with boards, boxes, barrels, empty kegs, and heavy blocks of stone. Through the arches, of moonlight nights, the moonbeams play in ghostly

manner, and of dark nights solitary pedestrians feel more comfortable on the other side of the street. Upon this plain, staunch foundation have been expended, so the people say, one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. It was expected the structure would cost when completed one and a half millions. Nowhere upon the structure appears its name, but the citizens have christened it "Villard's Ruin," for one step it was, toward the great financial failure of Mr. Henry Villard. While pushing the construction of the Northern Pacific Road, the too sanguine man was also busy laying these walls, expecting that upon the completion of the great thoroughfare there would flow into Portland from the East a tide of travel much too vast for its then limited hotel accommodations. He finished the railway. The hotel the tooth of Time is at work upon, finishing it downward. One thinks of the spirit and high hopes with which that gentleman urged forward his herculean task, and of the sudden immense loss and disappointment himself and many others sustained in the collapse of his scheme, with feelings of regret. Just how much of that quick dashing of hopes was "due to causes which never have, and never will, see the light," some living probably know. It is rumored that the Portland authorities meditate buying the "ruin" and erecting upon it a fine city hall. That will do.

Advancement in manufactures is a subject now

uppermost in the minds of capitalists in this part of the North-west. Indeed, in this direction no little progress has already been made. Among other branches in this city, interest attaches to the work of the "Cleveland Mixed Paint Manufacturing Company," on account of the peculiar Oregon resources which it brings to light. The mountain ranges of Oregon and Washington—notably the Cascade Range—abound in ochres, oxides, siennas, and paint ores. In Southern Oregon chrome ores are very prevalent. Assays of these compounds show that they contain about sixty per cent of acid, which, when set free, forms valuable chromes. Out of them the above company manufactures a full line of putties, mixed paints, and paste colors, the Pacific North-west, alone, affording a sufficient market for its products. The company gets its name from the fact that at Cleveland, Ohio, were first produced paints mixed ready for use.

Other lines of manufacture bring out the value of Oregon woods. A firm on Front Street makes from them every variety of hollow wooden-ware, besides step-ladders, wash-boards, chess-boards, net-floats, and the like. The red cedar is of special utility, the cork-like substance between the grain rendering it invaluable for articles intended to hold water, as wash-tubs, pails, kegs, and barrels. Shingles cut from it are ever in demand, since they neither split nor warp. The millions of net-floats

used in the salmon industry are formed from it, and every school-boy knows its value for fence-posts. Placed beside Eastern goods of the same class, but made of different wood, the Oregon wares are sure of the preference. The maple of the State is in high favor for cabinet work, and also for seats and desks in churches and schools; indeed, it is worked in freely with ash and alder for all hardwood purposes. For all articles requiring soft woods, spruce, cedar, and the firs are well adapted.

Front Street, skirting the river, with First and Second Streets, are mainly the business thoroughfares. They are paved with a limestone much resembling that quarried at Marblehead, on Lake Erie. Elsewhere throughout the city, the avenues are treated to a covering of crushed stone, which in time works down to a hard, smooth surface. The sidewalks are chiefly of narrow boards laid crosswise. A durable concrete is, however, coming into favor for this purpose, and is sure to displace the boards. Wholesale houses, with insurance and railway offices, occupy Front Street quite exclusively. The buildings are fine, being generally of brick or stone, and three or four stories in height. On other streets there are many spacious and beautiful shops and stores.

XXXIV.

The Salmon Industry of the Columbia.

LAST Thursday being the anniversary of the Nation's birthday, I had an opportunity of seeing how the citizens of Portland celebrate it. The programme varied little from that adopted by the country generally for the last half century. There was the same profuse display of the national colors, the same civic procession, and the usual amount of soaring eloquence, accompanied by the explosion of masses of gunpowder. Select companies picnicked at water-falls. Small parties rode away to the hill-tops for the day. The friends of Woman's Suffrage hied themselves to Vancouver to celebrate their recent victory for the ballot in Washington Territory. In short, the day was filled with racket, feasting, drinking, fatigue, and speech-making, and no doubt when the night drew on there was general rejoicing over the fact that the "Glorious Fourth" asserts its claim but once a year. Far from home and among strangers, my enthusiasm did not mount very high, but I endeavored to feel patriotic, and thankful that my native land embraces such States as Ohio and Oregon.

The next Tuesday morning at the early hour of

half-past five I might have been seen hastening toward the landing of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's steamer *S. G. Reed,* of the Portland and Astoria line. My destination was the latter city, and my purpose the studying the salmon industry of the Columbia, Astoria being its head-quarters. On board, bound to the same point, I found a strong delegation of wide-awake Oregon teachers and friends of education, mostly delegates to the State Teacher's Institute, that evening to convene in Mr. Astor's town.

In the fullness of steamboat time—that is, four o'clock in the afternoon—the *Reed* drew up to her dock, and cast off her lines for an all-night stay where all the "Astors" are salmon-colored. Forthwith the pedagogical passengers scattered to the hotels and hospitable homes of the city, while I, equipped with umbrella, pencil, and note-book, stepped ashore, and soon met a most kindly reception at the cottage of Mr. Curtis Trenchard, the highly esteemed clerk of Clatsop County, of which Astoria is the legal center. Thence, soon, my time being of much value, I hastened to the salmon-canning establishment of Mr. William Hume, the pioneer of the industry on the Pacific Coast. I found the gentleman at his post, and presenting my credentials, informed him I had come for a chapter of details pertaining to his pursuit, including a brief sketch of its history.

Receiving me courteously, Mr. Hume began his story by saying that he had spent his life among the salmon, having fished for them with his father in the Kennebec River, in Maine, when but a lad ten years of age; and that he himself had introduced the business on this western coast, having established the first canneries on both the Sacramento and Columbia rivers. At the age of twenty-two, allured by the prospect of richer fishing in the streams of the Pacific, he forsook the banks of the Kennebec, and began the long journey across the continent, arriving upon the Sacramento in 1853. In 1864 he introduced in the city of Sacramento—then an incipient village—the then new pursuit of canning his favorite fish, himself, his brother, George W. Hume, now resident of Oakland, California, and a Mr. A. S. Hapgood, also a New Englander, and familiar with the mode of canning oysters and lobsters on the Atlantic sea-board, forming a partnership for the purpose. As has been true in other new ventures in business, the firm was obliged to urge its goods upon a suspicious market. "Canned salmon" was an unknown article of food, and the Sacramento housekeepers were afraid of it.

"In order to introduce my goods," said Mr. Hume, "I used to fill a basket as large as I could carry, with the cans, take it on my arm, and start out among the families of my acquaintance, and, *presenting* to each a can of the fish, would carefully

explain with what niceness it was put up, and invite them to try it. Thus, for a time, I gave away the product. That was twenty years ago. Now canned salmon can be obtained in any market of the world. But that was the origin of the great industry."

Up to about this time the shipping of fresh salmon in express wagons to the gold-mines in different parts of the State had made a lucrative business for Mr. Hume. The miners were a class of men who never denied themselves an article of food they desired, however extravagant the price. Secured easily and rapidly in most instances, their gold-dust and nuggets vanished like the wind when appetite was tempted. Hence, round sums of gold were freely laid down by them for the splendid pink denizens of the Sacramento. San Francisco also furnished a good market for the fish when fresh. Thus did these enterprising Maine men drive a thriving business in this line alone.

But the canned salmon grew in favor, and in time so flattering became the prospect for a market for it, that Mr. William Hume began to sigh for other streams to angle in. Inclined, like John Jacob Astor, to form large plans, and possessed, also, of a degree of that shrewd German's foresight in choosing fields of effort, he quietly determined to make a pilgrimage to the Columbia to ascertain if it did not offer greater encouragement for his special pur-

suit than did the green waters of the Sacramento. Soon after this decision, "of which he said nothing to his partners," he seemed to find himself in need of a short vacation, and proposed a few days' travel northward as an inviting change. In due time he was off to Astoria. Here a few visions of the beautiful fish crowding "Chinook Bay" convinced him that the Columbia was the king of salmon streams. In it he saw "millions," both of fish and money. He discovered, also, that in flavor and quality they excelled the salmon of California. During his career on both ocean coasts, Mr. Hume had made the acquaintance of men from almost every known salmon haunt of the world, and from them had gained a good idea of their extent and value. This knowledge enabled him to form a prophecy very favorable to the Columbia. These points settled, his vacation ended as suddenly as it began, and back he sped to acquaint his partners with his discovery. It was soon determined that a beginning should be made in the new field, and 1868 found the brothers actively canning salmon on the "Great River of the West."

Mr. William Hume established himself at Eagle Cliff, an advantageous point on the Washington Territory side, several hours by steam above Astoria. There ever since his home has been. Eagle Cliff, allow us to say in parenthesis, presents a fine bit of Columbia scenery. On the river brink

stands a spacious cannery, of which Mr. Hume is the owner, with its staunch dock for steamers. Back from this, some rods, on an uneven plateau, is his residence, filled with sunshine by Mrs. Hume, however dark the day. Beyond the cottage and its surrounding of green trees rises a perpendicular wall of basalt several hundred feet high. Sweeping back from the river in the form of a semicircle it leaves acreage for several dwellings and the buildings tributary to the cannery. The spot is one of the most notable on the Lower Columbia.

Mr. Hume is over fifty years of age, is of medium height, has a sturdy figure, dark gray hair, coal-black eyes, and a fresh complexion. Public statement makes him wealthy. He is attached to the beautiful salmon, and says he has never taken one for mere pleasure. He thinks "there should be a law limiting salmon-fishing to five days of the week, during the season, and prohibiting it altogether on Saturdays and Sundays," thus lessening their wanton capture.

Mr. George Hume, whose cannery at Astoria adjoins that of his brother in that city, retired from active business, some time ago, in shattered health. He however retains a heavy interest in the trade, both here and on the Sacramento.

In former years, when these men were operating with little or no competition in the trade, a single case of their salmon, containing forty-eight one-

pound cans each, sold for sixteen dollars in gold. Last year the estimated price of Columbia River salmon was $4.50 per case. The annual pack in Mr. Hume's establishment, for the past five years, has ranged from twenty-six to thirty thousand cases. And to-day there are about forty-five firms and single parties engaged in the business on the Columbia, twenty-two of which operate at Astoria, and are located along the miles of river-brink included within the limits of the historic little city, several of them possessing facilities equaling, if not rivaling, those of Mr. Hume. These facts give an idea of the immense amount of the valuable fish annually taken from this river. Above Astoria there are probably four or five canneries, including that at Eagle Cliff. One or two firms send their entire pack abroad, marketing no goods in this country.

Between Astoria and the mouth of the Columbia, a distance of fifteen miles, the stream expands into "Chinook Bay," with an average breadth of about five miles. This bay is pre-eminently salmon territory. Here, close within the bar especially, are caught, as they come sailing in from the main, a large proportion of the handsome fish. They are on their way up to the fresh-water tributaries of the Columbia where their spawning takes place. The present United States Fish Commissioner is reported to be of the opinion that the salmon, once

ascended to the fresh water streams, never returns. It journeys onward as long as strength endures, and there is water in which to float. Then it deposits its spawn and dies. But in due time their

Salmon-Fishing.

minnows, led by instinct, travel down to a home in the salt water.

The "Chinook salmon" is the salmon *par excellence*, of the Columbia, and forms the prime brand of every prominent firm. Chinook Bay is the theater, also, on which are lost the lives of scores of the salmon-fishers. Great difference of opinion exists as to the number annually drowned. Mr. Hume puts it at fifty or more, while Mr. M. J. Kinney, of the Astoria Packing Company, places it

much below this. Mr. Tallant, of the Cutting Packing Company, from whom many of the facts given in this chapter were obtained, states that, during a period of nine years in the business, his firm has lost but one man, and not a single boat. Habits of drinking and inexperience in handling the boats are the leading causes of drowning. If, with a swift river-current running to sea, and gigantic breakers rolling inward, the men approach too near the bar when in a state of intoxication, their doom is almost certain. The surf sweeps them out into the great deep.

As a class, the salmon-fishers are a low order of men. They represent every nation on the globe. Having neither fixed abode nor regular occupation, they migrate from place to place as work offers, or as impulse or hunger drives. The worthiest among them are the Fins, Swedes, Russians, and Norwegians. Fishers by profession and choice, and not from necessity, they have their families in or near Astoria, send their children to the public schools, own real estate in the vicinity, and make worthy citizens. On the contrary, the Italians and Portuguese are the rovers, the 'longshore-men of the calling. Since they were born they have haunted some water's edge. Not a picayune have they, invested in boats, or nets, or home. Not theirs is the loss, if boats or nets are lost.

The packers consider it money in *their* pockets

if the fishermen own the nets they use, as numbers of the better class do, having paid the firms for them in fish. Stealing them then ceases to be profitable, and destroying them becomes expensive.

The salmon fleet of the Columbia numbers between fifteen hundred and two thousand boats, with two men for each boat; thus are three thousand men employed in good seasons.

A salmon net is an article of no trifling interest. Two hundred pounds of twine will construct a net forty-five meshes deep, each mesh being nine inches square. The best material made in this country for the purpose is a cord called "Barbour's twine," manufactured at Paterson, New Jersey. Such is the strength of the material that a single thread will sustain a strain of one hundred and seventy-six pounds. The cord is made of Irish flax, brought over in an undressed state, and therefore free of duty. Imported in the form of twine the impost would be forty per cent. The thread is composed of twelve subordinate filaments, and must be exceedingly flexible, else the sensitive salmon will not enter the net. It is therefore very slack twisted, but a single turn of the wheel being given to an inch of the cord. During the season a boiling solution of tan is poured over the nets every two weeks. This both cleanses them and imparts a color, which, in the daytime, prevents the cautious fish from perceiving the snare set for its capture.

In most, if not all the canneries on the Columbia, Chinese, under the direction of an American superintendent, are employed to do the work. The proceeding embraces not less than twelve or fifteen different steps, and at some stages requires great skill and celerity. To such labors the lithe Celestial is well adapted. He is attentive, prompt, exact, faithful, and silent. Garrulous as a parrot usually among his countrymen, he becomes speechless when set to precise tasks, especially when his wages are proportioned to the amount of work he does. As witnessed in the house of the Cutting Packing Company yesterday, the process of canning exceeded in rapidity any thing I had ever seen outside of large brush-making establishments in the East. All the operations were in progress in one vast room, from the receiving the fish from the boats just in with their night catch, to the removing the cans full of cooked salmon from their cooling bath to the packing-room.

Perfect cooking is the all-important step in the canning of salmon. Failure in this particular insures fermentation and total loss of the goods. The process is conducted in about the following manner: A tea-spoonful of salt is first dropped into the can. Then a strip of salmon, in width equal to the height of the can, is cut crosswise of the fish, rolled up and placed endwise in the can, in a raw state. The cans are then covered, crimped, soldered, and boiled in

large iron tanks, one hour, by steam heat. From this they are removed, and placed for another hour in a vast cylindrical retort, kept steadily heated to a temperature of 133°. This step cooks the bones, an absolute necessity for the preservation of the food. Taken from the retorts, the cans are cooled off, cleansed of oil, lacquered, labeled, packed, every act in the process being intensely interesting.

In most establishments scrupulous cleanliness marks every advance in the work. Mr. Hume abhors dirt as nature does a vacuum. Every implement, tank, and table used, as well as the floors and the hands of the Chinamen, must many times a day test the efficacy of cold water. So extreme are his notions, that even the new cans are thoroughly washed and wiped before they are used. Yet, if such a thing be possible, Mr. Hume is surpassed in this virtue by Mr. Kinney, of the Astoria Company. In this house not even the odor of fish could be detected at the hour of my unexpected call yesterday morning. Therefore, "searching for dirt" in goods bearing the brand of either of these establishments will be labor thrown away by the housewives.

The salmon season begins with April and closes with the month of July. At its commencement the business in some canneries is let out in departments by contract to experienced and responsible Chinamen. These engage their own helpers, pay them by the piece, and drive them as with the whip.

Each subordinate supervises his squad of men, works himself like a Trojan, and is held responsible for faultless results. Twelve firms on the Columbia are this year conducting their business on this plan.

There were taken out of this stream last year six hundred and twenty thousand cases of salmon, of forty-eight cans each. This season complaints of a light run are general. Consequently the markets will be lightly stocked. And one result of this state of things, which will by no means be unwelcome to the packers, will be an increase in the price of the valuable food next year.

XXXV.

Some of Nature's Masterpieces in the Cascade Range.

EARLY in the morning, some two months ago, I entered a coach of the South Pacific Coast Railway, in the city of the Holy Cross, California, bound to San Francisco. Barely were the few passengers seated, when, as an introduction to the trip, off darted the train into one of the dark tunnels by which that road pierces the Santa Cruz Mountains. Emerging from that, there followed three hours ride amid scenery which silenced every tongue, and lifted our thoughts to the Almighty Mountain-builder. As we climbed toward the summit of the chain, there reached our ears, from the deep gorges on either side, just enough of the buzzing of saw-mills, of the gurgle of running water, to relieve the oppressive stillness. Once or twice the form of a woman or of a little child, in the doorway of a lumberman's cabin along the way, spoke mutely of the joys of home. Upward we climbed, now dashing across streams talking merrily far below us; now spinning along between high mountains clothed with tall firs. Finally, the summit gained, downward we flew over a zigzag track, and soon swept out into the lovely valley of Santa Clara.

The previous week I had spent a day among the thousand cones of the Second Coast Range, for hours held enchained by the buildings, telescopes, and other wonders of Mount Hamilton. A few months preceding, I had crossed the Tehatchapi

A Home in the Mountains.

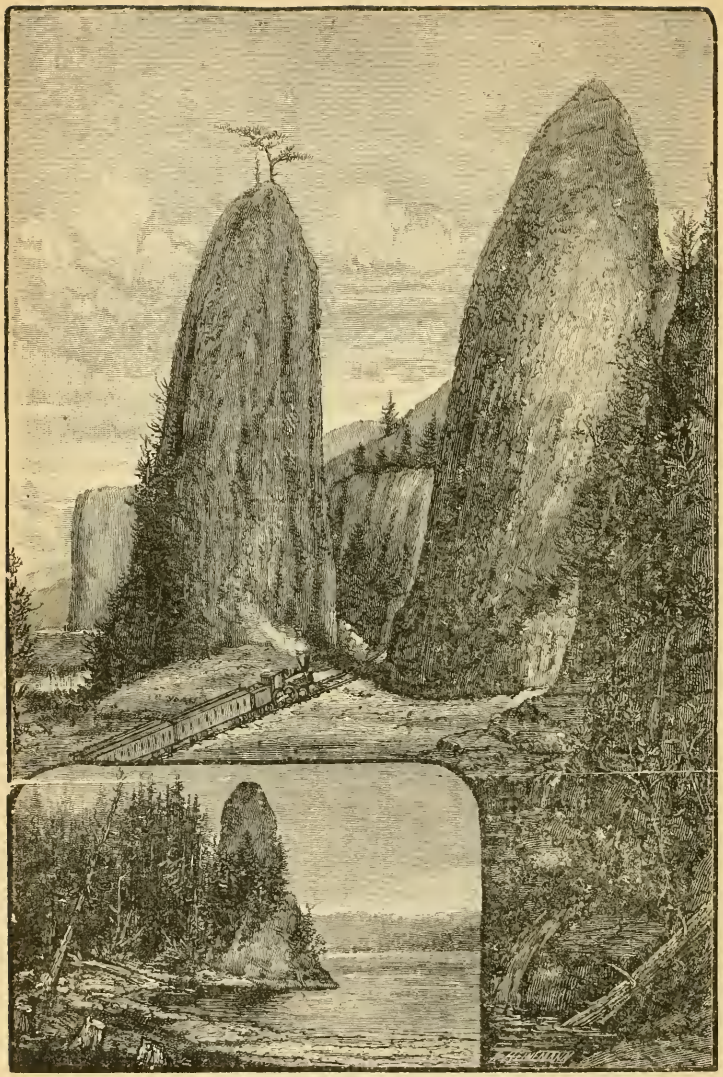
Chain, famous for its railroad loops, and there, for the first time in my life, had witnessed that beautiful sight, a snow-storm, robing in white, elevations towering hundreds of feet above my head, but wasting not a flake upon the mad train on which I sped through the sublime scenery. A little prior to this, I had made my way, for sixteen miles, into a wild cañon of the Santiago Mountains, half the

journey being performed after sunset. Beside me, in the light wagon, rode a cultured daughter of an old California family. Our goal was her mountain home. Hours before we reached the spot, darkness settled down upon the crooked road. Only the horses could see. Now we dashed across a stony creek. Now the branches of the trees switched our faces. Savage dogs bayed at us from the yards of the two or three cottages by the way. At last a bright light beamed through the gloom. One more turn in the road. Another crossing of the creek. Then a young Mexican stepped out from among the trees to take charge of the team. In a cooking-stove, under a spreading oak near by, glowed a hot fire, a beacon for Santiago owls and night-bugs. On one griddle stood a tea-kettle, singing a mountain lay. Soon we were taking tea, before the open fire in the little sitting-room. Then followed tales of early days in California—then sound sleep. To-day, twelve hundred miles north of that home in the cañon, I am sailing on the quiet Columbia, amid the wonders of the Cascade Range, as pleased with the grand sights, as if I had never before beheld the like.

We left Portland this morning at seven, on the steamer *Dixie Thompson*. An hour brought us down the Willamette to its junction with the great river. At that spot lay a scene lovely as the morning itself. Standing well above the water in front of us were

two small islands, fringed to their margin with alders, willows, and young cottonwood. Beyond them gleamed the Columbia, over a mile wide at that point. On our right, gliding up a narrow bayou, was a canoe, propelled by two of Oregon's nut-brown sons. Both banks of the Willamette talked outright in their bright green. Upon all fell a brilliant sunlight. Over all arched a cloudless sky. Ere we had half taken in the picture, the *Thompson* turned a V-shaped point of land, swept out into the Columbia, and headed eastward.

Six miles above us, now, on the Washington side, rose the spires of Vancouver, a pleasant little town of about a thousand people, and the supply depot for the Military Department of the Columbia. It contains an arsenal, barracks for troops, and residences for officers. The place is noted for its inviting drives and handsome location, the latter being a gentle grade extending perhaps a quarter of a mile back from the river, and crowned with fine dwellings. From its crest may be obtained a grand view of the Columbia and of the Oregon country beyond. In 1853 the honored soldier who now sleeps quietly in Riverside Park was in command at this fort. As I write, one tells me that during that year he was promoted to the rank of captain and transferred to Fort Humboldt, in Northern California. At dinner-table, on the steamer, his eminent services and painful illness were the theme of conversation.



326 Rooster Rock and The Needles.

The captain had known him as Lieutenant Grant, if I remember correctly.

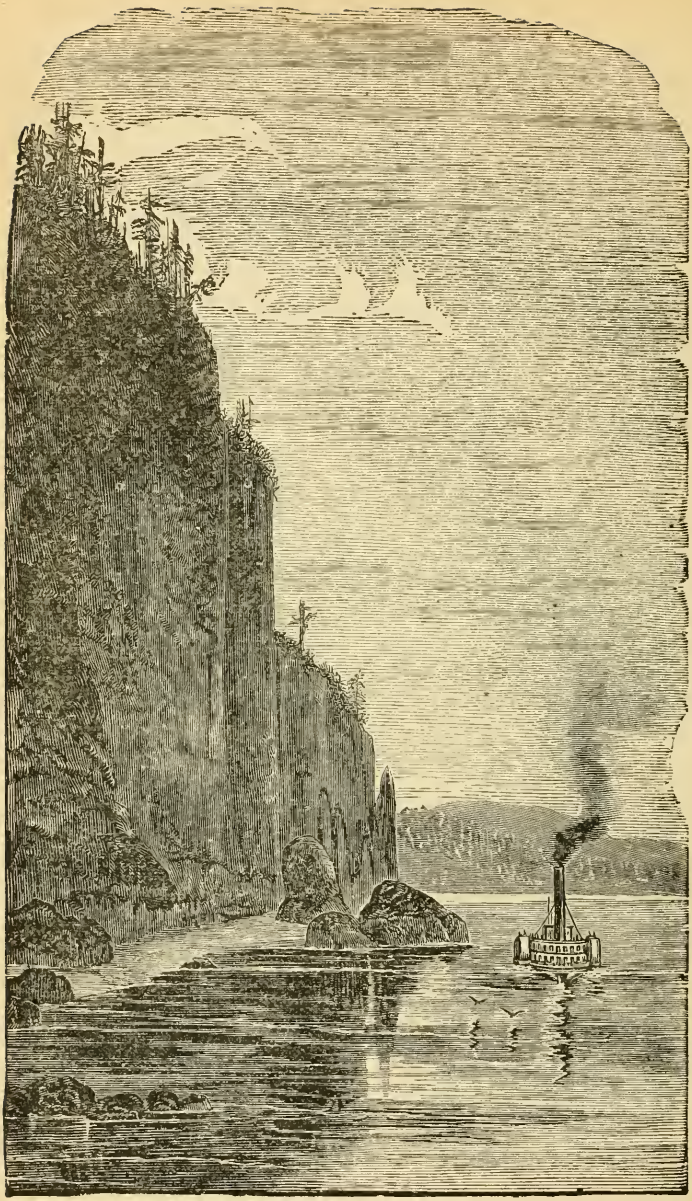
Leaving Vancouver, the *Thompson* soon approached the point where the river emerges from its grand gorge in the Cascade Range, and before noon we had stupendous scenery on either side, nearly every mile contributing some object of special interest.

"Do you see that lofty rock rising out of the water, just ahead, on the Oregon side?" asked the purser, a young man from Chicago, as we turned away from Vancouver.

"Yes," answered the parties addressed—a lady and gentlemen from New Haven, Connecticut, on their way to Yellowstone Park, and but recently from the "Grand Cañon of the Colorado."

"Well, that is Rooster Rock, one of the marvels of the Columbia. We shall pass it close on our left."

The "marvel" is a column of dark basalt, of irregular conical shape, resting on the bed of the river sixty feet below the surface, and rising probably one hundred and fifty feet above the surging water. The powerful current must have spent ages in hewing the staunch shaft into its present shape. "Looks it like a rooster?" No. It has not the slightest resemblance to one, but the top offers an admirable place from which to crow, could Mr. Gallus but reach it. Near by is another mass of rock, which



Cape Horn, Columbia River.

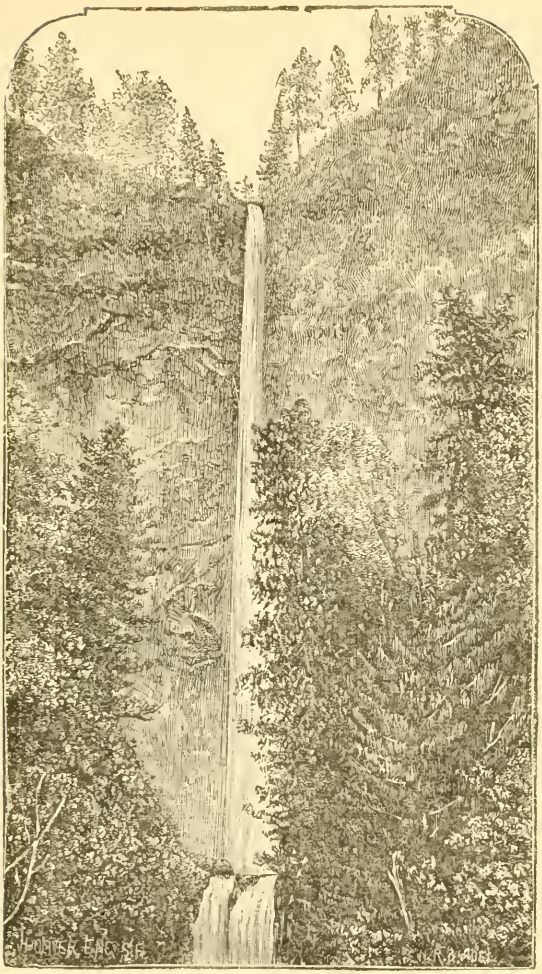
answers very well for a hen, and scattered about are smaller ones, very suitable for chickens; thus is the spot supplied with a whole family of the domestic fowl.

Passing over now to the Washington side, the steamer soon rounded "Cape Horn," a splendid aggregation of columnar basalt, rising almost perpendicularly from the water to a height of eight hundred or a thousand feet, and "revealing the successive overflows of lava by which the peaks of the Cascades were built up during the Miocene period." From the Cape onward, the mighty stream wound this way and that, until we had passed the Cascades, one hundred and sixty-five miles from its mouth. On either side towered mountains with summits from three to five thousand feet above us, in many instances showing almost sheer perpendicular sides. A mere glance at them made one dizzy. Words can convey no idea of the splendid succession of cliffs, cones, columns, water-falls, and bits of sweet valley scenery, visible from the deck of the steamer—by far the most satisfactory mode of seeing these wonders of the Columbia. The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's road from Portland to Walla Walla, in South-eastern Washington, runs up the Oregon side of the river from near Rooster Rock to Dalles City, above the Cascades, and from the car-windows affords many fine views of the scenery; still, the water route is infinitely preferable.

Yet better than either is both. Reader, you may some day come to the coast. Make the gorge of the Columbia yours forever, by seeing it from car-seat and from steamer's deck, as the writer did.

Dinner was in progress when the purser announced: "We are passing the Multnomah Fall." Instantly we were outside. Among the Oregon peaks, close against the dark rocks, and pouring from a perilous height, appeared a broad ribbon of foam, but so distant that much of its beauty was lost. However, upon returning by cars two days later I had the pleasure of standing so near the beautiful object that the spray therefrom might have sprinkled my face. The train halted a few rods in front of it, and twenty minutes were allowed for a climb up the rough path leading to the wonder. The total length of the fall is not quite nine hundred feet. From the top it pours straight down an unbroken descent of eight hundred feet into a tiny basin, which its ceaseless action for centuries has scooped out of the solid rock. From the basin it makes another plunge of nearly one hundred feet. Before reaching the receptacle, the upper fall becomes a column of feathery foam, often swayed by the wind, and glorified by the sun. It rivets your gaze. It talks to you. But you can't talk back. When the engineer rings his bell you wish—only for a moment—that locomotives had not been invented.

Farther up the stream, on the Oregon side, tum-



Multnomah Fall, Oregon.

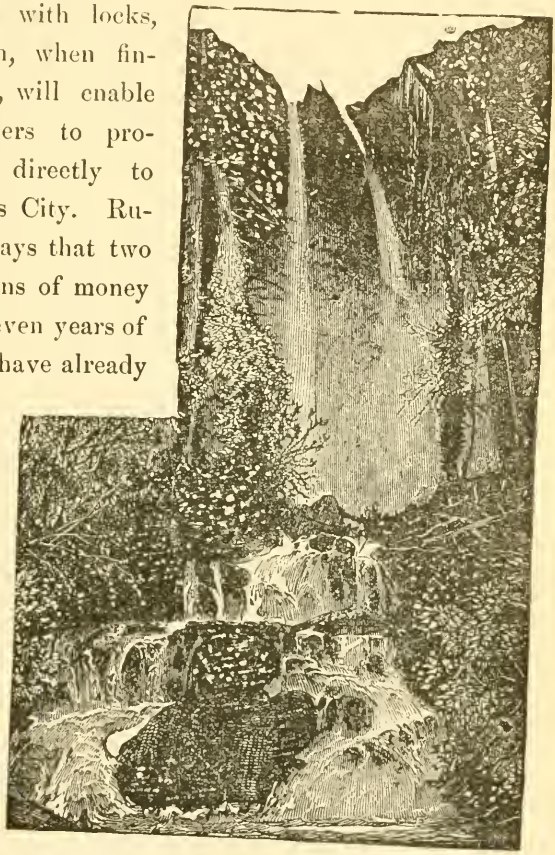
bles the Oneonta Fall, scarcely less beautiful, not accessible, but visible from the boats. Twice in a

descent of "about a thousand feet" is its flow broken by jutting rocks. Away back in cramped cañons are caught, from the steamer's deck, bright views of other falls, also rolling down from dizzy altitudes.

Arriving at the Lower Cascade, the *Thompson* drew up to a diminutive station-house on the Washington bank. Here the passengers were transferred to a queer little railway car, attached to a pocket platform car for freight and baggage, with a Lilliputian engine in front of both. No sooner were we seated than away darted the whole concern, twisting in and out among rocks and trees, to another station above the Upper Cascade, a distance of six miles. Here, leaving the infant train, we re-embarked on a new, clean, nicely furnished little steamer for Dalles City, forty-one miles above.

In the "Cascades" we were disappointed. Nature has there "photographed her work down" until it takes an exceedingly lively imagination to preceive cascades at all. There is far too little tumble and foam of water. Too few ragged rocks are thrown about, and deeply notched ledges came near being forgotten. Still she has put things in such confusion that it will consume millions of money from the United States Treasury to repair the mischief. The unobstructed navigation of a great water-way, penetrating the heart of a vast country as does the Columbia, is a matter of exceeding im-

portance to the people. The Government realizes this, and has therefore begun at the Cascades the construction of a canal with locks, which, when finished, will enable steamers to proceed directly to Dalles City. Rumor says that two millions of money and seven years of labor have already



"Bright Views of other Falls."

been expended upon the work, and yet is it far from completion. Farmers and business men living all over the "Inland Empire" are impatient for the

end, realizig that cheaper transportation for its products will draw to the rich region both capital and enterprise.

Some miles above the Cascades, the captain, coming down from the pilot-house, said to us: "Just around that point we are approaching, you will obtain the finest view of Mount Hood to be had on the Columbia." So, stepping to the Oregon side of the boat, we waited the opportune moment. Now—twenty miles distant stood the dead volcano, full in view, wrapped in immaculate snow, glistening like burnished silver in the sunlight, stretching above all the stately summits around.

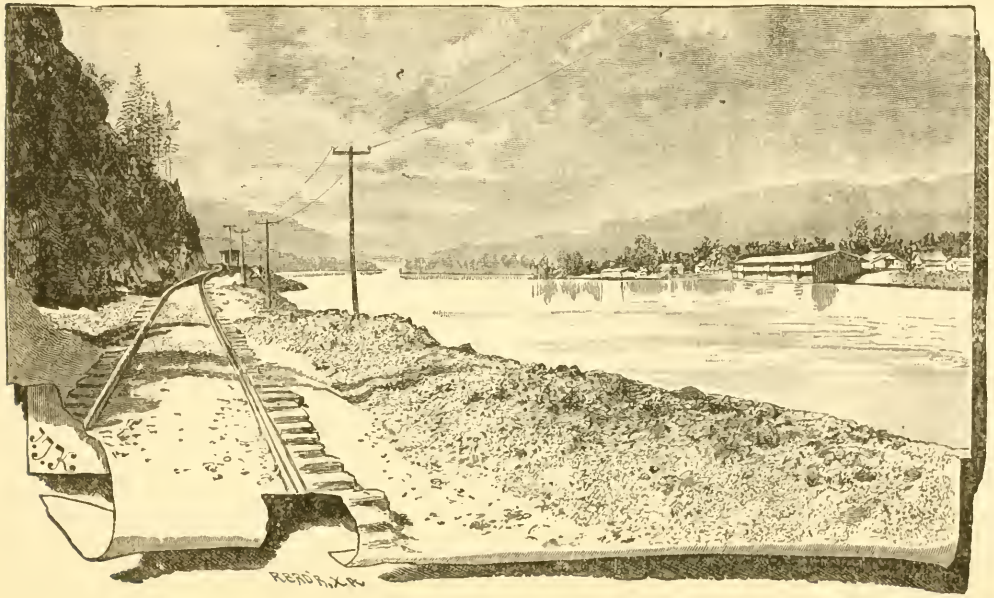
"And now," once more questioned the courteous captain, "do you see that lofty hill, just here on the left? Right there Bierstadt sketched his great picture of Mount Hood. He was charmed with the view of the old fellow from that point. But step here. Look down the river. Do you see? That gives you the finest view on the Columbia. Every year artists come up here to sketch that scene.

We turned to see. On either side the river, for a long way, the grand elevations appeared as if dovetailed together; yet by their configuration could the windings of the vast gorge be traced for miles. It was a suggestive scene, in perfect repose, but full of might. Manifold were its lines of beauty. Other than the most skillful brush would fail to put it on canvas. In that neighborhood the Salmon

Cascades of the Columbia River.

River flows into the Columbia, on the Washington side. A glance up the rift it has made in the everlasting hills, shows Mount Adams's white head, thirty miles away.

The captain, very desirous that we should see all the points of interest, next called our attention to "Memalose Island," a small basalt body, in view, on the left. On the margin, facing us, appeared a modest monument of white marble. It marks the resting-place of one Victor Trevett, an eccentric Oregon pioneer, who left the shores of time some two years ago, in San Francisco. Mr. Trevett had a knowledge of Memalose Island. He had also a lively fear lest his body should some time be disinterred, if consigned to the earth in any of the cemeteries of San Francisco; so he charged his relatives to deposit it on this islet, where, he believed, its rest would remain unbroken until the end of time. They obeyed him, and here he lies, far enough from "that bad city" to escape any dreadful doom that may overtake it. But Mr. Trevett sleeps not alone here. Long before a pale-face propelled a canoe on the Columbia, the Indians of the region were accustomed to bring hither, from long distances sometimes, their deceased relatives, and place them inside small, low houses, built up loosely of poles. Here they moldered back to dust, the wild winds which drive down the gorge having free access to them, and in time scattering that



A View on the Columbia.

dust upon river and mountain. One house filled, they erected another. And to-day as we sail by we count five of these well-aired tombs. Very different are the memorials set up by the two races. Will they at all affect the ease of the dead when the loud trumpet shall sound? Memalose is the Indian for "Island of the Dead."

But while I have been making these notes, island and tombs have receded from sight. Looking up, I find the Columbia flowing between foothills lessening in height every mile. Now the great Cascade Range is behind us. Before us stretches the vast Columbia Basin. It is six o'clock, evening. A half-hour later the steamer sets us ashore in Dalles City, two hundred and six miles from the Pacific, and about two-third the distance across the State of Oregon. The Columbia is a deep, rapid stream, thirteen hundred miles long, and navigable for steamers of but ordinary size, only to the above point. Its source is the Columbia Lakes in the Rocky Mountains, nearly four thousand feet above sea-level. It is the largest river in the United States flowing into the Pacific.

XXXVI.

In the Columbia Basin.

MY destination being Walla Walla, in the extreme south-eastern corner of Washington Territory, and the train from Portland thither being due at nine in the evening, there were two hours and a half to be whiled away in Dalles City as best one could. I determined, therefore, as did my Connecticut friends, to walk about the place and ascertain what of interest it contained.

We found its population to be about thirty-three hundred, and its location, on a gentle incline extending from the great river back to a range of low hills, very pleasant indeed. Climbing to the top of these hills by the flights of steps and little bridges, provided by the citizens that the outlook may be enjoyed, we were well rewarded for our effort. Beyond the hills, eastward, stretches—country, endless country. Everywhere is vastness, vastness of prairie on one hand, vastness of mountains on the other.

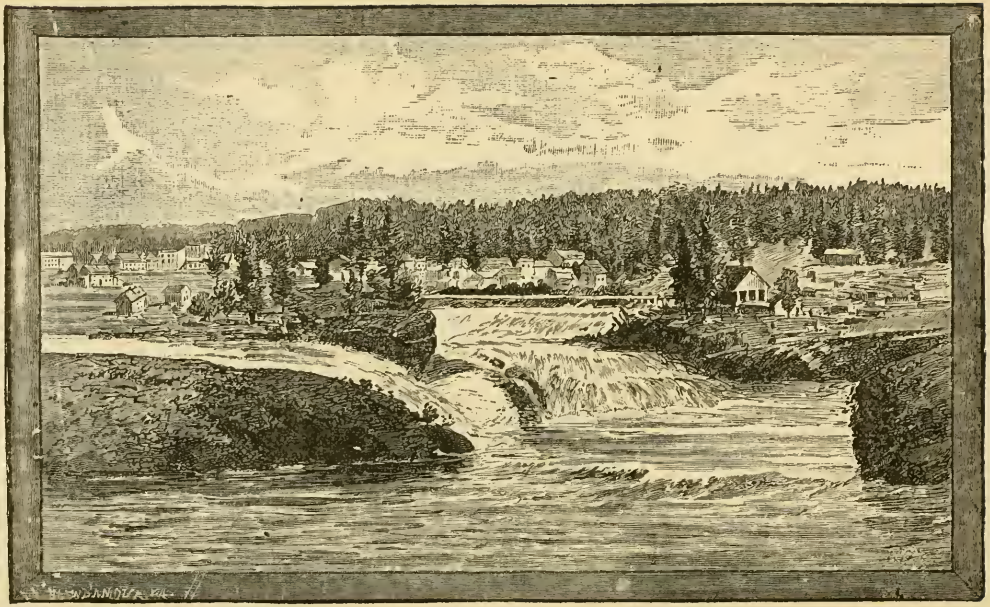
The banks of the Columbia being nowhere crowded with inhabitants, not even where the hills recede from them sufficiently for the purpose, Dalles City is the largest and most important point at

which steamers stop after leaving Vancouver. It publishes two newspapers; contains four or five neat churches; displays a fine new school-house, much ahead of present necessities as to accommodations; exhibits numerous tasteful dwellings, embowered in a great deal of shade for a treeless region; presents a number of small stores and shops; and has a spacious, well-conducted hotel, called the Umatilla House. Its dining-room, in respect to size, is modeled after the Columbia Basin, and was no doubt planned in anticipation of an immense through travel from "the States." But in the distance we descry the head-light of the train from Portland. So we bid the bright little town at the western gateway of the Inland Empire good-night. We are off for Walla Walla, distant an all-night's ride.

There have always existed small towns, whose name and fame have, for peculiar reasons, extended far beyond their natural limits. Walla Walla is such a town. I have read of it ever since I can remember. Indeed, it was in print before it had being. Its settlement began in 1839. Three things, if no more, have conduced to its reputation. First, a hero and his wife—Dr. and Mrs. Whitman—fixed their abode near the place as early as 1837. Second, the occurrence of a terrible tragedy on the site of that abode, in which fifteen persons lost their lives ten years later, rendered the name a household

word in missionary circles east of the Mississippi. Then followed the discovery that the soil of the region was finely adapted to the raising of cereals, wheat especially, excellent in quality, surprising in quantity. This sent its name across the seas, and to-day "Walla-Walla wheat" is known in the grain-markets of the world. Walla Walla has also long been a military station for holding the Indians in subjection. It contains the customary arsenal, quarters for soldiers, and dwellings for officers.

Walla Walla lies six miles north of the boundary-line of Oregon, in the county and valley of that name. It stands near the center of the immense district drained by the Columbia and its tributaries east of the Cascade Range. Mountain chains hem the region on the east, south, and west, as does a series of steppes, hills, and summits on the north. The soil of the vast area is composed chiefly of disintegrated basalt, or pulverized ashes and scoriæ, and is the product of the overflows of the long eruptive volcanoes of the Cascade Range. It is of great depth, and inexhaustibly fertile. For years it was considered worthless for other than grazing purposes, except in certain valley situations. When the settlers became too numerous to draw bread from these valleys, it was discovered, almost accidentally, that the entire section would produce bountifully, not only the grains, but the chief fruits of our zone



Spokane Falls, Columbia Basin.

including all the favorite berries. Growing grapes for raisins has been attempted slightly, if at all. The wine varieties thrive well. Wheat, however, is the great staple.

Heretofore the variety known as "club wheat" has been generally raised. It offers a particular advantage, in that the chaff does not open and lose the berry, a material consideration in a land where, the rain-fall being light, the crop may stand until harvesting is convenient. But experiments conducted during the past two or three years with Scotch Fife wheat, indicate that it will exceed in production the variety now grown by about twenty-nine per cent. It also makes a flour likely to be more acceptable to the market. It has been estimated that the average yield of wheat per acre in the Columbia Basin is seventy-seven per cent greater than that of any other wheat section in the United States.

Mr. H. P. Isaacs, a gentleman extensively engaged in the manufacture of flour in Walla Walla and at Prescott, forty-one miles distant, claims that it will tax the utmost carrying capacity of the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's road for one year, to convey the present season's crop to Portland—practically the sea-board. He places the harvest at from two and a half to three million tons. The size of the berry this year is remarkable. Mr. Isaacs has long resided in Walla Walla, and

affirms that any man who chooses to settle in that valley, bringing with him good health, strict economy, and ordinary business sagacity will in a few years become well-to-do, though coming with but small capital.

Along the western slope of the Blue Mountains, bounding the Walla-Walla Valley on the east, may be seen to-day eighty miles of continuous wheat-fields, lying all golden under the bright sun. Yesterday afternoon Miss Bessie Isaacs, a young lady of rare intelligence and good sense, drove me to a point where I could see vast acres of this yellow grain. Looking at the scene, it occurred to me that not far away are the new gold-mines of Union County, Oregon, over which the journalists of the State appear to be losing their heads just now, and that editorial wisdom and eloquence would be better expended in liberally advocating wheat-mining instead.

The climate of the Walla-Walla Valley—I quote one of its citizens—resembles that of Sicily. Situated east of the Cascades, and one thousand feet above the sea, the atmosphere is both warmer and dryer than that of the Willamette Valley, which lies at sea-level, and is often invaded by fogs. In Summer, particularly at midday, the mercury sometimes registers a high temperature, but the evenings and nights are always agreeably cool. From personal experience the writer can say, that at noon

to-day an almost tropical fervor prevailed; but at sunset a fine breeze sprung up, and after tea, when Miss Isaacs drove me to the train, for return to Portland, warm wraps were comfortable.

The editor of the Walla Walla *Union*, writing on climatology in the Columbia Basin, says of this valley: In Winter it is not uncommon for the mercury to fall to zero for a night or two, but as a rule it plays between ten and forty degrees above, not infrequently rising to sixty and remaining there for days together. Fifty-five degrees is the average temperature of the whole Columbia Basin. The average annual rain-fall of the Walla Walla district is sixteen inches. The amount of snow-fall varies with the seasons. Ordinarily farmers do not feed their stock in Winter, the sage-brush and the nutritious bunch-grass affording them ample provender; yet in every Winter there are days when feeding must be done.

The small city of Walla Walla contains too many newspapers and churches. Of the former, there are three daily and five weekly, all pushing for more subscribers. Of churches, there are eight or nine. One edifice, built a few years since, by donations solicited in the East, stands with doors closed, because, as said my informant, "there is really no need of its existence." This means, not that the Gospel has no mission to accomplish in the place, nor that the people will not listen to preaching, but

that too many denominations have attempted to gain a foot-hold in the community. Is not this feature noticeable in almost every one of the young towns which dot the wide West? Would not the people be fully as upright and intelligent were there fewer churches and journals? As things are, both agencies are making a desperate struggle to live. I am deeply pained whenever I see a half-dozen handfuls of Christ's people resorting to suppers, concerts, fairs, tableaux, and even dramatic readings, to maintain for each a pastor and church services. In that sublime seventeenth chapter of John, the Savior prayed that his followers might all be one. Why? "That the *world* may *know* that thou hast sent me." Divided Christian strength and forces, on our frontiers, where wickedness usually concentrates, is a state of things quite to the devil's liking. Moreover he is never much alarmed when the Lord's children are absorbed in giving entertainments.

Perhaps a word of explanation needs to be said with reference to Walla-Walla. Five years ago, when the Northern Pacific Railway was striding toward completion, every interest in the Columbia Basin expanded, in the imaginations of the people, to abnormal proportions. Caught in that cyclone of enthusiasm, Walla Walla laid foundations for metropolitan size. Barely, however, had the last spike been driven ere "the enterprise collapsed with appalling results, for a time, to the North-west."

Some time after the shock the little city straightened herself up, looked around upon her miles of rich wheat land, and concluded all was not lost. But some of the unnecessary things which then came in, she still retains.

The place has important railroad connections east and west,with two or more local lines penetrating productive sections at a distance. Its schools are excellent, including Whitman College, now coming forward as the pioneer institution for higher learning in Eastern Washington. The college is one of the outgrowths of heroic missionary endeavor begun among the Indians of this Basin fifty years ago. The college is intended as a monument to Dr. Whitman and his wife, who, as already mentioned, were put to death at Waulatpu, six miles from Walla Walla, in 1847, by the people they came to serve. Dr. Whitman was a man of dauntless spirit, of invincible energy. Their journey to Oregon, in 1837, was accomplished in the face of the most formidable difficulties, the transit of the Rocky Mountains being effected by a new trail, and heartily opposed by the Hudson Bay Company, then arrogating to itself control of all this north-western country. Dr. and Mrs. Whitman were accompanied by a Mr. and Mrs. Spaulding, also missionaries and recently married. The two ladies were the first white women who crossed the Rocky Mountains into Oregon, thus leading the long column of equally devoted wives,

who, in after years, came to the North-west over the perilous way. Here, on this then fruitless plain, did that little pioneer band take the initiative step in establishing the arts of peace, now flourishing on every hand. Here opened they the way for this thriving village; for this nucleus of a university for the "Inland Empire;" for the eighty miles of ripening wheat this day fringing the distant Blue Hills.

Some histories of the North-west give to Dr. Whitman the credit of rendering the following remarkable service to his country. Others, with apparent justice, deny him the honor. Out of this difference of opinion has sprung a lively controversy among local writers, and some warm feeling, particularly on the part of the friends of Dr. Whitman. Happily, it matters little to him, now sleeping quietly at Waulatpu, who "saved Oregon to the United States." The story is interesting, and, lacking time and opportunity to verify claims, were it possible to be done, I append here the version of the matter generally accepted in the locality where Dr. Whitman lived and died.

In the Winter of 1842, while on a visit to Fort Vancouver, then a British military and supply station, Dr. Whitman obtained evidence which he regarded as positive that the English were quietly planning to take possession of "all Oregon," as our present portion of the Pacific North-west was then called, by introducing actual British settlers, a con-

siderable company of whom were then on their way to the Territory. Dr. Whitman at once resolved to frustrate the scheme. Promptly returning to Waulatpu, he related his discovery to other members of the mission, and arranged for an immediate departure to Washington. It was midwinter, and the perils of the way were appalling. But mounting his horse he set out, and successfully accomplished the feat. Appearing at the Capital, he so impressed upon Daniel Webster, then Secretary of State, the importance of retaining Oregon, as to thwart, so it is claimed, negotiations then pending with England for its exchange for a comparatively unimportant fishing territory off our north-eastern coast.

This mission accomplished, the intrepid man quickly retraced his steps to St. Louis, where he accepted the leadership of a large party of emigrants already under way for Oregon, and successfully conducting them across the mountains by the route over which he had twice passed, he brought them into the Territory in advance of the English company, himself and his party thus taking possession of the now immensely valuable region for the United States. Dr. Whitman accomplished his great feat in the short space of eleven months.

On the 29th of November, four years subsequently, occurred the massacre of Dr. and Mrs. Whitman and thirteen others by the Indians. The writer, then a child, remembers the thrill of horror

excited among those interested in Indian missions when news of the dark deed reached the East. "For an entire week," said Mrs. Isaacs, speaking of the tragedy, "the dead lay unburied where they were slain, while fifty others were borne away as captives."

Six miles before the train arrives at Walla Walla the train men announce "Whitman Station." Near at hand lies the scene of that painful deed. There rests the dust of the martyrs. In time a memento of stone will mark the spot; but while that delays, Whitman College is rising, a nobler tribute to the self-denying missionaries.

XXXVII.

A Noble Woman.

WHAT SHE DID—HOW SHE DID IT.

AS in the landscape, visible from the bluff which sweeps around Portland, there are a number of grand snow-cones which tower above the lesser summits of the Cascade Range, so within that city there live women who, in talent, influence, and unselfish labors for the race, rise above the common level of their sex in the community. Not more loving are they than other women, not more beautiful, not greater favorites in society; but in strong characteristics, in breadth of views, in versatility of gifts, in persistency of purpose, they surpass other women. They are women, not indifferent to criticism, but fearless of it. Must an unaccustomed course be taken, they stop not to inquire, "What will be said about it?" but *take* it.

Of one such woman I desire to speak in this chapter—one who, in early days in Oregon, encountered perils as varied as did the chief of the apostles in Minor Asia. If she fought not with wild beast in any Western Ephesus, nor was stoned, nor beaten with rods, nor passed nights nor days in the deep, she was certainly "in perils among false

brethren." She struggled with poverty, with illnesses, with disappointments, toiled night and day to support a large family, resisted fierce prejudices, was evil-spoken against, contended for years with those who were intolerant of innovations upon a long established, but unjust, order of things.

One day in 1852—possibly 1851—there might have been seen filing out upon the prairie, from Peoria, Illinois, with faces set westward, a family of ten persons by the name of Scott. It consisted of the father, mother, two sons, and six daughters. The fame of the rich Willamette Valley had reached their ears, and thither were they bound with all their worldly possessions. For some weeks there befell the company only the usual haps and mishaps incident to transcontinental travel in that early day. No occasion for serious heartache occurred until the little band reached a point about sixty miles west of Fort Laramie. There the tender mother paused in the tiresome journey, and lay down to die amid the solitude of the Black Hills of Wyoming. Burying her by the roadside, the sorrowful group moved on, the eldest daughter taking the mother's place in the family. But trials never come singly. A few days later, the younger son, an interesting lad, added another to the long line of sleepers bordering the emigrant trail from St. Louis to the Valley of the Columbia. Their passage of the Rocky Mountains was by a route nearly coincident

with that adopted by Dr. Whitman, when piloting his long caravan of eight hundred settlers into the Walla Walla Valley in 1842.

Abigail Scott, the second daughter, naturally of

Emigrants Crossing the Mountains.

a literary turn, was from the outset the scribe of the family, and recorded the events of the wearisome march. Preserved to this day, the pages of that record, in their force, clearness, and diction, foreshadowed the noble service she has since rendered

the Pacific North-west with her pen. Her description of the last vigils beside her dying brother, with the solemnities of night and of nature around them, is most vivid and touching, while her portrayal of lighter events is very bright and amusing.

In due time the residue of the family arrived in the Willamette Valley, and located at Albany, some eighty miles south of Portland. Not long afterward the arguments of an excellent young man by the name of Duniway, convinced Abigail that taking his name would insure the happiness of both. They were married, and soon settled upon a farm, beginning their fortune-building, with youth, energy, and industry for capital. In the attempt the young wife shrank from no task. Naturally acquisitive, she made every stroke tell toward winning a home.

As the years sped by there were born to them five sons and a daughter. For them all the young mother diligently washed, ironed, cooked, scrubbed, made and mended garments, and faithfully cared in illness. To this she usually added marketing the produce of the farm, and purchasing the supplies for the household. Thus passed nine years of unremitting labor. At their close, Mr. and Mrs. Duniway found themselves in circumstances of comparative ease. But now there occurred, so to speak, a business cyclone which swept away all their hard earnings with a stroke. A party for whom Mr. Duniway became responsible, failed to

meet his obligations, and the fine farm met them for him. Thus were the couple set back to their starting-point, but with six more mouths to feed, six more bodies to clothe. Barely, however, had this blow fallen, when Mr. Duniway met with an accident which rendered him helpless for years. This threw upon the wife the total support of the family. She was equal to the emergency, and put forth the most heroic endeavors.

Of the few occupations then open to women in Oregon, school-teaching was at once adopted by Mrs. Duniway, in addition to her domestic tasks. Preferring a public school, she passed the required examination, obtained a certificate of the first grade, and applied for the school at the village of Eugene, if I am correct. To her astonishment, the position, with a salary more liberal than she had required, was given to a man who, applying for a certificate at the same time with herself, had received a testimonial of the second grade only, both himself and the directors being aware how deplorable was her need.

Did she now give up in despair? She was far too heroic to do that. Quickly arranging therefor, she began private teaching; but the income from that source being inadequate, she added to her labors the keeping of boarders. These lines of work Mrs. Duniway pursued four years, day and night, performing prodigies of toil in the way of

washing, ironing, cooking, sewing, and at times sawing the wood.

At the close of this period, to further increase her income became imperative. How *could* she do it? For years she had performed the labor of at least three strong women. The result was impaired health and an undermined constitution. Still left her were courage and versatile ability. Her course was soon shaped. Abandoning teaching, Mrs. Duniway removed her husband and little flock to Lafayette, a now thriving village some miles south of Portland, where she opened a millinery establishment. The prevailing sentiment among men in Oregon in that day was intensely averse to a married woman's venturing beyond the precincts of home for employment. It was this generous notion which had closed to the struggling woman the door of the public school. Its next endeavor was to prevent her success in business. To that end various hindrances were thrown in her way. Nevertheless she maintained her ground, and made some money.

Meantime all these experiences had been laid up. Other women in Oregon had encountered the same difficulties. Was there no remedy? Must women toiling for bread for themselves and children be thwarted and overreached, and there be no redress? How read the laws of Oregon with reference to such matters? questioned the woman. Said

Mrs. Cook, her eldest sister, speaking of this period in Mrs. Duniway's life:

"From her girlhood Abigail had never been able to comprehend why a woman, doing the same work as a man, doing it as well, oftentimes better, should not receive the same considerate treatment, and the same compensation; and from the time of her millinery enterprise her views crystallized rapidly, bringing her to a turning point in life."

Her attention having frequently been called and to the legal disabilities under which women lived in Oregon, Mrs. Duniway resolved to devote herself to efforts for their relief. The first token which the public eye observed of this new departure, was the deliberate selling out of her millinery establishment, and the purchasing an outfit for a newspaper! Employing an experienced printer to superintend the mechanical work of the office, and assigning to her two eldest sons the task of setting the type, she herself took the editor's chair. On June 15, 1871, the first copy of *The New Northwest* appeared in the field of journalism. Its mechanical appearance, the character of its leading articles, the freshness of its news paragraphs, and the strength of its editorials placed the stranger sheet behind no journal of the State. And the womanly modesty, as well as force, with which the proprietor set forth her reasons for—being a newspaper, elicited not a few congratulations from rival knights

of the pen. But better had it been for school directors, liquor-sellers, and some tradesmen had they encouraged the woman to continue making bonnets.

In her neat address to the public, Mrs. Duniway made no definite reference to her purpose in founding *The New Northwest*, which was the advocation of woman's suffrage, the most certain means, as she believed, of securing to her sex the legal redress so needful. Barely, however, was the new craft well under way than its mission was disclosed. From that moment, as she had expected, there poured upon the head of the devoted woman a pitiless rain of red-hot articles from the pens of editors and other writers of the coast. Few women could have endured that long-continued scorching. But, as said one who but slightly, if at all, shared her opinions: "There was abundant martyr material in her make-up, and she quailed not for a moment."

Not long after *The New Northwest* entered the newspaper arena Susan B. Anthony visited Oregon. Upon meeting its editor, learning her views on the suffrage question, and finding she was an effective speaker, she urged her taking the platform in behalf of that cause. Mrs. Duniway was ready for this line of effort also, and soon became the recognized leader of the suffrage ranks of the Pacific Coast. For fourteen years thereafter she left untried no proper endeavor to secure to the

women of Oregon and Washington the privilege of the franchise. In Washington success has been partially attained, the women voting in certain cases. In Oregon her victories have been of another character. By her influence has been effected an almost total revolution in the property laws of the State as pertaining to women, some of which were a disgrace to its statute-books. Her efforts to this end have exceeded, it has been said, those of all other persons of the State combined. Formerly in Oregon the liquor-bills of a thriftless, intemperate husband could be made a lien upon the wages of a wife, even when earned by working out by the week. Mrs. Duniway determined this law should be repealed, and it was. Other similar enactments met with the same fate, or were so amended as to be unobjectionable.

Fortunately, in the foreman of her printing establishment Mrs. Duniway secured an honorable and a capable assistant. As her sons reached suitable age the mother put them to learning the printer's trade under his instructions, when not busy with their studies. To-day Mrs. Duniway has five sons who are not only accomplished practical printers, but young writers of experience and ability, and all devoting their energies in some capacity to *The New Northwest.* For six years past the three eldest have been its responsible managers. They are sensible, industrious, temperate, and courteous young men, respected

in the community, devoted to their mother, and all residents in her home, on the corner of Fifth and Clay Streets.

Whenever a subject of importance is to be discussed in the paper, some one of the three takes it in hand, deals with it from his point of view, and then submits it to the others, by whom the work is carefully reviewed, and such changes made as are deemed best, the writer acquiescing gracefully. If he be absent from home, the two at their post take the liberty of "cutting his manuscript" if necessary, and never is an objection raised. Articles from the mother's pen fare no better, as I discovered yesterday. Upon my calling at the office for an item of information, one of the proprietors, referring to a communication his mother had written while absent from the city, said:

"We have without hesitation omitted whole paragraphs, simply because the subject being a local one, we are more familiar with the circumstances than is mother. She will thank us when she returns." At the same time he remarked, alluding to another matter:

"We mean it shall be distinctly understood by the public, that we stand by our mother and her opinions. We always have, and always shall. What she has done for us, not many women do for their sons. And every day but increases our love and respect for her."

It need scarcely be added that Mrs. Duniway has quite outlived the cutting ridicule from newspapers, politicians, and people, which her course excited on this part of the coast fourteen years ago. She was then generously accused of "neglecting her home, her children, her invalid husband." Her sons, it was averred, were "growing up a worthless, dangerous troop, a disgrace to the community." Now that fierce unreasoning cry has ceased, and she is reaping the rich rewards of a life of conspicuous self-denial and fidelity to duty.

Mrs. Duniway has contributed to the literature of the North-west Coast, "David and Anna Matteson," one volume, in verse. It is a story of New England life, woven out of the thrilling history of a sea-faring man and his family. It is written in a vigorous style, and incites to a life of lofty patience, of sublime self-denial on one hand, and on the other, portrays selfishness as a corroding rust, destroying every charming trait of human character. The book was another of Mrs. Duniway's attempts—and successes—for the support of her family, its sale as well as authorship being her personal work.

Of the six young girls who rode out of Peoria on that early Summer day, the subject of this sketch is not the only one who in Oregon fought her way through adversities in serried ranks. Of one other, something will be said in a subsequent chapter.

XXXVIII.

Oregon's Capital—Prune Culture.

IN midsummer, with the doors of the State House closed, the legislators dispersed, and probably one-fourth of its citizens breathing salt air beside the far-off sea, Salem, the civil capital of Oregon, is but a quiet city—population in the fifth thousand—with remarkably wide streets, a fair amount of shade, numerous fine homes, and the usual list of State institutions. Fifty-three miles south of Portland—the commercial metropolis, lying in a marvelously rich valley, with the beautiful Willamette flowing by on the west, affording plenty of water-power for manufactures, Salem should soon be a large city. A railroad built westward to tide-water at Coos Bay, and another through the heart of Eastern Oregon to close connection with a through line to the East, and the inviting of manufactures by granting land whereon to plant them, would certainly make it such.

A good map of Oregon will show the reader Salem, situated not like the law-making town of Ohio, near the center of the State, but far up in the north-western corner, with the great commonwealth (Oregon is twice as large as the State of New York,

with two hundred and seventy-four square miles to spare) stretching eastward from it about three hundred and thirty miles, and southward over two hundred miles, while the northern and western boundaries are distant from sixty to seventy miles respectively.

Salem was settled early in the century by a company of missionaries from Massachusetts, and takes its name from Salem in that State; thus again have we towns of the same name on both our ocean shores. The place was laid out by one of the missionaries. He happened to have the good sense and uprightness to give to its streets and avenues broad-gauge dimensions. For this he should be accorded the fervent gratitude of all Salem people who shall come after him.

In the erection of its State buildings, Oregon can not be charged with extravagance. The State-house is a cheerful-looking structure, built of brick, stuccoed, impressive only in length, and destitute of turret or dome; but its plan contemplates the latter on a grand scale, over the broad passage separating the legislative chambers, with minor elevations on each end. The ample park in which the capitol stands is inclosed by a plain fence, but lacks ornamentation in the form of shrubs and flowers, and has a scarcity of fine shade-trees. However, it offers a good opportunity for a landscape artist to display his talent. These probably are matters which concern the law-makers not materially. Since they

are here but in Winter, the absence of bloom and beauty is little regretted. On the same street, nearer the heart of business, stands a new court-house, a handsome edifice of brick. Were this the capitol the voice of disappointment would not be heard. Opposite the State-house appears the Willamette University, the property of the Methodists. Other institutions in Salem are the State Prison, the Asylum for the Insane—pronounced by Elizabeth Dix one of the best conducted in the country—the School for Deaf Mutes, and the Indian Training-school, established five years ago under control of the Department of the Interior, and located on the Oregon and California Railway, four miles out of the city.

In July last this institution presented diplomas to its first alumni. The class included both men and women. Citizens attending the exercises from other parts of the State speak in high terms of their demeanor, ability, and scholarship. Nevertheless, in the minds of some, sprung up grave apprehensions concerning the future of these young men and women, unless to every one were furnished such occupation and surroundings as would foster the good already begun in them. About on this wise a few days after the exercises, did one long familiar with Indian character express himself to the writer.

"Should any of these graduates return now to dwell among their kindred, the danger is that after a little they will lapse into their old habits of life.

Should any obtain situations among the white race in shops, stores, and factories, they must, to a great degree, live isolated, lonely lives, and eventually, giving up the contest, gravitate back to the hut and blanket. Let them even set up their own household and settle down among their race as tillers of the soil or as herdsmen, the promises are, that with the strong counter influence withdrawn, they will gradually drift down with the tide of heathenism around them. Then it is by no means certain that an educated young Indian will not take for his companion in life one who has never learned to read, nor has had an hour of training in an exemplary American home. Many a white man has done that. Neither is there assurance that a young Indian woman who has been taught to study, sew, cook, and keep house fairly well, will not bestow her heart upon a brave, whose highest accomplishments are skill in taking fish, picking hops, or handling saw-logs. In either case, unless the staunchest Christian principles have taken root, the party who has enjoyed the best advantages will succumb to the other."

One needs, perhaps, but to point to the results of the sequestration of the old Spanish missions in California for evidence that savage peoples brought under elevating influences for a term of years will, with those influences removed, quickly retrograde toward a wild life. What, then, shall be done? Shall not the training of the Indians continue? Assuredly;

for some from every institution, at every mission, the circumstances being helpful, will maintain their hold upon civilization, upon Christianity. But it will save discouragement in effort, save skepticism as to the final outcome, to remember that it requires, in most instances, generations of uplifting to so radically change the nature of savage tribes as to insure their progress in civilization and righteousness when left to shape their own career. It is not wholly the work of a few years' course in school. *That* gives a forceful start. The long holding on is another thing.

Salem has also made liberal provision for churches and common schools. The pioneers from Massachusetts were not the men and women to omit agencies so potent for the general welfare. Indeed, the "schools of the people" in Oregon rank among the best of the land, as do those of California. Attendance upon a single session of the Astoria State School Convention afforded evidence that the training of the body politic on our north-west coast is in able hands

Two large flour-mills add their ado to the impression of business made upon the visitor. One of them is operated by Scotch money, if not conducted by Scotchmen. The Willamette Valley being one of the famous wheat sections of the country, Salem, the heart of it, ought to be a favorable point for converting the cereal into flour.

Still little, if any, is manufactured for exportation. Mr. Samuel A. Clarke, the editor and proprietor of the *Willamette Farmer*, an ackowledged authority on such subjects, affirms that the wheat yield of the valley this year, will not exceed two-thirds the usual crop, and that thirty thousand tons will be about the amount for foreign export. The absence of rain at an important period, resulted in a shriveled berry.

It might be supposed that so remarkable a shrinkage in the harvest of a region which contributes so liberally to the breadstuffs of the world, would affect somewhat the price of flour the coming season. But when it is remembered that in England, and on our own Eastern sea-board, is still in store a considerable proportion of last year's harvest, and that most wheat countries are having average crops, it will be seen that the deficit in this valley can cause little mutation in prices.

In respect to climate, the Willamette Valley is a favored locality, albeit it is sometimes inopportunely visited by fogs. The mercury falls below freezing point but few times in the year. From 1862 to 1883, no ice formed in the valley thicker than window-glass. Last Winter, 1884, was an exception. Even water-pipes—laid, not from seven to nine feet below the surface as in many Eastern cities—froze up solidly, making the plumbers jubilant for several days. What causes this high tem-

perature? Well, first, the south-west trade-winds, about seventy per cent of the winds of the coast being from this direction. They sweep over Oregon and Washington, inland to the Cascade Range, and even penetrate the Columbia Basin through gorges in the mountains. Next, the Japan warm stream, of whose origin, extent, and influence upon the climate little is understood by the great majority of the people, contributes greatly toward the agreeable result. Fifty inches is the average amount of annual rain-fall.

The Willamette Valley embraces about five million acres of arable land. A large proportion of this is under cultivation and commands high prices. It yields most bountifully, not only the various cereals, but all the temperate fruits and vegetables. Mr. Clarke, to whom, and his gifted wife, I am much indebted for kindly attentions, penned for me the following interesting sketch of the origin of fruit-culture in Oregon:

"The first fruit-trees grown in this State—apples chiefly—were from seeds brought across the plains by emigrants, in 1838. The first orchard was planted in a sheltered cañon, about three hundred miles from the sea. The Hudson Bay Company also brought both seeds and trees from England, and planted them at and near Vancouver, and some other stations. Shortly after the gold era began in California, numerous farmers in the Willamette Valley, planted

many grafted apple-trees, at a cost of from fifty cents to one dollar each, and by a system of high cultivation, made them produce abundantly. The fruit then ranged from eight to twelve dollars per bushel, and in a few years these farmers had acquired very respectable fortunes, and could be seen riding about the country in fine carriages, some of which are running to this day. The apples were shipped to California for the miners, to various ports along the coast, and to the Sandwich Islands. Thus were 'Oregon red apples' famous throughout this region, until the great mining craze had materially waned. Then the Gold State, finding she must turn her hand to other pursuits, went into fruit-culture. Soon her valleys, foot-hills, and low mountains, began to bristle with orchards. The trees were in the right kind of soil, and grew with wonderful rapidity, and almost before Oregon was aware of it, California had apples of her own. Now it is her boast, that in pomological productions she quite excels the world."

Meanwhile Oregon orchards, grown to maturity, produced amazingly. The market was overstocked, and apples became too cheap to pay for raising them. What then happened? All over the State the farmers neglected their trees, and to-day as one journeys, hundreds of decaying orchards greet the eye, while numbers beside have been "grubbed up" to make room for the wheat-fields they once so

summarily displaced. But with the advent of railroads, securing quick access to markets, and to more of them, there has broken out a fresh revival of fruit-culture in Oregon, throughout the section west of the Cascade Range. Apples, pears, peaches, plums, prunes, and grapes, with all kinds of berries, help make fortunes for men. Peaches and grapes produce well only in occasional years, or when the Summers are unusually warm. Elegant peaches have been grown in some orchards the present season. Portland is environed by fruit farms—mostly of moderate extent. These supply the city, and make some shipments to the East.

Tree-lice are giving earnest attention to the apple-orchards. Riding along the highway yesterday, near Salem, I observed a number of pitiable looking groves. The leaves were brown, dry, and curled. Like havoc was visible from the car-windows as I rode down the valley the day before. The noxious pests were drawing the very life from the trees. The several families of the insect have pushed their ravages over most of the State, but, up to date, have been content to worry only the apple-trees. Unluckily, however, California has sent up her "codlin moth" to re-enforce the raiders. The latter have a relish for pears as well as apples, and promise to make things lively for the fruit-growers.

But the most interesting branch of fruit-culture

in the Willamette Valley is prunes. In variety, size, sweetness, and flavor, they surpass any thing in their line I have seen on the coast. As if it were not enough to be the owner, editor, and general manager of an agricultural newspaper, Mr. Clarke adds to that the proprietorship of two magnificent prune-orchards, numbering, together, from five to seven thousand trees, just attaining their prime. Moreover, connected therewith, he has a well-equipped dry-house, in which, at the season, he personally superintends the curing the fruit for market. Last year the fifteen thousand pounds of dried prunes marketed from his grounds were shipped to St. Paul. This year's crop has the same destination.

A guest in Mr. Clarke's home, delightfully situated in the outskirts of Salem, I was invited, after tea of the first day to take a seat beside him for a drive to the prune-groves. Arrived at the place, I opened my eyes in astonishment. Never saw I so beautiful a sight in the way of fruit-trees. There they stood by the thousand, their limbs bent to the earth with the delicious product. Myriads of long lines of purple, and blue, and scarlet, and cream-colored prunes were crowded, thick as they could hang, from the center of the trees to the ground. In short, all around me were trees fairly *abloom* with ripened fruit. Among the varieties were the Italian, Columbia, La Petite, Hungarian, and Queen

Claude, some laden with fruit the size of an ordinary hen's-egg. The Hungarian, a large, bright-red prune, fading to a golden yellow on one side was exceedingly showy, thick in flesh, and delightful in flavor. The Italian, of a clear dark-blue, oval in form, hung from the limbs like colossal drops of indigo, and in such numbers as to give the tree a blue appearance, notwithstanding the leaves of green. The Queen Claude, nearly round, grayish white in color, and very saccharine to the taste, hugged the branches so closely as to nearly, if not quite, cover the wood. A good-sized tree of this variety in full bearing is an amazing sight. La Petite, diminutive in size, steps completely to the front for sweetness and flavor. La Petite is emphatically the prune of commerce.

The process of "making prunes"—drying them for the market—is very interesting. Having been carefully picked, the fruit, placed in a deep tin vessel, holding about a peck, and pierced at the bottom with many small holes, is several times rapidly immersed in a strong solution of concentrated lye, the last time being held in the liquid a second or two. This step softens and breaks the cuticle, which in some varieties is very thick and tough. The fruit is now well rinsed, drained thoroughly, and spread on a large, shallow wire crate to dry. The crates are then shoved into warm brick chambers, several tiers in height, where, resting on firm

cleats along the sides, and kept at a certain temperature, they remain until sufficiently dry. In Mr. Clarke's "dryer" there are, I believe, six chambers, in which may be curing at one time about forty bushels of fruit.

The constant attendance of one person is required at the dryer day and night, through the season, to turn the fruit, to mass the contents of the crates as the prunes shrink, and to remove the portions soonest dry. At the proper temperature most prunes will cure in twenty-four hours. When fully dry, they are placed, in clean, capacious bins, to undergo the sweating process, in order to "even up" the moisture and fill out the prune. Lastly, all are carefully looked over by experienced hands, and every imperfect prune removed. Packing for the market follows. For this step Mr. Clarke uses boxes holding twenty-five pounds each.

For the more arduous picking, for night duty at the dryer, and for lifting the full crates, Mr. Clarke employs Chinamen, and for all the lighter labors women and girls. Neatness is a prime requisite at every stage of the process.

The dryer, built inside the packing-house, is of brick work, rectangular in form, not too high for easy handling of the upper tier of crates, and holds, when filled, forty-eight of these receptacles. A furnace beneath the masonry supplies the heat.

Aside from the charms of the prune-orchards

themselves, their site affords one of the most comprehensive surveys of fine scenery to be had in the whole Willamette Valley. Snow-cones and mountain spurs, picturesque spots and historic localities, lie all around the beholder.

XXXIX.

Schemes Fired Continually.

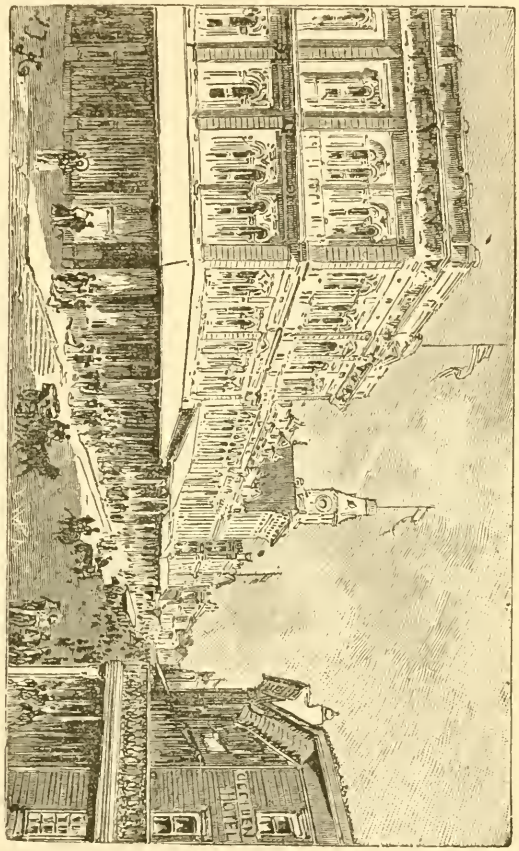
ON whatever part of the Pacific Coast the traveler may roam, he is sure to stumble upon some publication "devoted to the Great West." Every little community of five hundred people has its newspaper, which serves as its general agent. Through its columns the manifold interests of the locality, and often of the entire American Pacific Coast, are proclaimed to the remainder of the world. One is simply amazed at the vast amount of money, energy, patience, and persistency there is expended in setting forth the resources, advantages, capabilities, and wonders of this part of the continent. Hundreds of men, industrious, intelligent, indomitable, are engaged in these efforts, and with a devotion which falls little short of infatuation. A wild delirium for "improvements" has seized upon papers and people. No sooner has one set of magnificent enterprises—such as tunneling a mountain range, founding a city, building an important railway, dredging the Columbia for fifty miles—been printed into being, by the lively journals, than away speed the go-aheads to inaugurate as many more. Silver-mines, gold-mines, coal-veins, oil-deposits, more

railroad projects, more navigation schemes are put to airing, with astonishing vigor. The whole world is invited, with touching frankness and cordiality, to kindly read about these little matters, ponder them, form favorable conclusions with regard to them, and finally, to generously help push them forward.

One can scarcely pick up a newspaper, or magazine indeed—unless it be a religious work—in San Francisco, which does not somewhere display, in capitals, the legend: "Devoted to the development of the Pacific Coast." It matters little in what tongue the journal is published, its cardinal object is "to promote the progress of the Great West." And what the metropolitan papers do in their hearty, magnanimous way, those of the lesser communities admirably imitate. Thus it comes to pass that from one end of the coast to the other, is heard this key-note pealing out loud and clear.

Portland, being much the largest city north of San Francisco, finds assigned to her papers no insignificant share of this work, and right loyally, so far as their State and city are concerned, do they perform it; so loyally, that were there not other sources of information, their readers might suppose Oregon embraced all the coast, and Portland all Oregon. However, in this talent for setting things forth in good light, their neighbors north of the Columbia come behind not a particle.

The dailies of Puget Sound champion the cause of Washington Territory with telling energy, and in



First Street, Portland, Oregon.

the struggle for "improvements" and for "settlers," are always at the front.

Let me not be understood as saying that the papers of the Pacific Coast color too highly its

resources and advantages. So radically, in many respects, does the coast differ from most other sections of the country, that in writing of it one's style differs. Superlatives drop naturally from his pen. Here, if anywhere, the command to be temperate in all things can not include the use of descriptive language; for Nature herself is intemperate in the sense of being extreme, and if one writes of her—her plains, mountains, rivers, forests—he must choose words to fit the subject.

Prominent among the publications due to Portland enterprise, stands that admirable monthly magazine, *The West Shore*, now in the twelfth year of its history. In the center of its richly illustrated cover, for 1886, appears the favorite legend: "Devoted to the development of the Great West." Between the covers are forty pages filled with beautiful lithographs and good reading matter. "The city on the Blue Willamette" furnishes subjects for all the pictures, and for the leading descriptive and business articles. These reproduce with great fidelity, some of the parks, public buildings, private residences, sections of the business streets, portions of the river and shipping, and several bird's-eye views of the city. For beauty of finish, all these illustrations are excellent specimens of art. Other contents of the work are sketches, stories, poetry, nearly all pertaining to the North-west, but forming an interesting miscellany for readers anywhere.

The West Shore is edited, published, and, if I mistake not, owned by Mr. L. Samuel, a German Jew, reared in Sacramento. His fellow-citizens bear hearty testimony to his moral worth and ability, and to his excellence as a husband and father. Like most of his race, he is rather short in stature and heavy set. Very versatile, he turns with equal facility to any of the divers occupations of his establishment, and is patient and courteous withal, as the writer had evidence, recently, on paying a visit to the bright quarters into which he had, but a day or two before, removed the outfit of *The West Shore*. The time for the issue of the February number was overdue, while as yet the office was the only room in trim for business. Every line of work was driving at full speed, in order to hurry out the magazine. Still he who was infusing energy into the whole, had the disposition and found the time to be obliging, and to see that my call was not in vain.

It would surprise some Eastern publishers to find in this young border city a house of such capacity as that which sends out the finely executed *West Shore*. Of its kind, it is one of the most complete on the coast. Within its own walls are done all the engraving, printing, and binding, and by its own people. *The West Shore* was founded in August, 1874. The volume for last year, now lying before me, would be an attraction in any home.

XL.

Living Oregon Pioneers.

SCATTERED about in various towns of Oregon are persons who settled in the State during the decade between 1842 and 1852. Almost without exception they are men and women of remarkable traits of character, and most of them are yet hard at work, in business, in journalism, in the practice of law, in the service of the Government, as educators, as ministers, and farmers. Prior to the perilous journey across the plains, few of them had any idea what hardships they could endure, of what heroism they were capable. For years after arrival in the land of their hopes, the circumstances of their lives were such as to develop every sterling quality. Settled among a wild, inimical people, who regarded them as invaders, they were often in danger, and were forced to be brave and self-reliant. Necessarily they were hospitable people. In those days not to have been free-hearted, even to wayfarers and strangers bent on errands not disclosed, would have been to incur reproach indelible. Said Mrs. Samuel Clarke, discoursing of the past, during my recent visit to Salem:

"For years after we settled here I entertained at

my table multitudes of people of all classes, from governors and generals of the army down, and that, too, with very limited table equipments and meager domestic facilities. Yet for no consideration would I be without my experience in this border State. And as for that now far-back, painful journey across the plains, it is the richest chapter in the book. I would not have it expunged if I could. It was a needed preface to life here, a schooling which, to a great degree, made a woman independent in character. In no other way than by all these experiences could the same mental and moral development have been attained.

"In our life here there was not an inch of ground for false pride to take root. I have known a noble young woman to be wooed with her feet bare, and to set up housekeeping dowered with but a teakettle, a skillet, a single change of bed-linen, and a table outfit for two. Under such conditions the pride a woman has is noble."

Could the accounts of the thrilling scenes, in which most of these people have taken part, be jotted down as they yet sometimes fall from their lips, many an interesting chapter would they make. Happily, much of this desirable work has been done, both by Mr. Hubert H. Bancroft, in his great "History of the Pacific Coast States," and by Mrs. Frances Fuller Victor, in her bright work entitled "All Over Oregon and Washington," and also in a

volume which she was induced to miscall "The Great River of the West," the work being really a sketch of the operations of the "Rocky Mountain Fur Company." In this the lady has drawn to the life, the portraits of numerous remarkable characters who figured on this north-western coast in a very early day.

Among those who appeared on the scene about 1850 are Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of Salem, both directly from Ohio; Mr. Clarke being a Pennsylvanian by birth, however. Previous to his attack of Western fever, the latter resided for some years in Sandusky, Ohio, a most worthy family in that city being his relatives. Most of Mr. Clarke's life in Oregon has been devoted to literary labor, chiefly in the field of journalism. Years ago the *New York Times* paid him large sums of money for Western correspondence, a line of work in which he excelled. For a considerable period his thoughts sparkled in the columns of the Sacramento *Record-Union*, and at the same time, I think, in those of the San Francisco *Daily Bulletin*. Later Mr. Clarke held a position which may be designated as that of descriptive writer for the "Oregon Bureau of Emigration," and a like relation to the earlier Oregon railroads. Together these were extremely favorable posts, in that their duties drew him to every quarter of his own State and of the neighboring Territory of Washington, acquainting him not only with the

country, but with the people and their history; and thus peculiarly qualifying him for the authorship of the series of historical sketches now running through the Sunday editions of *The Oregonian*, preeminently the leading daily of the North-west Coast, and of which Mr. Clarke was the editor over twenty years ago.

Somewhere along in the sixties Mr. Clarke furnished to *Harper's Magazine* a poem covering several columns, the theme of which was "The Columbia River and the Remarkable Legend of the Cascades." For beauty of description, for vivid portrayal of Indian emotions, of the Indian's power to suffer and be strong, and of his conception of the rage of the spirits of the mountains when engaged in a dire conflict for supremacy, the production is scarcely equaled in that class of literature. There was a time when Mr. Clarke allowed a few Western border stories from his pen to charm the readers of Eastern journals, but latterly he seems not to have had leisure for such pastime.

Mrs. Clark also is endowed with the newspaper instinct, and that by inheritance. She is a daughter of Mr. George Buckingham, long resident in the pretty town of Norwalk, Ohio, who, with Mr. Samuel Preston of that place, established the *Huron* (now Norwalk) *Reflector*, and the granddaughter of Henry Buckingham, the founder of the old Norwalk *Reporter*, the first newspaper published in that

village. The grandfather emigrated to Norwalk from Pennsylvania as early as 1826, and to the end of his life was a notable man in the community. He was born on one of the stony farms of Connecticut, and possessed granitic traits of character. In Ohio he was known both as a staunch temperance man and a fervent Abolitionist. To belong in the latter ranks in that day tried a man's principles, and sometimes placed his life in jeopardy. Not infrequently, I have been told, might Mr. Buckingham have been seen conveying a wagon-load of escaped slaves from Norwalk to the village of Milan, some four miles nearer the land of freedom—Canada. His home was a prominent way station on the famous "under-ground railway" of those days, a corporation which did business at its own expense, and solely for the good of others.

The press and type upon which the Norwalk *Reflector* was first printed were purchased by George Buckingham in Cincinnati, the journey thither being made on horseback, and consuming three weeks of time. They were brought across Ohio, then by no means so populous a State as now, in one of those inimitable looking vehicles known as "prairie schooners," and were four weeks on the way. From eight to ten hours now suffice for the trip when made behind a locomotive.

Mrs. Clarke herself wields a ready and clever pen. It has long made interesting the home de-

partment of her husband's paper, *The Willamette Farmer*. To a keen relish for antiquarian research generally, she adds a distinct taste for Indian reminiscences. And the walls and shelves, nooks and corners of her home evince her industry in collecting them. "I should be glad," she remarked, "could I devote my time for a while to preserving the antiquarian remains of this coast. Several localities are rich in such treasures."

Mrs. Clarke's home is a curious compound of halls, rooms, closets, vestibules, porches, and projections. They moved into it, a young married couple, many years ago. It then consisted of but two rooms. As additions were needed, they were made here and there, until now, like the characters in a story, a series of subordinate rooms are grouped around the chief one, which is the room with open fireplace, tall brass andirons, a center-table, laden with newspapers, half-read and unread, and a bushel basket filled with magazines and "exchanges."

In a small room of a building on the corner of Stark and Front Streets, in the city of Portland, may be seen, any day after ten o'clock, a lady seated at a table spread with scissors, pencils, note-book, clippings, and newspapers. This lady is Mrs. C. A. Coburn, editor-in-chief of the *Portland Daily Evening Telegram*. The success of this woman in overcoming obstacles in life deserves to be chronicled,

if only to encourage other women treading similar disheartening paths.

Twelve years of Mrs. Coburn's life have been spent in journalistic work in an editorial capacity, and on the staff of at least three different papers. At each post she has acquitted herself nobly, severing her relations only to improve her condition. She is one of the six young girls of the Scott family, which emigrated to the Willamette Valley, from Peoria, Illinois, in 1852, and is, therefore, the sister of Mrs. Duniway, the founder of *The New Northwest*, and of Mr. W. H. Scott, now the editor of *The Oregonian*.

Marrying at nineteen, Mrs. Coburn began wedded life at Oregon City, a brisk little town on the Willamette, south of Portland, and formerly the Capital of Oregon. At twenty-eight she was a widow, with four little daughters dependent upon herself for support. Not *should* she, but *how* should she, support them? was the earnest question. Maturely considering the subject, she determined, as did Mrs. Duniway under circumstances more dispiriting, to try her ability for teaching, and at once began qualifying herself for the work. Owing to the dearth of educational advantages offered on the coast during her girlhood, she had "received but five months' schooling since her twelfth year." Serious as was the omission, she was not daunted by it, but at once entering the University of the Pacific, in Washing-

ton County, she there bent every energy toward acquiring knowledge sufficient to obtain a certificate for teaching in the State schools. This obtained, she applied for the school in the place of her residence. There then existed in Oregon City an intense prejudice against the adoption of that vocation by a woman.

"What wages do you want?" inquired the school director.

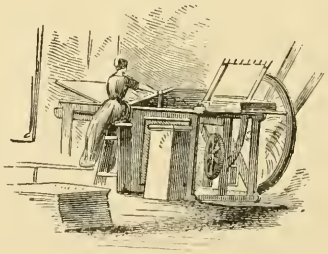
"Fifty dollars a month," was the reply.

"Why! we can get a man for that!" he answered, looking at her in amazement.

The woman well knew that. But having had eight years' experience in the care of children, and possessing at least the education required by law for teaching such a school, she believed she could discharge the duties of the position as well, if not better, than any young man, and ought therefore to receive the same remuneration. The director magnanimously offered her forty dollars. She took it, and taught that school five years, all the time doing her own domestic work, including the washing and sewing for five, the feeding and milking her cow, and the sawing her daily supply of wood. In short, she simply toiled day and night for necessary food and clothing. In progress of time, having achieved genuine success, and the prejudice against her vocation being quite allayed, a salary of seventy-five dollars was tendered her in another district.

June, 1873, witnessed Mrs. Coburn's entrance upon newspaper life at a compensation of fifteen dollars a week. And now, as the editor of the *Daily Evening Telegram*, she receives the same remuneration a man would have in the position. "In all these years," said she but a few days ago, "I have received not the help of a dollar from any one. My daughters have all been reared to habits of self-support, and as the result of our combined labors we own a delightful little home in East Portland."

When that Illinois Scott family—father, son, and six daughters (it will be remembered the mother and younger son fell asleep on the journey)—made its appearance in the Willamette Valley, who could have foretold what an influence all its able, industrious, practical, indomitable members would exert upon Oregon society and history? Eleven of that father's children and grandchildren are in the walks of literature and journalism in the State. Eight or nine of them gain their livelihood from the latter pursuit.



XLI.

From Portland to Puget Sound.

FLYING northward at the approach of cold weather, is reversing the procedure of the birds. But intelligence and instinct may differ in their choices. Moving southward with the sun, the sweet songsters seek only their food and comfort, and get them; while I, by alighting down just below the forty-ninth parallel, at the beginning of Autumn, have perhaps planned for my misery. That is to say: By contriving to take my experience of the Pacific North-west in the rainy season, I not only lose the beauty and brightness of its Spring-time and Summer, but doom myself to live a good share of the time under dripping clouds, cumbered, every time I step out, with umbrella and overshoes, neither of which things is agreeable to me. Nevertheless, I have determined to see the Puget Sound country late in the year. I shall therefore expect to take things as I find them, omitting all fretting.

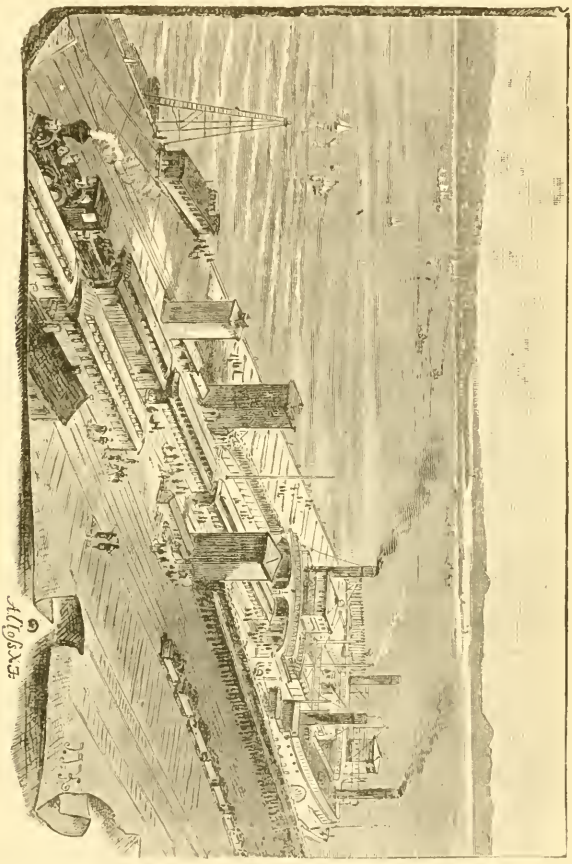
Leaving my Oregon work—barely half completed—to the possibilities of 1886, on the 10th of September I turned my footsteps toward the wonderful inland sea. In this book, therefore, in utter hostility to facts geographical, the reader will find

Washington Territory sandwiched between Northern and Southern Oregon. Begging pardon of all Washington for employing this mode of putting things, let me picture to the reader what I saw between Portland and Tacoma, the metropolis of the Puget Sound region. The distance, *via* the Northern Pacific Railway, is one hundred and forty-five miles, and is accomplished in six and a half hours.

Emerging from thriving, driving Portland, at fifteen minutes before midday, the train speeds nearly northward down the western bank of the Willamette, twelve miles, with the fair stream in full view on one side, and precipitous fir-crowned bluffs on the other. Then turning westward, the iron horse plows along the southern brink of the Columbia until opposite Kalama, in Washington. Here, close by the river, the creature stops, uncouples from the coaches, backs a few rods, glides off on a side track, and—looks on. In an instant, another engine near, homely of aspect, gigantic in strength, slowly approaches the train, from behind, locks into the rear car, and gently pushes the whole down the bank and on board a huge transfer steamer, pouring columns of dense black smoke from its tall pipes, at the end of the track.

On the broad deck of the steamer three railways are laid. The coaches glide upon the middle one. Immediately the great locomotive disengages itself, retreats a few feet, switches on to the left track,

comes aboard, and halts beside the train. Meantime engine number one has left the side-track and may be seen creeping down the incline. Taking



Ferrying a Train.

the right-hand rails, it, too, comes aboard, flanks the passengers on that side, and stops breathing.

Now slowly the immense boat pushes out from

shore, moves up, and partly across, the broad river; then, reversing its engine, it drops down to the landing on the Washington side, and adjusts its three tracks to those of the staunch, sloping dock built down the side of the bank. Instantly the engine on our right wakes up, rolls off the steamer, up the steep grade, and gets out of the way on the main road. This done, the Black Sampson starts its wheels, moves out upon the dock, switches to the middle track, backs on board again, lays hold of the coaches, and pulls passengers and all up the bank, with an air which plainly says: "That's nothing for an engine to do." Leaving us on the main track, locomotive number one again proffers its services, and away we speed toward the north.

Thus was accomplished a small but very interesting part of the journey. To many of the passengers the proceedings were entirely novel, and were watched intently from the beginning. When in midstream a fine view was afforded us, both up and down the Columbia.

Since the advent of the Northern Pacific Road, there have sprung up numerous small towns between Kalama and Tacoma. Yet infantile in years, most of them are circled about by forests of valuable timber. Those I recall most readily are, Winlock, Centralia, Chehalis, and Tenino. "Fisheries and lumbering are the principal resources of Kalama." Between the village and the rich agricultural region

lying back of it, there intervenes a formidable bluff, pinnacled with stately firs. Still, being the county-seat, interest is taken in rural as well as river affairs.

Chehalis is the brisk capital of Lewis County, a section of the Territory whose development in material wealth has been quite remarkable. The county fair held in the place annually, makes a fine exhibit of all kinds of farm products. The fruits and vegetables rank in size and quality with those of more famous districts. A commodious hotel gladly offers shelter to guests who come to spy out the land and lay foundations for fortunes.

From Portland to Chehalis the seat in front of me was occupied by a Mrs. Sheldon and her daughter, from Detroit. Their destination was the "Lost Valley Rancho," an estate some seven hundred acres in extent, of which the lady, her three or four sons, and a son-in-law were the owners. It lies interiorly from Chehalis about fourteen miles. These young men, all reared in Detroit, had spent some time on the premises, hard at work, but were delighted with their new life, and were sanguine of speedy wealth. One of them, Mrs. Sheldon said, had spent three years on the place, and could in nowise be persuaded to resume life in the goodly City of the Straits.

Both ladies were about to take up their residence in Lost Valley, and though their life was to be under a very different condition of things, were

determined to be happy. A communicant in the Episcopal Church, Mrs. Sheldon was already planning to erect a little chapel upon her estate, in order that her neighbors as well as her own family might be favored with sanctuary privileges, from which they were now debarred. As our train drew up at Chehalis the ladies bade me good-bye, gathered up their effects, and started down the aisle. Just then a young man leaped up the steps, met them at the door, loaded himself with their packages, and led the way to the hotel. He was one of the young rancheros of Lost Valley.

Running on thence to Tenino, a city with boundless territory on all sides, the conductor announced that passengers destined to Olympia would change cars. That ceremony gave me opportunity to learn that Olympia, the capital of the Territory, is the oldest town on Puget Sound, having been founded about 1845. A beautiful city, charmingly situated at the head of Budd's Inlet, one of the southernmost arms of the magnificent system of water-ways penetrating Western Washington, it has a population of over three thousand, and is the legal center of Thurston County, one of the oldest and richest subdivisions of the Territory.

In 1851, Olympia was made the port of entry for the "Customs District of Puget Sound," erected that year, all this region being then a part of Oregon. When the Territory was established—Act of

Congress, March 2, 1853—Olympia was made the capital, and still retains the honor, notwithstanding its location on the extreme western border of the Territory.

Thurston County is distinguished for numerous advantages. Taking its large area of arable land, its fine streams and lakes, full of splendid fish and abounding in water-fowl, its heavily wooded hills, whence come vast quantities of valuable lumber, and the very paradise of sportsmen, on account of their plentiful game, its rich soil, out of which spring cereals and vegetables that few lands of the globe can excel, and its multitude of useful springs, with its agreeable climate most of the year, and you have a section about as inviting as man can ask for.

From Tenino we sped along through miles of dark pines and firs, and across extensive natural parks, set with evergreens in all manner of groupings, and spread with a beautiful, closely cropped turf; and over wide, desolate expanses, the soil of which was so indigent as barely to afford sustenance for the sheep grazing upon them. Finally, the night drawing on, we rolled up to "Pacific Avenue Station," in the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, and fifteen minutes later were set down at the entrance of the "Tacoma," an elegant hotel, built of mingled brick and stone, in the Queen Anne and Norman-French style, and in its

appointments scarcely surpassed by the famous Del Monte, at Monterey.

The Tacoma occupies a sightly position on Cliff Avenue, skirting Commencement Bay—the arm of Puget Sound on which the city of Tacoma stands, in full view from the hotel. It adds another to the richly appointed caravansaries of the Pacific Coast, and the views it commands of the Sound, the Puyallup Valley, and Mount Tacoma, Washington's grandest snow-cone, are strong inducements for seeking its inviting quarters.

Providentially there opened to me next day a delightful home, whose head has spent thirty-two years in Western Washington, and to whom are as familiar as the alphabet, its mountains, streams, resources, Indian tribes, and changeful history. Mr. Van Ogle is a native of Adams County, Ohio, and within the grand old State yet reside quite a number of his relatives. In this region his name is everywhere a synonym for kindness and hospitality. As a memento of his distant home, he sometimes exhibits a buckeye, which he plucked from one of those beautiful trees on the eve of his departure for the then wild West.

One would hardly expect to find in this far-away corner of our land an old and rare work of art. But passing the parlor door a few moments ago, my attention was called to a portrait of Miss Frances Jennings, the duchess of Tyrconnel, and a sister of

the duchess of Marlborough, who figured at court in the reign of James the Second. Miss Jennings shone as a favorite of the duchess of York about 1664. History describes her as having "the fairest complexion that ever was seen, beautiful flaxen hair, a turn of the face that was exquisitely fine, while she was unaffected in manners, full of wit, and captivating in conversation." The portrait was painted by the celebrated artist, Sir Peter Lely, who in 1641 went over to England from Westphalia to pursue his art. The work was brought to America by my excellent hostess, herself a countrywoman of Miss Jennings's. At one time a gentleman, who was commissioned by Mr. A. T. Stewart to add to his collection of paintings, paid a visit to Iowa, then the home of Mrs. Van Ogle, in the hope of securing the relic, but the two thousand five hundred dollars he offered for the treasure failed to secure it.

XLII.

The Great Inland Sea.

TO most readers who have not visited the North-west Coast, the words "Puget Sound" convey but a faint idea of what is really included in the term. Exactly where lies the wonderful system of waters, what sort of people inhabit its shores, whether it belongs to Great Britain or the United States, and whether it is in any way particularly important, are all matters about which the most confused notions prevail in the minds of thousands of intelligent people. And with good reason. Until now, opportunity to cross the continent directly to this point has not offered every day in the year. Nor as yet has all the nation accepted the opportunity.

A gentleman for many years resident in the vicinity of Puget Sound tells me that when in New York three years ago he one day entered a fashionable restaurant to procure a luncheon. At a table near him were seated two wide-awake business men. Presently one inquired of the other, evidently through interest in the Northern Pacific Railway, a subject then rife all over the country:

"What knowledge have you of Puget Sound and that part of the country?"

"I confess I know very little," he replied. "All that part of the coast is a *terra incognita* to me."

The two talked on, so evidently in geographical darkness, that the Western man, with the kindly spirit so characteristic of the people of the Pacific Coast, finally said:

"Gentlemen, I have lived in the neighborhood of Puget Sound nearly a third of a century, and should be pleased to furnish you any information concerning the region."

So elsewhere throughout his travels did he find it. Possibly I may be able in this chapter to so describe this remarkable ramification of waters that the reader will obtain a clear apprehension of the system.

General usage groups under the term Puget Sound the following bodies of water, beginning at the ocean, and proceeding inland, first eastward a hundred miles and more, then southward about the same distance: The Strait of Juan de Fuca, Bellingham Bay, Admiralty Inlet, Hood's Canal, Commencement Bay, a short, deep passage called The Narrows, and three long, narrow inlets—all, I believe, penetrating Thurston County, and forming the head of the Sound system.

To the easternmost of these inlets was originally given the name Puget Sound, in compliment to Lieutenant Puget, an officer of the expedition sent out from England under Captain George Vancouver,

in 1791, on "a voyage of discovery to the North Pacific Ocean."

Lieutenant Puget, in command of a party detailed by Vancouver, explored and surveyed these head-waters of the Sound. Returning to their ship, *The Discovery*, Vancouver graciously affixed his subordinate's name to the crescent-shaped artery, which to-day on all large maps of Western Washington is designated as Puget Sound. But, in 1851, when the Government set up this customs district, making Olympia, on Budd's Inlet, the port of entry, it was called the "Customs District of Puget Sound." Thus was the cognomen in time applied to the whole grand series of waters. And subsequently when Port Townsend, practically on the Strait of Juan de Fuca, became the customs port, the name remained unchanged. Let me now try to sketch these principal divisions of Puget Sound under this broader application of the term.

Between Cape Flattery, a sharp, projecting point of Washington Territory, and Cape Bonilla, on Vancouver Island, the Strait of Juan de Fuca breaks inland from the Pacific. This grand passage extends due eastward between the Island of Vancouver and Washington Territory ninety-five miles—mid-channel distance, eighty-three miles—when it is confronted by Whidby Island, the largest one in the Sound's collection, and so called by Vancouver, in honor of another lieutenant of *The Discovery*. For

a distance of forty miles from the ocean the uniform width of the Strait is twelve miles. Opposite Beachy Head it contracts to eight miles, and again expands, until, at the point where it receives from the north the waters of the broad Canal de Haro, of the Strait of Rosario, and of the noble Gulf of Georgia—itself one hundred and twenty miles long by twenty wide—and from the south, those of splendid Admiralty Inlet and Hood's Canal, with their many deep bays and inlets, it attains a breadth of from twenty to forty miles.

In the deepest portions of the Strait no bottom has been found with a line one hundred and fifty fathoms long. Professor George Davidson states that "its current flows with an average velocity of three miles an hour, except off Beachy Head, where its momentum is doubled." The mean rise and fall of the tide in the passage is sixteen feet. Heavy timber and close underbrush clothe its shores, which, on the Vancouver side especially, rise abruptly into mountains several hundred feet high. From "anywhere on the strait can be seen the majestic snow-cones Mount Baker and Mount Tacoma."

Next in importance follows Admiralty Inlet, named out of respect to the English Board of Admiralty. It is simply a magnificent canal, sixty miles long and three and a half miles wide. Branching off from the Strait of Juan de Fuca, it extends south-easterly to Vashan Island, where it divides

into Commencement Bay—at the head of which flourishes the city of Tacoma—and the swift Narrows, through which is reached Oylmpia and its inlets.

Sixteen miles south of the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Inlet throws off Hood's Canal to the south-west, with a length of sixty miles and a width of one and a half miles. Together, Hood's Canal, Admiralty Inlet, and the three head-water inlets mentioned, have a shore-line of over eight hundred miles, mostly fringed with stately timber, or covered with a dense undergrowth.

Twenty-five miles from the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Inlet sends out toward the north-east another vast arm fifty-five miles long. East of Whidby Island this subdivides into Saratoga Passage, Susan's and Gardner's Bays, all considerable bodies of water. Their shores, like those of Whidby Island, rise into bold bluffs from fifty to five hundred feet high, and have their crests crowned with valuable timber. The average depth of these grand inner seas is one hundred fathoms. Small settlements dot their shores. Good harbors are numerous.

By those who have had good opportunity to judge, this network of water-ways is considered unsurpassed by any other inland system on the globe; especially if we take into account its extent, depth, beauty, and the multiplied advantages offered by its island and main-land shores for all kinds of agricultural and commercial purposes.

In a recent report upon the Territory to the Secretary of the Interior, Governor Squire says: "Puget Sound embraces a surface of about six thousand square miles, a total coast-line of over fifteen hundred miles, and extends from the ocean two hundred miles. Neither in the Strait of Juan de Fuca, Admiralty Inlet, nor Hood's Canal, does a shoal exist which can in any way interrupt their navigation by a seventy-four-gun ship; while the shores of the bays, ports, and inlets are so remarkably bold that a vessel's side would strike the shore before her keel would touch the bottom." With phraseology slightly different, Professor Davidson bears the same testimony, and adds: "An innumerable sea of gigantic timber comes down to their very shores."

In these deep waters are represented all the finny and shell tribes of the ocean. Halibut—no better can be caught—heads the list. Then follow sturgeon, salmon, turbot, flounders, codfish—notably abundant off Cape Flattery—soles, smelt, oysters, clams, and herring, a fine species, and many others.

The chief towns of the Sound are: Olympia, Tacoma, Seattle—the two last having each about twelve thousand inhabitants—and Port Townsend. Tacoma and Seattle are rival communities, both striving for the supremacy. Of the former, mention will be made in another chapter. The latter lies

on Admiralty Inlet, about thirty-six miles north of Tacoma, and possesses almost exhaustless resources in coal, timber, and fertile soil. It has rich shops and stores, for a place of its size, schools and churches, and excellent society.

The islands of the Sound contribute much to the picturesqueness of its scenery. On some exist fine quarries of lime and building stone. Others are inhabited by either herdsmen, lumbermen, fishermen, or farmers.

A moment now to the history of the Strait of Juan de Fuca. Tradition asserts that the first seaman who entered the splendid channel, was a hardy Greek navigator of that name, his visit taking place in 1592, two hundred years before Vancouver invaded the entire group of waters. John de Fuca's claim to the distinction rests upon mere oral tradition. But what matters that? His name will attach to the Strait for all time. Between 1787 and 1792, the date of Vancouver's exploration, several parties ventured inside the great Strait, one or two penetrating it a distance of fifty miles. Of the latter was Captain Robert Gray, of Boston, whose name has passed into history as the discoverer of the Columbia River, May, 1792, and to which he gave the name of his ship "the *Columbia.*" He also discovered the spacious harbor on the coast of Washington, which now bears his name, applied to it, however, not by himself, but by Lieutenant

Whidby, who subsequently surveyed the noble haven, under Vancouver.

It is an interesting fact that these two captains were on the North Pacific Coast at the same time. Indeed, they actually met on the wide main, and exchanged maritime courtesies, though neither, probably, regarded the other with the most amicable feeling. The meeting occurred off the Washington Coast, in April preceding Gray's entrance into the Columbia. Gray was returning from a cruise to the North. *The Discovery*, accompanied by her tender, *The Chatham*, was plowing along in that direction. When about sixty miles south of the entrance to the Strait of Juan de Fuca, her captain espied a sail. This was a great novelty. Eight months had he traversed the seas, gladdened by the sight of not a single craft. So, upon hearing a gun fired to leeward, and seeing the American colors run up by the stranger, he accosted him, and inquired: "Who are you?" Gray responded. Whereupon Vancouver surmised that he had encountered the very Captain Gray who was reputed to have "sailed *through* the Strait of Juan de Fuca," a passage of water for which the Englishman was then anxiously searching, and he politely requested the American to "bring to." Captain Gray complying, Lieutenant Puget, with another officer, was dispatched to *The Columbia*, to solicit such information as would promote the English expedition. The officers found

the commander of *The Columbia* very courteous, but much surprised to learn that he had "explored the Strait of Fuca."

The interview over, the vessels passed on their ways, and on April 29th, the British ships came to anchor eight miles inside the imperial passage. The succeeding two months were spent by their officers in taking observations and making surveys, in yawl, cutter, and launch, of the ports, bays, straits, channels, and inlets, to-day composing Puget Sound. That work completed, they pushed on northward, exploring the Archipelago de Haro, and the Gulf of Georgia, all along naming most of the land-points and bodies of water.

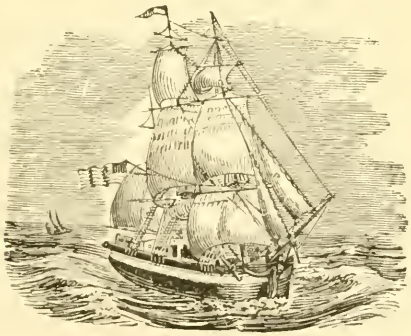
Captain Vancouver was as much master of his pen, as of his ship, and of some of the scenes he saw, writes as follows—quite in the style of the sentimental novelist:

"To describe the beauties of this region will, in some future day, be a very grateful task for the skillful panegyrist. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility that unassisted nature puts forth, need only to be enriched—by the industry of man—with villages, mansions, and cottages, to render it the most lovely land that can be imagined."

Of the forests he says: "These did not conceal the face of the country, but pleasantly clothed its eminences and checkered its valleys, presenting

vast spaces that wore the appearance of having been cleared by art, as did one of the beautiful islands we visited. The picture could not fail to call to mind certain delightful and beloved situations in Old England."

In this same vein does the busy captain devote page after page to discourse upon "the salubrity of the climate and the kindly disposed Indian tribes." He looked upon these scenes ninety-four years ago. The same park-like meadows are the pride of the region to-day. The same healthful climate is enjoyed. The soil still brings forth marvelously. Foot-hill and mountain teem with mineral wealth; and over the hills and valleys yet roam the "peaceable Indians," their admiration for the white man, albeit, decidedly abated, as is that of the white man for them.



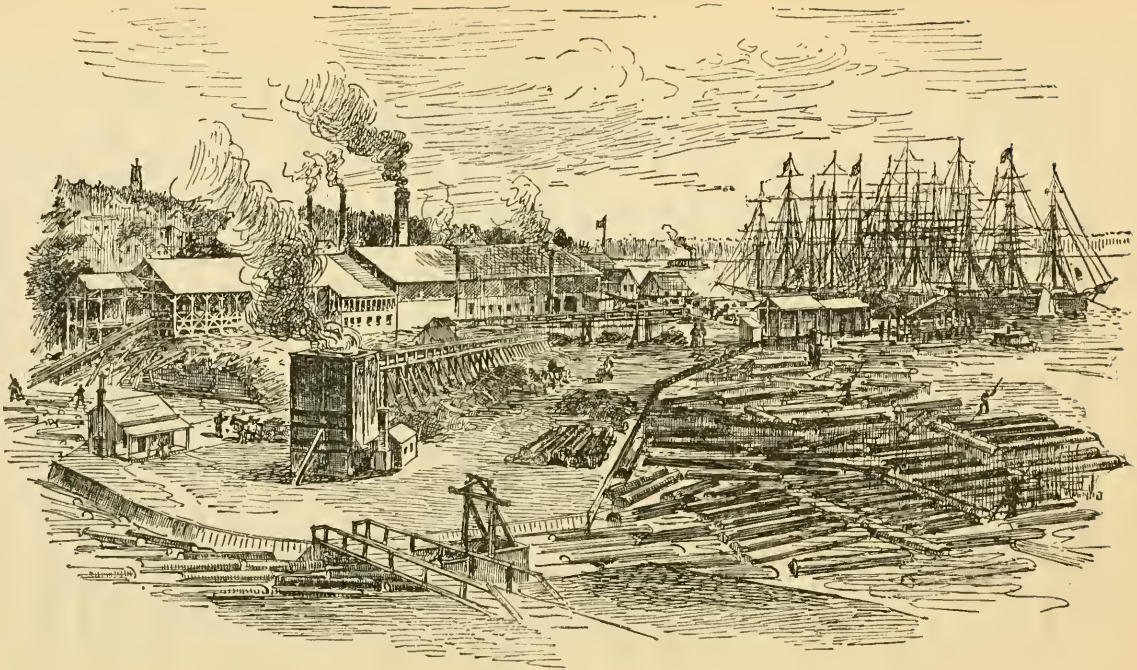
XLIII.

TURNING TREES INTO MONEY.

THAT part of Washington Territory lying between the Cascade Range and Puget Sound is as remarkable for its forests as is Kansas for its plains, or Arizona for its desert. Go where one will, trees encompass him—trees taller, more erect, of greater diameter, and nearer together, than Maine or Michigan ever grew them. Stand on this hill-top, and look around you, into the distance. The horizon is not where the land and sky seem to meet, but where the feathery tops of the fir, spruce, cedar, and hemlock, touch the blue. I look upon these forests, and my love of country is kindled. Not to take an interest in the timber question, on Puget Sound, is to be unpatriotic. Every tree is a mine of money, enhancing the riches of the world. It is a certain amount of the real wealth of the Union, as is every ton of coal, every nugget of gold, every bushel of wheat, every fleece on a sheep's back. I presume there is not a settlement west of the Cascade Range which is not thrown into relief, by a background of needle-like spires, marshaled in almost solid ranks.

In Washington Territory there are twenty millions of acres clothed with giant trees, thousands of which have been growing from one to two centuries. Watson C. Squire, the present Executive of the Territory, says: "It is estimated that on these acres stand four hundred billion feet of merchantable lumber, chiefly growing on the western side of the Cascade Range." The reader will naturally ask: "What is doing with all this vast body of timber?" There are several answers to the question. Millions of feet are annually destroyed by forest fires, which sometimes burn for weeks in succession. Again, acres of trees are consumed every year, in order to clear the land for homes and agricultural purposes. Finally, they furnish material for the leading industry of Western Washington—the manufacture of lumber. And this brings me to the purpose of this chapter, namely: The describing one of the mammoth saw-mills of Puget Sound, and its various accessories.

The property of the "Tacoma Mill Company," is located on the southern shore of Commencement Bay, in the outskirts of Old Tacoma, two miles west of Tacoma proper. It consists of the great mill itself; a large store, stocked with general merchandise and articles of ship-chandlery, for the refitting of vessels engaged in the trade; a wharf, with eight hundred feet of frontage, at which lumber-vessels and merchantmen receive and discharge their car-



410 Lumber-Mill, Tacoma, Washington Territory.

goes; a large boarding-house, which furnishes meals and lodging to numbers of single men employed by the firm; some twenty or more comfortable cottages for the families of married laborers, on the premises; a square, tower-like structure, built of brick, for consuming rejected material from the mill; a miniature lake, about four acres in extent, for supplying the mill with water, and the offices of the company.

The mill was erected in 1868, with a capacity for cutting thirty thousand feet of lumber per day. Its power has since been increased until its present output per day is the enormous quantity of two hundred and fifty thousand feet. The establishment turns out all sizes of lumber, from a strip one inch by two to material twenty-two inches by twenty-four, and varying in length from ten to one hundred and ten feet, and, if occasion demands, a much greater length. In one instance it has furnished a ship's keel one hundred and sixty-five feet long. Spars, laths, and pickets are manufactured in almost unlimited quantity. The total product of the mill last year was fifty million feet of lumber, eighteen million feet of lath, many hundred thousand pickets and wool-slats, and six hundred spars. Employment is given to two hundred and sixty men.

In full operation, the mill presents a sight never to be forgotten. Double throughout, equipped with the most approved machinery, it does the work of

two powerful single mills. Each mill can take in hand a gigantic log—say diameter eight feet, length thirty feet—and subjecting it to the keen-edged, double circular saws, in ten minutes reduce it to dimensions adapted to the re-saw. The enormous log fairly melts away before one's eyes. The power applied is simply prodigious.

"Fifteen years ago," remarked a gentlemen watching the proceedings, "it required as much time to manufacture forty thousand feet of lumber as it now does to cut one hundred thousand feet." That was saying very little. The mill of which we are speaking now cuts daily eight and one-third times more lumber than when erected sixteen years ago.

The complete outfit of the mill, in the way of machinery, is five engines, twelve boilers, two double circular saws, two gangs, of thirty saws each, one re-saw, two lath-making and three slab-cutting machines, one rob-edger for cutting scantling and edging lumber, and four elevators used in conveying the sawdust to the top story, whence, falling into the furnaces, it produces the steam which drives every particle of the machinery.

The time consumed from the moment a piece of timber forty feet long enters one of the gang saws until it is ready for market, is three minutes. From three to four logs at a time are usually drawn out of the water into the mill.

Foreign ships from all parts of the globe take

on cargoes of lumber at the great dock. The most frequent destinations are China, Japan, Australia, the Sandwich Islands, and other Pacific groups, besides special ports on the western coast of South America, and Motevideo, in Uraguay. Numerous cargoes go to New York and Boston. Yesterday a ship was loaded with spars, planking, and decking for the latter port. An average of eight vessels per month are freighted at the company's wharf. The ordinary capacity of lumber vessels is from five to six thousand feet. But occasionally a ship clears with a cargo of one and a half million feet. In addition to this distant traffic, the mill drives a brisk business with our own Pacific Coast. For this home commerce the company owns a fleet of four vessels. These transport lumber as far south as San Pedro, in Southern California.

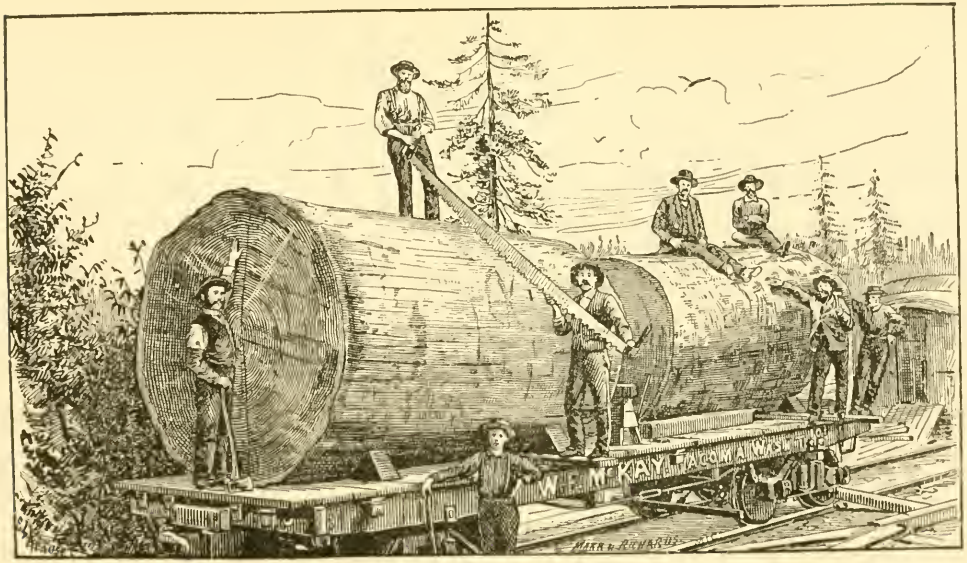
Another important portion of its marine property is its tug-boat, the most powerful one in the Sound service. This homely craft not only tows lumber-vessels to and from Cape Flattery—just inside the Strait of Juan de Fuca—but does the log-towing for the mammoth mill. Not infrequently it draws, from a station near some camp, a boom of logs comprising from two to two and a half million feet of lumber.

It is here pertinent to remark that this fine mill, with all its splendid machinery capable of such lightning-like execution, is of little value without

something to *saw*. To produce flour, wheat must be harvested. So, to make lumber, trees must be felled in the forest. Aware of this, and having seen how great execution this mill is capable of in one day, we are not surprised to learn, that in order to keep it steadily running, fifteen or more logging camps, aggregating five hundred men, are maintained in the forests. These lodges are scattered all through the densely timbered land of the Sound, from the city of Olympia on the south to the borders of the Snohomish and Skagit rivers on the north, including territory on Fidalgo Island and along Hood's Canal. Men of every nation bear a hand in the arduous work of harvesting the trees. Authority is silent as to how many of them chop fortunes for themselves out of the forests; but I venture to say, that like most of the salmon-fishers of the Columbia, the majority gain but a precarious livelihood.

The tiny hamlet, in the foreground of which stand the mill and its companion, the store, is known among lumbermen as the "Mill Town," because occupied exclusively with the boarding and dwelling houses of the employees. The premises embrace twenty-eight acres.

Since darkness sets in, in this latitude, before five o'clock in Winter, work in the mill continues long after candle-lighting. To facilitate this the building is lighted by electricity.



Washington Territory Saw-Logs.

I have described this mill thus particularly, because it is a specimen of its class. Eight or nine others of little less capacity are operating on the Sound, besides numbers of smaller dimensions. Others are running in the mountains, sending forth their products to the railways, or water-courses, in long flumes laid down the sides of the mountains. The witnessing the escape of the lumber from one of these inclined tubes is an interesting and exciting experience. It comes rushing down from an unknown source, oftentimes so distant that the hum of the mill which manufactures it can not be heard. Out it leaps from the mouth of the flume like a thing of life, having accomplished a journey of five miles perhaps. The success with which the thing is done is amazing.

The famous timber-belt of Washington Territory extends from the Columbia River north, to British Columbia; from the Cascade Mountains west, to the Pacific; and, it is claimed, has no rival in the world. Its chief growths are: fir, three varieties—cedar, spruce, larch, and hemlock. Existing in varying quantities, are: ash, alder, white oak, curled maple, and cottonwood. Red fir abounds, and is the most valuable for general building purposes. Its habitat is the light gravelly soil hemming the Sound to some distance back. The yellow fir is at home on the foot-hills, and attains an astonishing size and height. A diameter of six, eight,

and ten feet, with an altitude of two and three hundred feet, is by no means unusual. The cedar also acquires gigantic dimensions. Not infrequently single trees yield eight and ten thousand feet of serviceable lumber. A gentleman tells me that he once obtained "fifteen rail-cuts," each ten feet long, from one of these notable cedars, and from them split five hundred and twenty-five rails, leaving, at the final cutting, a very considerable top, twenty-three inches in diameter.

The Washington red cedar—not identical with the red cedar of the East—reaches its best estate in moist situations remote from the salt water. Being easily worked, the cedar, spruce, ash, and curled maple, are much utilized as finishing woods. The cottonwood is a favorite of the coopers, but, being an occupant of rich, productive lands, its extermination is sure. The tall, tapering, perfectly erect trees of this region, are said to make the finest possible spars for ships. Captain Vancouver discovered this quality in them, and soon set his carpenters to fitting out *The Discovery* with new masts and booms. Undoubtedly, those were the first spars for ships ever cut on Puget Sound.

XLIV.

TACOMA.

FULL OF STUMPS AND ENTERPRISE.

BEFORE me lies a letter, apparently from an intelligent citizen of Illinois, asking a series of questions relating to Washington Territory and the city of Tacoma. The writer, though quite benighted with reference to the western terminus of the Northern Pacific Railway, evidently does not dwell in that part of the Garden State popularly called "Egypt," and there is hope, therefore, that the subjoined items may at some time reach him.

The communication was addressed to the head of the family at whose fireside I find most kindly welcome during my stay on the Sound. Not many months ago this man paid a visit to Illinois, and while there was much importuned to enlighten the people about the "Great North-west." He had seen it change from a region populated chiefly by solemn Red Men to one in which reigns the Anglo-Saxon, and talks the telephone and telegraph; and he surely, if any body, was reliable authority. But failing to comply with these requests in every instance, there followed him to his Western home an army of interrogations, as naive, some of them, as

they were urgent, thus inflicting upon him a refined punishment for his dereliction in duty.

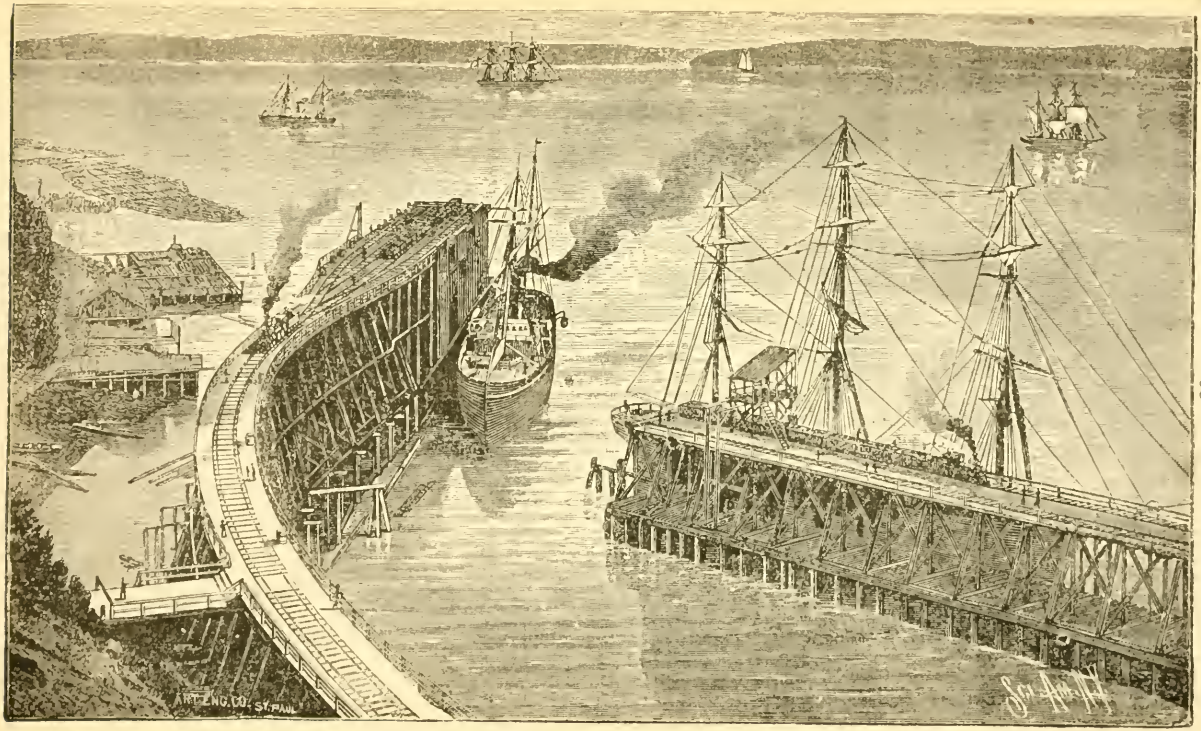
Away from the Sound, the stranger on the coast hears of Old Tacoma, New Tacoma, Tacoma, and Tacoma City. Of course he is puzzled to know whether all are one, or one is all. But on arrival here he is quickly set right. There is but one Tacoma, and so far as the name is concerned, it is neither new nor old, but simply "Tacoma." And this reminds me of an incident which occurred at Chautauqua a few years ago. One day in August an energetic Ladies' Society of Jamestown sent a courteous note to Chancellor Vincent, requesting him to invite the thousands of people summering at "Point Chautauqua"—as the note had it—to attend a festival the ladies were holding in that handsome city. Stepping forward to the edge of the platform in the great amphitheater, where were seated barely less than four thousand people, the Doctor read the note until he came to the words "Point Chautauqua." Then looking up, he inquired in stentorian tones: "Where *is* 'Point Chautauqua?" *This* is Chautauqua. There is but *one* Chautauqua." So we say: There is but one Tacoma.

Breaking off from Admiralty Inlet, in a south-easterly direction, is Commencement Bay, a lovely sheet of water, deep, salt, full of fish, six miles long. At the head of this bay, on its south-eastern shore, lies the city of Tacoma, on a long, uneven, abruptly

sloping hillside, which, at the water's edge, terminates mostly in a precipitous cliff. Further around to the east, the Puyallup River, one of the ten swift streams emptying into Puget Sound, makes its exit. Around its mouth lie acres of unreclaimed tide-land. From this there is a gradual ascent to a range of high bluffs not very distant. The remainder of the shore is bold, and was once heavily wooded.

Along the base of the cliff mentioned are located the various wharves, several saw-mills, steamboat landings, shanties occupied by Indians and Italian fisherman, and west of all these, the expensive coal-bunkers of the Northern Pacific Road, at which a half dozen ships may coal at one time. So steep is this cliff at some points that descent to the water is by long flights of steps. A few streets of easy grade give access to the water for vehicles.

Including its first ward, Tacoma stretches along the bay a distance of about three miles, facing nearly north-east. Its streets, like those of Los Angeles, extend obliquely, without regard to the points of the compass. With the exception of Pacific Avenue, the chief business street, there is steady ascent and descent in all directions. Most of the streets have sidewalks on one side only. Those running lengthwise of the city are long and sightly. Few are graded to the city limits. Of the cross streets extending from the cliff to the crest of the hill,



Coal-Bunkers, Northern Pacific Railroad, Tacoma.

about every other one is provided with a sidewalk. Some are not entirely opened, and are strewn with fallen fir-trees and studded with stumps—stumps standing, stumps half uprooted, stumps partly burned. A vacant lot is a thing not to be had in the city, those not occupied by buildings being preoccupied by stumps. Nevertheless, it requires not the eye of a seer to discern that in but a brief time these stumps will vanish before the vim and enterprise of the people, like the fogs of the Puyallup Valley before the sun.

Twelve years ago the site of Tacoma was but a wilderness. To-day, says a note just received—January 12, 1888—"the population is twelve thousand," making it equal to that of Seattle, hitherto its only rival in size in the Territory. Prominent features of Tacoma are: the almost total absence of shade and ornamental trees; its new hotel, "The Tacoma;" the central public school building, occupying an entire block on Yakima Avenue; the Annie Wright Seminary for young ladies, on Tacoma Avenue, where it commands fine views of the Sound and Cascade Mountains; and the college for young men. This institution opened January 1, 1886. The building is new, centrally located, and overlooks the magnificent country all around. The Methodists, also, are coming forward with a university, and the Catholics are on the way with a high-grade school of some kind. Thus, while yet in its infancy, is this

energetic border town making munificent provision for educating all classes of Washington youth.

The same generous plans have been formed for instructing the people in the ways of religion. There are many denominations in the place, each having its own minister and house of worship. Some of them are represented by a mere handful of members. Others are in comparatively strong force, and have services always well attended.

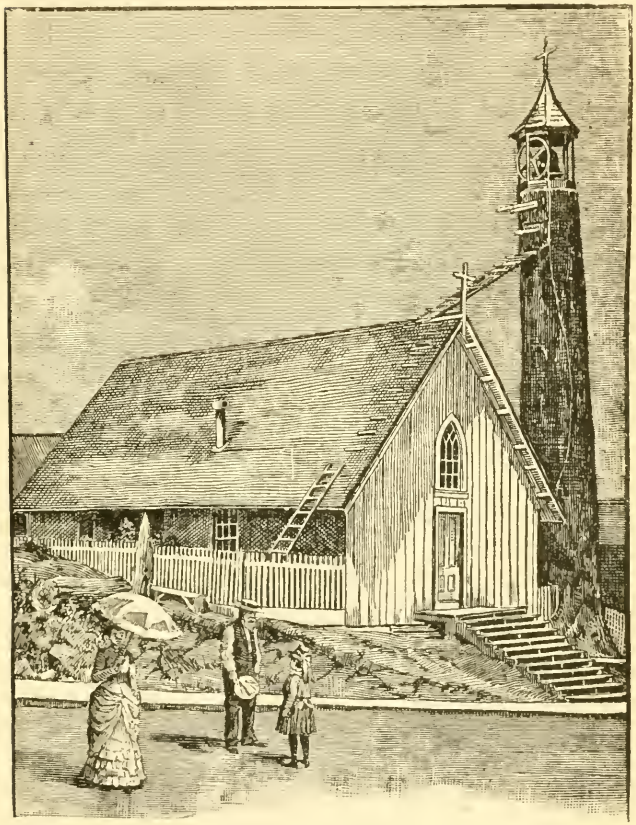
The city is leading off nobly, also, in the matter of a public library. This already flourishing institution owes its existence to the laudable efforts of Mrs. H. K. Moore, an alumnus of Mills Seminary, California, who, in 1885, opened it to the public, having collected a creditable list of books for the purpose. In inviting quarters, on Pacific Avenue, sustained by the best citizens, and appreciated by those who have few books of their own, it promises to do a valuable work in the community. So to speak, it is here in advance of the people. To have founded it is a genuine honor. Even in the present influence and helpfulness of the place, Mrs. Moore is reaping no insignificant reward for the resolute effort she has put forth.

Some two miles north-west of the main portion of the city, and connected therewith by a winding and romantic road, is a hamlet of a few hundred people, set down among the firs, cedars, spruces, and beeches. On the spurs, slopes, and pretty little

levels of the bluff, which just there recedes from the bay, their homes are built. This little cluster of buildings, is the so-called "Old Tacoma," of which one hears so much, away from the Sound. It is now the First Ward of the city, and contains a public school-house, one or two small churches, the Fannie Paddock Hospital—so named in memory of the deceased wife of Right Rev. J. A. Paddock, Episcopal Bishop of Washington Territory—one short street devoted to the sale of miscellaneous commodities, the saw-mill, store and cottages of the Tacoma Mill Company, and a few small private dwellings.

On the principal street, scarcely more than a crooked path, leading from the water to the bluff, stands a little Episcopal chapel, the belfry of which is a curiosity. Unquestionably it is the oldest, as it is certainly the most unique, bell-tower on the coast, being simply the trunk of a stalwart fir-tree, with its top removed, some forty feet above the ground. It stands at one side of the chapel, flush with the front. On its top, under a tiny canopy, much resembling a half-opened Japanese parasol, hangs an infantile bell, said to be the first that ever called men to divine worship on Commencement Bay. Stripped of bark and blackened by fire, the sturdy stump thrusts some of its great roots under the very foundations of the house beside which it has stood guard for years.

Going out to the hamlet from Tacoma, the road, a little before reaching the place, recedes from the Bay considerably, until about opposite the village,



St. Peter's Chapel, Tacoma, Oldest Bell-Tower on the Coast.

when it quickly turns and descends to the shore, passing the little church I have described. Near this turning-point let us stop and study the scene

around us. I have seen on the coast few spots more weird and impressive. I first looked upon it about twilight of a cool October afternoon. Leaving my room, feeling wearied, after writing all day, I was lured along by one thing and another, until this picture suddenly arrested me. At my back rose the high bluff, crested with trees, erect as arrows. Above me arched a sky of faint gold—the sun had set in great glory shortly before. Before me, so near that I could touch them, grew a dense thicket of cedars and spruces. Between some, and over the tops of others, I could see the Paddock Hospital, a cottage or two, and, further down, the calm blue bay. Hidden behind hillocks and knolls, lay the remainder of the hamlet. Mistaking the hospital for a church, I concluded that it and the few cottages must constitute the Old Tacoma, rumor of which had reached me even in the East, and that a few mortals, weary of our headlong American mode of life, had hidden themselves away in the silent vale, in the hope of a serene ending to their days. For a moment I envied them their peace. But after a moment's reflection, there was no question but that I preferred the wide battle-field, and a steady part in the warfare.

But how short of the truth were my fancies! Close under the steep cliff at my right, buzzed the great saw-mill, described in the preceding chapter, so charged with life and energy, that China and Japan

on one side, and New York on the other, feel their effects. Still, for a little while, ignorance was bliss. Of the quaint place this story is told: One day, in 1864, a party of gentlemen from the Indian Reservation, at the head of the bay, floated down past this picturesque recess in the bluff, on a fishing excursion. Of the number was one Job Carr, recently arrived from the East. Observing the rough little dale, he remarked:

"That would make a fine location for a town."

His impressions were so deep that he soon after took up the section of land that included the pretty nook, and forthwith laid out a town thereon, and called it "Tacoma City." It started to grow; but in time, along came a party of engineers, making surveys for the much-talked-of railroad from Lake Superior to Puget Sound. Naturally, wherever the road should end, a city would spring up. The location, therefore, must be one offering space for a town of considerable extent. Happily the long incline on which Tacoma now stands, met the requirement. And to that point the Northern Pacific Company decided to come for its exodus to the sea. Mr. Carr's "City of Tacoma" fell within the limits of the site selected. Tacoma was just the name for the emporium yet to be, and was adopted at once, the settlement in the romantic vale becoming simply the First Ward of the new city.

The name is taken from Mount Takhoma, the

grand snow-cone, which, in full view from the city, lifts its head far above the thousand summits of the Cascade Range. In the Indian tongue, the word signifies "the breast," primarily, because from it flow several swift streams of a milk-white color, due to a peculiar white clay soil, through which they course down its sides.

A grander object than this glacier-clad mountain can scarcely be conceived. Distant from Tacoma about forty-five miles by actual survey, and something like sixty by the usual route taken, it appears to be scarcely five miles away, and sometimes even nearer. Fourteen thousand four hundred and forty-four feet above the sea, it is never relieved of its mantle of snow, and is always imperial, always wonderful. On different occasions its snowy robe takes on different colors of the spectrum. I have seen it a faint blue, a pale green, a dark purple. The splendid object rises directly in front of my window, and glancing toward it, as I pen this line, it wears a clear pink hue, the effect of the sunset now taking place.

Between myself and the mountain lies the bay, smooth and cold. Looking down into it now, I see reflected there—a full mile away—the majestic cone, apex downward. On each side of it an army of firs and cedars stand on their heads. In and out among them, as easily as though water were their native element, sails a fleet of rose-tinted clouds. Did I not actually behold the scene, I should be

exceedingly skeptical as to an object being reflected in water forty-five miles distant. Indeed, I have seen it a score of times. Will the reader try to imagine the spectacle as it now appears to me? The western heavens are all aglow with sunset colors. Off in the east stands the royal mountain, flanked by miles of imposing summits. Down in the blue bay is its beautiful negative, inverted and tinted with the farewell light of day. Watch it until the original is shut out by the darkness, and you will feel that you are not in a real world.

Not long ago a citizen of the place stood upon the wharf, conversing with a friend from New York. Happening to glance toward the water at his feet he saw Mount Tacoma reflected therein as if in a mirror. Turning to the gentleman he asked:

"Would n't you like to have a nearer view of Mount Tacoma than we now get from over the tree-tops yonder?"

"I should, indeed," he replied.

"There you have it," said the other, pointing to the deep water beside which they stood. The visitor was amazed, and almost doubted the evidence of his eyes.

Another resident tells me that he has twice seen the great cone cast a *shadow over the city*, as would a tall tree over a moor.

An idea of the exceeding clearness of the atmosphere may be gained from the statement that the

mountain is frequently visible from the city by moonlight. I myself have several times enjoyed the pleasure of so seeing it.

Mount Tacoma contains a glacier of great extent. Some writer has said, "ten miles long and five miles broad." Lieutenant Van Kantz, who at one time attempted to scale the cone, relinquished his purpose on finding himself confronted by this vast field of ice. Others have accomplished the feat, but report immense ice-fields in the way.

Late in the Summer, a member of this household, thinking he lacked finish in the way of travel, although just returned from a trip to Europe, concluded that a jaunt to the snow-line on Mount Tacoma would meet his want. Accordingly, in company with a party as intrepid as it was small, he set out. Reaching the monarch, up and up they went on his side, until a height of over nine thousand feet had been gained. There they passed three days hunting wild goats amid the perils of its awful glacier. From the city of Tacoma the trip is made in two and a half days. Twenty-five miles are made by rail, and the remainder on horseback. Ascents are usually partial only, and rarely take place after August.

XLV.

THE EXPULSION OF THE CHINESE.

"THE Chinese must go," was an utterance heard on the street, in the shops, stores, offices, and homes of Tacoma, many times a day during the past month—October. In the city were several hundred of these people, engaged in different occupations, and all as busy as bees. During this period the question of their expulsion occasioned more serious thought on the part of the American citizens than did all other topics combined. All classes discussed the subject by the hour, formed opinions concerning it, and over it grew more or less anxious and excited, daily. Various were the reasons for this fever. One of the most apparent was the following:

Many persons honestly regarded the steady encroachments of the Asiatic race as a grave menace against American occupation of the coast; and, spurred on by the possibility of themselves becoming the inferiors in power and numbers, they determined to rise up and expel the Mongolians while they could. The plea appeared ludicrous, at first thought, and provoked an incredulous smile. The bare suggestion that the Flowery Kingdom could

pour upon this coast a sufficient number of its teeming millions to subvert its present apparently invincible occupants, savored of the weakest nonsense.

But let us endeavor to see the situation as it appeared to these worried citizens. It was a fact that the Chinese were taking up one employment after another, and another, those of women as well as men, and in time monopolized each one. They were pushing on from city to city in ever-increasing force, everywhere finding work and making money. They were industrious to a fault, apt, skillful, obedient, could live on wages upon which the white man would starve, and in a condition utterly repellent to him. Without families to support, except in rare cases, their advantage over the American laborer was enormous. Besides, they were draining the coast of money, and therewith filling the banks of China. Moreover, none of them intended to become American citizens. Not one in a hundred took any interest in the affairs of the country, or gave a thought to its welfare, or aided in sustaining its government and institutions. All these, and several more, were grave facts, and gave the people serious cause for feeling. But it was viewing the subject from a single stand-point. It had other aspects as deserving of attention, were it at all the province of these paragraphs to consider them, their purpose being simply to relate the history of the eviction.

Active steps toward the expulsion of the Mon-

golians from the Puget Sound Valley began in a conference of representatives from five counties, held in Tacoma, Saturday, September 5th. This meeting recommended that committees be appointed to call upon all parties within the bounds of the conference, employing Chinese, and to request them to discharge all such laborers from their service, and also to sever all business relations with them. Committees were immediately organized to carry out the will of the conference. The limit of time fixed for the removal of the foreigners, was yesterday, Sunday, November 1st. Thus were two months allowed the gardeners, house-servants, laundrymen, shoemakers, stone-cutters, saw-mill hands, coal-miners, railroad employees, and so on, to arrange for their departure from the region.

As the committees proceeded with their work, interest in the movement increased, both *pro and con*, throughout the valley. On every hand could be heard the pithy sentence, "The Chinese must go," while every day, clearer grew the evidence that a solution of the difficult problem was approaching. As the time passed, one organization after another, a company here, and a company there, quietly replaced its Chinese with American laborers. Every such result added to the sentiment against the Celestials, and gave strength to the movement.

In every community were persons who earnestly opposed the measure. These were, chiefly, parties

employing the Chinamen as domestic servants, and some firms hiring them in large numbers. Certain ministers also, and other citizens, resisted the action on moral and Christian, as well as humanitarian grounds. The two daily journals espoused the cause of the evictors, and, in the heat of the controversy, failed to allow to certain of their townsmen the freedom of opinion and of speech which has always been our loud boast in this Republic. To those pastors, even, whose objections were both moderately and discreetly but firmly spoken, was certainly not accorded the courteous consideration due to their office and relations in the community. The journals, however, endeavored faithfully to enlighten the public by setting forth the appalling filth and vicious practices in which the Chinese lived, wherever crowded together. And to these efforts was largely attributable their complete removal from Tacoma, and also the restriction of Chinese immigration to this part of the coast.

During the past two months, the Knights of Labor and the Order of the Golden Era—both virtually one thing, the latter being, among farmers, what the former organization is in towns and cities—have done their utmost to convince every individual Chinaman that the mandate to remove meant nothing short of total leave-taking. Meantime, numerous public meetings of the citizens have been held, and torchlight processions have paraded, while

neighboring communities have lent each other their presence and influence, to fan the enthusiasm.

Meantime, again, the coolies far and near have heard the muttering of the thunder, have seen the growing dark cloud, and in large numbers have hurried preparations for sailing away home ere the storm should burst. On the other hand, the more intelligent and intrepid resolved to stand their ground, and see what would come of it.

When the first steps were taken toward expulsion, there were in Tacoma about seven hundred coolies and trading Chinese. To-day probably three hundred remain to test the warnings of the Knights of Labor. The entire Sound Valley contained between four and five thousand. From Whatcom, Benton, Wilkeson, South Prairie, and Port Blakely they are reported to have wholly disappeared. By the "Franklin," "Carbondale," and "Black Diamond" coal companies they have been discharged, as well as from several fish-canneries and large saw-mills.

The final demonstration against this people took place on Saturday evening last, in the form of a street parade, and was as impressive as Tacoma and considerable delegations from her neighbors, Seattle and Puyallup, could make it. It had been previously proclaimed that after the procession there would occur a meeting of the committees, at which would be determined the course to be taken with coolies found in the city after midnight.

This statement put every body on the *qui vive* to ascertain how matters stood the moment Sunday morning dawned. Being myself far from indifferent on the subject, and having risen at an early hour, I stepped to a window of my room overlooking the rear veranda of a neighbor's house, where usually at that hour stood Charlie, the Chinese servant, busy with preparations for the morning meal. To my surprise he was at his post, in sacque and apron white as snow, quietly getting the breakfast. Presently an elderly Chinaman passed down the avenue, and during the day several others appeared on the streets.

Desiring to learn the exact situation of affairs before penning this account, accompanied by the friend in whose home I dwell, I called upon Mr. R. J. Weisbach, the mayor of Tacoma, for such information in the case as he felt disposed to impart. Being a tradesman of the city, as well as its chief officer, we found him at his store on Pacific Avenue. Mr. Weisbach is a German, as his name indicates, but he speaks English well, and is courteous, affable, and very intelligent. As one of the Knights of Labor, he has been active in the crusade against the Chinese. Upon my inquiring what course would be pursued in reference to those remaining in the town, he replied:

"I can not now state exactly. They have been informed that they *must* leave. The time allowed

them for preparation has expired. They are aware of that. If any of them choose to tarry and take the consequences, we can not help it."

"No acts of violence will be committed against them, I presume?"

"None whatever. The probable course will be a strict system of boycotting, which will certainly result in their departure."

"Have most of those already gone returned to China?"

"From the entire coast between six and seven thousand have sailed for home. About four thousand have gone to Eastern cities. From the vicinity of the Sound a large number have found quarters in Portland, where there is little hostility toward them. Also, a strong force has congregated at Olympia. We rather encourage their emigration to Eastern cities. Our brethren there have ever felt little sympathy for the people of this coast in their trials with the Chinese, and we want them to have an opportunity to exercise their benevolence and philanthropy toward the strange race."

"Are many of your citizens opposed to this movement against cheap labor?"

"No. The contrary is true. We have here two classes. One lives on the products of its own labor. The other subsists on the fruit of other people's toil. The latter class laments the loss of the Chinese."

"What view of the subject is held by the distinctively Christian portion of the community?"

"Opinion is, of course, divided. The Presbyterian and Congregational ministers, with some others, disapprove of the course, and think we should retain the Chinese in our midst and try to elevate them. The Unitarian, Universalist, Catholic, and Disciple pastors are of the opinion that the country would be better off if a Mongolian had never crossed the sea."

"Chiefly, what occupations have the Chinese followed in this country?"

"In large numbers they have been domestic servants and laundrymen; then gardeners, coal-miners, ditchers, laborers on the railways, workers on the streets, makers of ladies' and children's underwear, contractors, merchants, brokers for themselves and also for the Americans."

"You are confident the order of the Knights of Labor will succeed in expelling these men from the city?"

"It will. Undoubtedly it will."

Bidding the gentleman "good-day," I called at a mercantile house a little farther down the avenue to make some trifling purchase. Immediately the absorbing topic was mentioned. Whereupon the merchant said, with no slight fervor:

"Not a race on the earth can stand before the Chinese, as they are pushing their way in America.

Were they to-day allowed to flock into the Sound Valley in such numbers as they came here three years ago, we ourselves should soon have to leave."

Entering the office of the Northern Pacific Railway on my way home, I was politely greeted by its single occupant, who, upon my inquiring what attitude the Western Management took with reference to the agitation, replied:

"I think I can say that to a man the officers of the road indorse the movement, although the Northern Pacific Road is a considerable employer of coolie labor. Some days since, its representatives stated to the Knights of Labor, that if the Order would guarantee the road a sufficient force of white laborers, it would discharge its Chinese hands. Indeed," he continued, "there are but few men in the community who are not of the opinion that the welfare of the place requires the expulsion of the Chinese."

Tuesday, November 3d.—In the afternoon of yesterday the great excitement culminated in the almost total exodus of the Mongolians. The principal movers in the proceedings were the Knights of Labor and some others in sympathy with them. The two following paragraphs, condensed from an account of the affair given in the Tacoma *Daily Evening News*, are evidence that the measures adopted for their removal were not altogether those of "strict boycotting."

During the morning the "Committee of Fifteen" paid a visit to the various Chinese quarters in the city. In obedience to a preconcerted signal given by the steam whistles, a force of about five hundred persons assembled, and attended this committee, as a sort of body-guard. The Chinese establishments were visited in succession, and the inmates informed that they "must pack up at once." An intelligent Chinaman was induced to act as interpreter on the occasion, and to aid in securing entrance into the buildings. In most instances the coolies appeared willing to comply. Some asked for an extension of time, while others assumed airs of independence and unconcern. Upon arriving at the tenaments located on the wharf, the guide of the "Committee of Fifteen" observed a hand-bill in Chinese posted at a conspicuous point. After reading this, he objected to proceeding in his mission, and was released. In this locality a few refused to open their doors, and were for the time passed undisturbed.

The committee and its escort now proceeded to the First Ward—Old Tacoma. Here were discovered, stowed away in a labyrinth of dens, fifty-one men. Urged to pack up their effects at once, they complied, and were escorted to the city by the evictors. At a joss-house near were found three others who joined the procession. Returning now to the wharf, the committee searched every nook and

corner, and ordered all occupants of the place to prepare to leave. By four o'clock in the afternoon something over two hundred, accompanied by their luggage in wagons, and attended by the committee and an escort of citizens, moved down Pacific Avenue, and thence out into the country toward Lakeview, a station on the Northern Pacific Road, about eight miles distant.

To something less than twenty of the men the Committee granted the further extension of time requested. And three who were ill—one of whom was a leper—were allowed to tarry until recovery, or for more comfortable transportation. "A force of about thirty Tacomans" passed the night at Lakeview with the ejected people. This morning the railway sent out cars to convey the latter to Portland. Thus was accomplished that most singular event in American history—the expulsion of the Chinese from Tacoma.

The papers of to-day state that throughout the action of yesterday not a deed of violence was committed against the Chinese, and that the sheriff, who was constantly in attendance, at no time interfered with the proceedings. All this is doubtless true. Still there were some features of the closing scene which were calculated to excite commiseration for the outgoing company.

Rain was falling steadily as they passed out into the open country. There were a few women in the

wagons. Some of the men were in tears. They were leaving with some—to say the least—pecuniary losses, and with indefinite prospects ahead. A citizen relates that as the procession was about to start he saw a coolie apply at a provision store for some article of food, for which he offered to pay; but it was persistently refused him by the dealer, though he pleaded strenuously: "Me hungry. Me starve."

The inhuman act, it is needless to add, was heartily condemned by those who witnessed it, and if the kindly deed of one person can balance the cruel one of another, it was fully offset by certain parties employing Chinese servants, who, it is said, upon their leave-taking, abundantly supplied them with food for the journey. As a matter of course, some inconvenience will be experienced in the place by this sudden surrender of laborers. Feeling it not the least, will be the households in which numbers of the coolies have served as domestics. Discussing the subject, the ladies have often asked: "What shall we do for reliable help?"

As an appendix to this account, I may state that about eleven o'clock next day after the eviction, the Chinese tenements on the wharf were found to be in flames, and in a few minutes were reduced to smoke and *débris*. And before night those in the First Ward also disappeared by the same agency. These were said to be reeking with filth, from which nothing less effective than fire could cleanse them.

As the flames from the wharf arose in the air, numerous were the inquiries as to who were the authors of the arson, for it was hardly supposed the fire was accidental. One of the tarrying Celestials was promptly arrested as the probable incendiary; but, evidence failing to convict him, he was set at liberty. So, "Who applied the torch?" is still the question.

November 12th.—The remarkable promptitude of the President of the United States in ordering troops to Puget Sound, the haste of the marshal of the Territory in serving warrants of arrest upon the leaders in the Chinese crusade, together with the almost simultaneous appearance of a manifesto from Governor Squire, warning all citizens in the "disaffected districts against taking part in any breach of the peace," and against "inciting others to riotous acts," as well as the calling upon the officers of the law "to preserve order in the excited communities, and to secure to Chinese residents freedom from assault," have placed the trouble in Western Washington in the category with those which do *not* "blow over in sixty days."

Then, too, closely following these acts, came a Proclamation by the President, declaring the citizens of the Puget Sound district to be in a "state of insurrection," and charging that "the laws of the Territory could not be enforced by ordinary judicial proceeding," that "life and property were in

danger," and that "the uprising was of such importance, as to require the presence of the military for its suppression."

Barely had those who were most aggressive in the expulsion of the Chinese, returned from Lakeview, and resumed their occupations, ere these pronunciamentos were flying in the air. Some action on the part of Governor Squire was indeed anticipated. But had a thunderbolt fallen suddenly at the feet of the Committee of Fifteen, its members could hardly have been more startled than upon reading this proclamation by the President. And to the majority of the community the document seemed the most absurd thing in the world.

Nobody was in a state of insurrection, it was claimed. Life and property were never more secure. The whole unfavorable impression which had gone abroad, was due to the groundless fears of Governor Squire, the misrepresentations of newspapers opposed to the movement, and the malice of a few, whose interest it was to have the Chinese remain. The eviction had been accomplished without shedding a drop of blood. And those who had so well performed the deed were now industriously at work. What nonsense, therefore, to order such citizens "to go peaceably home!"

Scarcely had the President's notice reached the people, ere a special train left Tacoma, to bring up from Portland, troops ordered to the Sound from

Fort Vancouver. This step had no other effect than to provoke amusement.

"What will they do when they get here?" inquired some.

"How will they manage to put down a people who are not at all in rebellion?" asked others.

"Let them come," said the calm-minded. "We shall be glad to see them. It will give the boys a change."

Soon the soldiers appeared, a portion of them encamping in Tacoma, and the remainder proceeding to Seattle, to "quell the uprising in that city." This they accomplished in the rather unique way of "levying upon every *Chinaman* in the place a special tax of twenty-five cents, wherewith to replenish their personal exchequer," after too freely spending the money in pocket when they left Vancouver.

Meanwhile the grand jury at Vancouver found true bills against twenty-five citizens of Tacoma for complicity in the anti-Chinese movement. Among them were: His Honor, Mayor Wiesbach, the Judge of Probate, several councilmen of the city, the editor-in-chief of the Tacoma *Daily Evening News*, a number of Grand Army veterans, and some others. Cited to appear at once, the parties arranged their affairs for an indefinite absence, and one by one appeared at the rendezvous whence they were to set out. "At the train, upon their depart-

ure, was assembled quite a concourse of the citizens, who, as the train moved off, took them by the hand and wished them success." On the same train, also, the soldiers placed their camp equipage and themselves, and sped back to Vancouver, having found in Tacoma no *casus belli*. The company dispatched to Seattle, to look after the interests of law and order in the bright town, tarried a few days longer.

The indicted Tacomans were detained at Department Head-quarters but a few days and were then released on bail, their trial being set for the next term of court at Tacoma. At the session, upon the case coming up, the indictments were immediately annulled, and the parties discharged. Then the affairs of the Sound Valley adjusted themselves to the new order of things, and the unique uprising was a matter of the past.

A note received from a friend in Tacoma, as this work is in preparation for the press, states:

"We have reason to be glad now, that we have no Chinese among us. To-day the neat little cottages of well-paid laborers are seen, in place of the wretched dens the former occupied. One glance at a group of poor lepers huddled together, on their way through Portland, the other day, sufficed to remove all regret over our promptness in ridding our city of their race."

XLVI.

A Rainy Season in the Puget Sound Valley.

OMITTING the loneliness produced by the somber skies, a rainy season in Western Washington affords a novel, rather than a disagreeable, experience, particularly to one accustomed to see the liquid fall chiefly in showers, and during all periods of the year. Especially is this true if one's habitation happens to be on a sightly hillside down which the water flows away freely, and if one can get everywhere by going up or down hill, as is the case in these Sound cities.

The rainy period begins at no established date. It may delay until the middle of November, but its advent is usually earlier. The 28th of October witnessed its introduction the present year, and we have now had over one month of quite steady rain, varied by two entire days of radiant sky. During the first ten days there were frequent showers, with intervals of genial sunshine between. But at night down came the fluid continuously on roof and window-pane, producing music which vividly recalled these animated lines:

> "Myriads of massive rain-drops
> Have fallen on all around;

Some have danced upon the house-tops,
Some have hidden in the ground.
They were liquid-like musicians
With any thing for keys;
Beating tunes upon the windows,
Keeping time upon the trees."

Occasionally the very flood-gates seemed to open and pour down millions of tiny streams. Then would the music swell into a great volume of sweet sound, composing a grand chorus, in which the total orchestra of the heavens took part. For hours in the night have I listened to the exciting performance. How the rapid movement recalled those words of the melancholy Jeremiah: "When He uttereth his voice there is a multitude of waters in the heavens"—a statement which answers God's question to suffering Job: "Hath the rain a father?"

Did ever Mr. Theodore Thomas's musicians try to imitate the music of pouring rain? If not, the Puget Sound basin would afford them fine opportunity for practice under a teacher unexcelled. And why would not the imitating for fifteen minutes, some warm Summer evening, the varying tones of the rain-drops, with harps, fifes, flutes, cornets, drums, violins, bass-viols, large horns, and small horns, furnish a diversion well worth a dollar to hear?

But on this northern coast, the days of rain constant, not less than those of rain intermittent, bring advantages, not alone to the old earth, made "soft with showers," but to the housewives of these young

and social cities. They provide opportunities for accomplishing needed family sewing, and long delayed patching and darning; for writing letters to loved ones "back in the States;" for "putting to rights" disordered pantries and closets; and, best of all, for calming minds distracted by interruptions innumerable during the long cheery Summer-time.

"Do you wonder," said a dear friend to me yesterday morning, as she and her daughters seated themselves for a day at sewing, "that we hail the rainy season with some satisfaction? A day like this" (there was "a sound of abundance of rain" outside) "is a real blessing to us. We shall probably have no company, and so shall get on with our work."

There is something in the very nature of the bright days in this region, which allures people out of doors, and renders them socially inclined. This, added to the fact that many are far from home and friends, and therefore are appreciative of courtesies shown them, makes regular routine in agreeable and hospitable families almost impossible. Somebody is ever dropping in to spend a little time. So away speed the Summers, leaving all except the imperative tasks unaccomplished, perhaps.

Although the last day of November, the grass is a bright green and the air Spring-like. Out of doors are blooming roses, mignonette, marigolds, chrysanthemums, and other flowers. I am writing

without fire, and have spent few days in a warm room since my arrival here. Last evening was remarkably Summer-like. The sun dropped into the Pacific before five o'clock. The half-moon beamed down brightly. Everywhere were people out enjoying the beauty. A hundred tiny rivulets, full of speed, merry as larks, were singing their way down to the Sound, the rain-clouds having departed with the sun. I often stop, on my way down into the city, beside one of these talking brooks, and listen to its suggestive sayings. Do not imagine that this open state of the weather will continue until Spring. January and February will bring light snows; will send the mercury down nearly to zero, and will hold it there a few days, possibly; but the rigor will be far from Siberian. The Winter climate of the Sound—the average temperature being thirty-nine degrees—"is milder than that of Washington City, lying eight degrees farther south than Tacoma." The Winters are less severe even, than in Eastern Washington, as are the Summers cooler.

Two causes conduce to this constant moderate temperature of the coast from San Francisco to Sitka. These are the south-west trade-winds and the Kuro Sivo, or Japan Warm Stream. Hon. S. Garfield, a former delegate to Congress from the Territory, and for twenty years a resident of the Pacific Slope, says, in an article on the climate of Puget Sound: "As far north as the forty-ninth

parallel flowers bloom, and vegetable life is vigorous until far into the Winter. Frost seldom continues longer than from four to fifteen days. But little snow falls, not enough to obstruct locomotion, and ice suitable for domestic uses is the exception."

The existence of the Gulf Stream, or warm river, which, with a constant tendency toward the north-east, flows along our Atlantic sea-board not far out from shore, is a fact well known to most readers. But that southward along our entire western coast, there ever surges a warmer current, compared with which the Gulf Stream is as nothing in extent, very few persons are aware. For this reason, and because it naturally attaches to the subject of climate, upon which we are speaking, I devote a page or two to the vast "Black River" of the Pacific, as the stream is called by the Japanese, on account of the intense blue of its waters. For information on the subject, I am indebted chiefly to an able work on the oceanic currents, by Élisée Réclus, and entitled "Réclus's Ocean." I condense his ample treatment of the subject to the narrow limits afforded by this book, and therewith mingle some important remarks by Mr. Garfield, presenting all in my own phraseology.

In equatorial latitudes the water of the great oceans is heated to such a degree, by the fervor of the sun's rays, that vast quantities of the fluid rise, in the form of vapor, into the cool strata of the

atmosphere. Here a portion soon condenses, and returns to the ocean in the form of rain. But a large part of it is borne off by aerial currents, to fall upon seas and continents far distant. The amount of water so displaced, is estimated to equal one hundred and twenty trillion cubic yards annually. This enormous displacement by evaporation leaves an immense void in the oceans. For filling this vacancy Nature has various schemes. One of them—that in which we are now interested—is the pouring into the equatorial basins a mass of water from the polar seas, where the annual loss by evaporation is much exceeded by the annual supply of rain, snow, and melted ice. This superabundance of fluid at the poles, constantly tends toward the torrid zone, in two currents, one from the south, the other from the north, meeting each other in both the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and thence describing regular orbits through the seas, as do the heavenly bodies through space.

Do these ocean rivers bear to the void at the equator just enough water to fill it? No. They carry too much. Now let us see what then happens. Upon their arrival in tropical latitudes, they encounter a third tremendous current. Whence is that? The earth, revolving on its axis, turns from west to east. At the equator, and for some distance north and south of it, this motion starts a current of water westward in both oceans. The polar cur-

rents, in their respective journeys, northward and southward, cross latitudes where the speed of the earth's rotation is greater than their own velocity. This deflects them toward the west, so that, arriving in the tropics, they strike the equatorial current obliquely, and uniting therewith they form one mighty oceanic river bound across the Pacific in a nearly straight line, the earth contributing to its momentum, by its motion in the opposite direction. Thus is produced the great equatorial current of the globe.

In the Pacific, the stream known as "Humboldt's Current" joins the magnificent tide about opposite Peru. Thence, in a straight line, the triune river proceeds on its triumphant march of at least two-thirds the distance around the globe, its mean width being not less than thirty-five hundred miles, or, extending from the twenty-sixth degree of south latitude to the twenty-fourth of north latitude, and its average speed being nineteen miles per day. In some places, at certain seasons, it attains a velocity twice as great. By its movement is displaced an immense quantity of water from one end of the globe to the other, roughly estimated at twenty trillion cubic yards *daily*. At the point of junction with Humboldt's Current it is known to proceed, *en masse*, with a depth of at least one mile.

Reaching the shores of Asia and Australia, the vast stream divides, throwing out broad branches

toward either pole. The mighty body which sweeps northward, turned aside by New Guinea, the Philippine Islands, and the cluster lying off the coast of China, bends to the north-east. When opposite Yeddo, in the Island of Niphon, its temperature is from ten to twelve degrees higher than the still water through which it flows. In passing this island, the current—now become the Kuro Sivo of the Japanese—deflects more decidedly toward the north-east, and "spreading out over a vast expanse of ocean, loses in depth, proportionally as it gains in breadth."

North of Japan the Kuro Sivo is met obliquely by an Aretic current emerging from the Sea of Okhotsk, on its way to in part replace the void at the tropics. In the same manner does the Atlantic Gulf Stream encounter, below the Banks of Newfoundland, a cold, deep tide from the polar sea. In both oceans, banks of thick fog signalize the meeting of the cold and warm waters. Like the Gulf Stream the Kuro Sivo is "compounded of liquid bands of unequal temperature, flowing beside each other, above the same liquid bed." For centuries before the seamen of the Western world had knowledge of the latter current, Japanese navigators well understood its influence upon climate, and its importance in coast-wise voyages.

The great mass of the Black River, warmed by long sojourn under a tropical sun, traverses the

Northern Pacific from west to east, until, arriving under the Aleutian Islands, it divides, the larger portion making a graceful curve below the Peninsula of Alaska, whence it bends southward and skirts the coast of British Columbia, Washington Territory, Oregon, and California, imparting to most of our own shore a Spring-like temperature even in midwinter. It continues as an off-shore current, until, breaking upon Cape Mendocino, in Northern California, it sends an immense branch northward, as an in-shore eddy, while the main body journeys on toward the void at the equator, again to augment the great mid-ocean river.

The division thrown off at the Aleutian Islands, presses its way through Behring's Strait, then eastward through the Arctic Ocean, southward through Baffin's Bay and Davis Strait, and onward along our Atlantic Coast—bringing down a rich cargo of icebergs and crisp fish—until it collides with the Gulf Stream under the Banks of Newfoundland, sinks under the shock into deep-sea waters, and thence hurries southward to make up the deficiency at the equator. Similarly does Humboldt's Current bring up from Antarctic lands a motley lading of stones, icebergs, and curious *débris*.

In the Southern Hemisphere, counterpart branches of the equatorial current describe equally wonderful circuits. Thus, daily, are moved back and forth, all the large waters of the earth. Inex-

orable are the laws which make the ocean restless. Agitate they must. Stagnant they can never become. How amazing is this provision for the welfare of man!

Throughout its route of many thousand miles the Northern Pacific Warm Stream parts with but little of its caloric. From the Queen Charlotte Islands to San Francisco, a distance of more than a thousand miles, it declines barely two degrees in temperature.

Probably the climatic conditions of no other portion of the coast are so decidedly influenced by the Kuro Sivo as is the Puget Sound Valley, and for this reason. In its totality the Sound embraces an area of two thousand square miles. The depth of its waters is very great. It has an "average tidal rise of about sixteen feet." Every day this surging tide brings into and carries out of this ramification of bays, inlets, and channels a quantity of water estimated at five thousand million cubic yards. In Summer, when other conditions would exalt the temperature to 90°, this prodigious mass of liquid, heated only to 52°, pours in daily, absorbs the surplus heat of the atmosphere, and gives to Western Oregon and Washington their fine Summer climate; while in Winter, aided by the south-west winds, it holds the average temperature at thirty-nine degrees. Thus is the accommodating body both a furnace and a refrigerator, as the season requires.

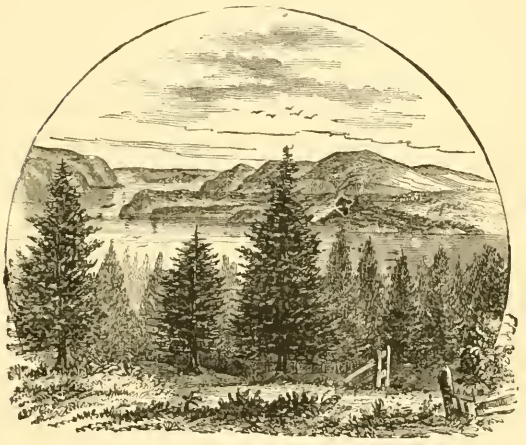
From this it must not be inferred that fires are indispensable in Spring and Autumn. In family-gathering rooms they are required of evenings from September to June. For fuel, both coal and wood—oak, alder, maple, fir, and especially the thick bark of the latter—are employed. Placed endwise in grates, this rich resinous bark snaps and crackles, and quickly bursts into flame, throwing out an intense heat, and finely illuminating a room. But laid lengthwise and compactly, as unskilled Bridgets so often build fires in stoves, it sulks, sputters, shows a deal of obstinacy, and finally, unless given large doses of fresh oxygen, goes out altogether. When required to help cook it prefers the company of coke or coal, and will soon set the whole aglow, enabling the delayed servant to hasten her meal and save—her master's temper. In the vicinity of the Sound, fir-tree bark now sells at three dollars per cord.

Cousin germain to the weather is the subject of fogs, and nowhere in the world can the vapory topic be more deserving of adjectives than in this valley. Indeed, to a Buckeye, from the lakeshore section of his State, where a genuine fog makes its appearance barely once in a year, those to be seen on the Sound are something truly remarkable. Let me cite, for instance, the one which at this moment has the *freedom* of the city—not presented, but taken. It is a dense, whitish-gray, luminous—for the sun is shining—visitant, which stole in during the night,

outwitting a frost, and giving the flowers longer lease of life. Most industriously has it worked. Gone are all the neighbor's dwellings, except one. The city is blotted out. Mountain, valley, and forest are obliterated. Out of doors, everywhere, absence is. On such mornings the people bestir themselves slowly and get to business tardily. In an hour or two the sun will triumph, and away will float the vapor. As it goes beautiful scenes may be witnessed. On the Sound, over the valley, among the distant forest-trees, it will rise up, take on multifarious shapes, and will scud away before the growing breeze, whirling and tumbling like so many wild children of the air. The sides of some, the tops of others, the sun will tint with glory. Many will lengthen out into fleecy pennants, and wind here and there among the dark firs, as if they were snowy streamers borne by the "spirits of the wood," as the Germans would say. But the finest exhibition will take place among the foot-hills lying off eastward. Look now! Suddenly in a hundred places the fog rises up in foamy clouds, all radiant with the new sunlight. See how they wave, and vault, and dart, a company of aerial gymnasts, out on a mad frolic, no feat too difficult for them to perform. Now look! Quickly and forever they have left the scene.

One more sketch, and we have done with this airy subject. On some clear morning, immediately after

the sun has climbed the Cascades, over the north side of Mount Tacoma small bodies of snowy mist will begin to ascend from all over the country between the city and the mountains. At first they will oscillate slowly, as if still tethered to the ground. Then gaining the more rarefied air, they will incline, roll over and over rapidly, and shoot off, some in this direction, others in that. The display usually lasts but a short time.



XLVII.

Hops Turning into Soil.

A VISIT TO ONE OF THE HOP-FARMS OF THE PUYALLUP.

ON the Puyallup River, eighteen miles from Tacoma, there lies a beautiful farm containing about three hundred acres, something like seventy of which are planted with hops. Early in December an opportunity was offered me to visit the place in company with the proprietor and his wife. The Northern Pacific Railway passes the premises within one mile of the dwelling; but, scorning such ordinary means of locomotion, we made the jaunt in a double wagon, behind two rarely thoughtful and conscientious mules. They were thoughtful as to how they could avoid traveling off a moderate walk, and conscientious in sending the wheels to the bottom of every deep rut on the way.

Residing in town, the family keep the house on the place open only during the season of cultivating and harvesting the hops. This period closes about the last of September. Since that time, this year, the abode has been in charge of two young men, who leave it about sunrise to attend to their labors, and return at nightfall, the proprietor paying but an

occasional visit to the place to look after matters generally. It was therefore necessary for our comfort while there, to take with us an ample supply of provisions, some clean bed-clothing, and suitable table appointments. Accordingly soon after breakfast, on the day designated, began the work of collecting the articles required. Forth they came, from every room in the house, including garret and cellar. Altogether, they composed as varied an accumulation as ever gravitated together in one vehicle, unless we except in an emigrant wagon.

By ten o'clock the cargo, omitting the human portion, had been wedged in, the provident hostess carefully superintending the proceedings. Stepping out then to take my seat with the others behind the dashing pair, I was not a little surprised by my friend turning to me and saying—her face wearing a look of extreme disdain:

"I am not going to ride through this city in such a vehicle, behind these mules."

"Pray, why not?" I exclaimed.

"My pride is not to be cured with such remedies," or something equivalent to that, was the laconic reply. "You and I will walk out to the mill at the head of the bay, where, in the course of time, they will arrive, and we can get in."

The "they" referred to, were her husband and their young son Harry, a lad of about thirteen years, who, carrying over his shoulder an old English

shot-gun, *felt* amazingly soldier-like, however little he may have looked so. The purpose to be served by the ancient fowling-piece was the killing of blue-jays, that rapacious bird being the express object of every Washington farmer's ire. For his efforts toward exterminating the odious brood, the youthful Nimrod was to receive five cents per capita, from his mother, who appreciates how a little encouragement helps to valiant doing.

The "mill," which was to become the rendezvous for the party, buzzed and whirred nearly a mile away, and the road thither led by no means through enchanting scenes. Nevertheless I acquiesced, and toward the spot we two directed our steps. Gaining the outskirts of the city, we threaded our way down a long hillside studded with prodigious stumps, and thence past the gas-works, a saw-mill or two, a furniture factory, and other such premises, reaching our meeting point long before our fellow-travelers, with their nimble team. Seeking the proprietor of the mill, we gave the interval to taking notes upon the flour industry of Western Washington, which we found to have a promising outlook for the future, though the amount manufactured is less than that made in the Walla Walla Valley. The mill is a valuable one, and the owner, an intelligent Scotchman, evidently knows how to make good flour, and, also, how to make money.

Taking our seats upon the arrival of the *carriage*,

we were soon winding around the base of the lofty bluffs, which, on the right, define the fertile valley of the Puyallup. The first mile brought us to the "Agency" of the Puyallup Indian Reservation, under the superintendency of Mr. Edwin Eells, for fourteen years a representative of the government in the Indian service of the North-west. Practically, Mr. Eells has spent his life among the Red Men of Washington, his father, Rev. Cushing Eells, D. D., having been one of the earliest missionaries to the natives of the Pacific Coast. Though now a man far advanced in years, he is still faithfully at work among his beloved tribes east of the Cascades, ever practicing, it is said, the utmost frugality in personal expenses, that he may have the more to devote to their welfare. Rev. Myron Eells, a second son, is also a missionary to tribes resident near the Sound.

At the Puyallup Agency are to be seen two small churches, one Catholic, the other Presbyterian, both of which are quite well attended by these wards of the government; a prosperous boarding-school for the training of their children; a quaint cemetery, in which repose their dead; and the gardens and residences of the officers, and some other buildings, where, I believe, certain manual labors are taught. For five miles our route lay through the wonderfully productive acres of this reservation, than which the great Territory contains none more so. A num-

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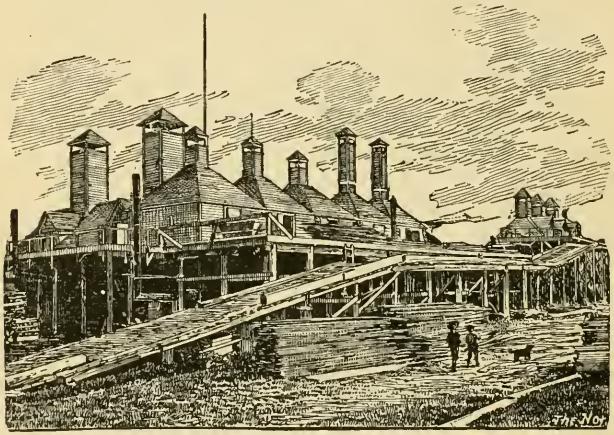
A Camp of Indians.

ber of Indians cultivate small farms within the tract, and hold patents for them, but in most instances their system of farming would shock an Illinois husbandman. There are exceptions to the rule, but I have been told that, as a general thing, the Puget Sound tribes lack application, and years must pass before they will be found conducting an intelligent, vigorous, and remunerative system of tillage.

Eleven miles from the city we entered the thriving village of Puyallup, on the Northern Pacific Road. The place is a noted shipping point for hops—is, indeed, the center of the Puget Sound hop district, which extends from beyond the Skagit River on the north to the Cowlitz on the south, a distance of nearly two hundred miles. In Puyallup are to be seen the home and large hop-farm of Ezra Meeker, the commissioner of the Territory to the Exposition at New Orleans, in 1884–85, and the largest hop-grower of the region, with the exception of an organized company operating on the Snoqualmie River, with about three hundred acres in vines. Mr. Meeker devotes about one hundred and eighty acres to the industry. Of these, over one hundred are at Puyallup, and the remainder in the White River Valley, farther north. He began cultivating the bitter product in 1868, by putting three acres into vines. Of his fifteen kilns for curing the fruit, ten adorn this little village and vicinity,

several being in full view, as we trot through the inviting-looking town. Mr. Meeker is one of the progressive men of the Territory. Enterprises committed to his supervision are sure to proceed.

It is quite relevant to mention here, that among the Washington products exhibited by Mr. Meeker at New Orleans, was a splendid sample of beet-



Hop-Kilns, Puyallup Valley.

sugar, of a thousand pounds weight. The article was manufactured from yellow beets grown in the White River Valley. They were immense in size, tender, juicy, remarkably free from woody fiber, and contained a large percentage of saccharine matter. These qualities distinguish most vegetables raised in the Sound Basin, and are due to the moist climate, the exceeding fertility of the soil, and the absence of lime in the water. In this vicinity lime

deposit never forms in the tea-kettles. Mr. Meeker's experiment with the beets was made simply to show what possibilities exist in that direction, this side the Cascade Mountains. The Territory not affording facilities for manufacturing the sugar, the vegetable was shipped to San Francisco for the purpose.

The soil of the river valleys of the Sound is a rich, black, alluvial deposit, of a depth unascertained in some places, and is the product of ages of washings from the mountains, and the annual decay of an exceedingly luxuriant vegetation. It is asserted that from twelve to fifteen feet below the present surface, on which stand trees whose age is marked by centuries, have, in several instances, been uncovered the stumps of giant trees, supposed to have been felled by a people long anterior to the Indians. With such ground to till, it is not at all surprising that Washington farmers anticipate a future of great prosperity.

Some two miles beyond Puyallup lies Sumner, a three-year-old community, settled down in the midst of picturesque scenery, with a good school-house and pretty church among its pleasant features. Every thing around shows that the inhabitants are full of vim.

Going onward, we passed a hop-farm occasionally, but the crop having been gathered, few of them looked trim and tidy. Hop-poles stood leaning in

all directions, and at all sorts of angles, or lay prostrate on the ground. Finally, the sun gone down, and the gloom of night gathering about us, we passed through a lofty gateway, and drew up beside a green terrace, on which stood our home for the next three days.

The bachelor housekeepers had just returned from work on a country roadway, and not expecting company, were for a few moments at their wits' end. But when they discovered the tempting provisions we had brought, and perceived with what magic two women can convert a cold, dark house into a scene of cheer and comfort, they took heart, and appeared to be really glad we had come. "In less than no time" bright fires of thick fir-bark were glowing and snapping on three hearths, and on the kitchen-stove sang the tea-kettle, its strains far sweeter to hungry people than those of the Puyallup surging by, a few rods from the door. Soon all were seated at a bountiful board, and, however much it lacked silver, delicate china, and crystal, none around it lacked appetite, nor gratitude to Him from whose full hand came all the good.

The meal over, the young husbandmen courteously offered to "wash the dishes," and the women as courteously let them, while themselves arrayed the beds, always reserved for the family's use, in fresh linen, well aired before one of the blazing fires. These things done, the household quieted

down for an evening's enjoyment, the proprietor in the sitting-room talking over farm matters with "the boys," and my friend and myself in a cozy apartment, chatting over Phebe Hanaford's "Daughters of America," which I found on the mantel. Within it were sketches of the life and character of such women as Mrs. Eliza Garfield, Mrs. Lucretia R. Garfield, Mrs. Lucy W. Hayes, Mrs. Judge Thompson, first leader in the grand W. C. T. U. movement, and the well-known authoress, Sarah Knowles Bolton, besides many more who have acquitted themselves nobly in the different fields in which they have labored. Thus, in that tiny cottage, far out on this western verge of the continent, did we while away a long evening with our country-women good and true.

Next morning, as the sun peered above the bluff bounding the farm on the east, I stepped outside the cottage to acquaint myself with the surroundings. How strangely primeval! How rank the vegetation! How humid the atmosphere! were my first thoughts. A dense growth of fine grass carpeted the terrace as with velvet. On the slender blades poised a thousand liquid globes, which threw back the sunlight as only dew-drops can. Pressing my foot down into the velvet, I quickly drew it back, wet and cold. Then, to add to the impression of humidity, came the deep notes of the river, hurrying by on its way to the Sound. From close to

the house, in the rear, stretched acres of hop-vines, back nearly to the bluff. They fell in rich brown festoons from the top of long poles, and were laden with scaly fruitage. "How was that?" From all that mass of luxuriant vines not a single hop had been harvested. "Why not?" Simply because at the picking season the prices offered for the product were, in the opinion of the owner, too depressed to pay for harvesting. Several thousand dollars had been put into the cultivation of the crop. The gathering and curing would cost several thousand more, and as he believed, would add nothing to his fortune. So here hung the rich brown pendants by the million—by the acre. Later in the season the whole will fall to the ground, and next Spring will be plowed under, making a fine fertilizer for the already affluent soil. On these same acres the crop sold last year for nearly fourteen thousand dollars.

The average yield per acre in any of these extremely fertile valleys is from eighteen to twenty thousand pounds. In specially favored districts it easily reaches one-third more, while on light or impoverished lands it may drop to one thousand pounds. In some parts of the country considerable enthusiasm has been awakened in reference to hop-culture in Western Washington; but an ill-advised step it would most likely prove for a man comfortably situated in the East to emigrate to the coast to

engage in the pursuit. Land of the best grade in any of the hop-growing localities is held at a very high figure. It is an expensive crop to cultivate, and the region is too remote from the great hop-markets of the world. Some seasons find the markets already overstocked, whereupon prices decline to a discouraging figure, and expenses are barely paid. It is not a rare thing, I learn, for growers to borrow money at a ruinous interest, and for a limited time, to secure their harvest. They are therefore forced to sell. The brokers always understand, and are sure to take advantage of the circumstances, by offering for the product a most beggarly sum.

The owner of this rancho, who has devoted eight years to the industry, has had variable success. His first profit, from the five and a half acres with which he began, was enormous, the whole yield having been marketed in New York, instead of London, at twenty-five cents per pound. One year, by the loss of the vessel on which it was shipped, his total harvest went down in the Strait of Juan de Fuca. What a wholesale mingling of tonics was that! From the infusion, every fish in the Pacific must have acquired strength to circumnavigate the globe. But even so effective a result afforded small consolation to the unfortunate loser. Another season, owing to depression of prices, he came out of the struggle with but one hundred and

fifty dollars as a remuneration for his personal time and care. And now, here stands this crop, literally going into the ground. Nevertheless he has reaped from these seventy acres, since engaging in the industry, the comfortable sum of forty thousand dollars.

It is believed by those who desire the best things for the Territory, that hop-growing will prove but an incidental occupation, in time giving place to fruit-farming. Of hops it may be said, as indeed of all other products raised here, There is *always* a crop. Generous mother earth never fails to respond munificently to the labors man bestows upon the soil. This field over which now droop these mammoth hops, has been sown to oats and other grains, annually, since 1853! Never has it been treated to a pound of fertilizer. Previous to that date the spot had been cultivated by the Indians since time unknown. Its yield of hops, per acre, last year, was two thousand pounds.

For the work of hop-picking, Indians, chiefly, are employed. At the season, they flock into the hop-valleys by the thousand, coming from nearly every reservation in the Territory, from Vancouver Island, the main-land of British Columbia, the islands of the Gulf of Georgia, and from every ramification of Puget Sound. They perform the journey by every conceivable mode—on foot, on horseback, in canoes, in every kind of vehicle on wheels. Some tribes, coming from the north by

water, make the journey in boats fashioned with great skill out of a section of the giant cedars of those latitudes. In these craft can easily be stowed away the family tent, the cooking utensils, and the entire household of persons—ill, aged, and able.

By some tribes, parents and other relatives are borne to the hop-fields from long distances, that they may have the care which could not be insured them in the absence of the families to which they belong. Not long since, one of the race appeared on this farm accompanied by his mother, who was not only blind and aged, but really ill. Here the son provided for her as best he could, the hospitable family in the cottage supplementing his efforts for her by daily acts of kindness. At the close of the picking, the woman received one of the extra dollars it is customary to distribute to the workers as a sort of retainer for the next year. It is a question if many of the disabled ones are not brought to the fields more for this perquisite from the employers, than for tender attentions from relatives.

Most hop-farmers appear to prefer Indian to Chinese help. Once at work, the Red Man is as reliable, nimble, and indefatigable as the Asiatic. And being a native product, prejudice against him is less strong than against the imported man. He is at his task by early daylight, and leaves it only when night hems him in.

After breakfast I was invited to take a look at the sheep, simply to see how plump, clean, and healthy the Washington quadruped is, and how very thick, fine, and long is the coat of wool he carries upon his broad back. A sheep with a fleece spotted with burrs, twigs, bits of leaves, and twists of dry mud, would prove an exasperating sight to a Puget Sound stockman. He would certainly decline to eat the creature, served as mutton, lest the above earthly things had defiled him.

I am here reminded that such a structure as a woolen-mill does not exist in Washington Territory. It is one of the crying wants of the Puget Sound district. Here is an opportunity for those who are crazy to go into hops, to better invest their capital.

Up to date, absolutely no effort has been made in the Territory to raise the finer breeds of sheep, there having been no demand for the animal, beyond the use of its flesh as food, and of its wool for a few domestic purposes. The fleece of the native variety, however, is remarkable for the length, strength, and fineness of its fiber.

Off a little to one side of this cottage stands a capacious log house, utilized, now, in Summer, as a tenement for the hop-pickers. It was built many years ago, and long served as the residence of the proprietor of this valuable farm. It was known far and near, in that early day, as a sure asylum for the needy and unfortunate. Never were its doors closed

to man, woman, or child, appealing for help. Hospitality unstinted made it a resort for all classes. Emigrants to Western Washington, having toiled across the plains and over the mountains, looked forward to this abode as the spot where all their troubles would take flight. Many a settler in the Puget Sound country can revert to the day when he received, in that dwelling, a cheering word, a night's lodging, a small loan of money, a supply of provisions, or help in some form, from its free-hearted owner—Mr. Van Ogle.

XLVIII.

The Great Territory and Its Resources.

AT this point I am tempted to remind the reader of a remark which appears in the Preface, to the effect that this unpretending book is not, properly, a work of travels, photographing in strict detail all the writer observed on the western verge of our domain, but is rather a series of carefully made sketches of the people, the country, and its manifold objects of interest. Most of the subjects treated are such as thoroughly aroused my own interest, and in their presentation the benefit of the reader has never for a moment been forgotten. Doubtless topics which would have edified the farmer, the manufacturer, the capitalist, and dealer in real estate have been omitted. Any disappointment such parties may feel as they read these pages we shall more than regret; at the same time, to our feast, such as it is, we cordially invite them. Compressed into this short chapter they will find a very general description of Washington Territory and its resources. It lacks particulars which some would be glad to see, but contains all the facts thousands have time to read.

Washington—name expressive of the thorough loyalty of the people—is a parcel of land embracing the mere trifle of 69,994 square miles. Only nine States the size of Massachusetts, it is claimed, can be laid upon it without crowding. Its greatest length from east to west is but the short distance of three hundred and sixty miles, while its average breadth is two hundred and forty miles. The small fraction of thirty-one hundred and fourteen square miles of its surface is covered with water. Of course, this includes Puget Sound, with all its bays and inlets. And somebody has figured that only twenty million acres are timbered land. Ten thousand acres are prairies and plains. One-half this amount is unrivaled bottom-land. How much is coarse, gravelly soil, unfit for the ordinary purposes of husbandry, but priceless for pleasure parks and drives, the mathematicians forget to state, but the amount is very considerable. One hundred and seventy-five thousand acres, reclaimable only by diking, lie near the mouths of rivers debouching into the Sound and the Pacific.

Oregon and the "Great River of the West" bound the Territory on the south; the forty-ninth parallel and a line running through the Strait of Juan de Fuca separate it from the queen's domain on the north; the Pacific hems it in on the west; while mountainous Idaho keeps guard over it toward the sunrise.

The physical features of the Territory are remarkably varied. Several lofty mountain chains were ages ago heaved up on its surface. Between the coast and the Sound the Olympic range rears its heads. The Cascade chain extends through the entire Territory west of the middle. The south-eastern part is rendered picturesque by the Blue Mountains, while all across the northern part Nature has tumbled together an endless miscellany of hills, cones, spurs, and ridges, interspersed with numberless sweet lakes and fertile vales. Between the Cascade and Olympic ranges lie the wonderful "timber-belt" and Puget Sound. In the former chain, not many miles apart, rise the majestic snow-cones, Adams, Tacoma, St. Helens, and Baker, all brilliant solitaires, glittering on the bosom of mother Earth. Finally, between Idaho and the Cascade Mountains, stretches an extensive plain containing nearly forty thousand square miles of the richest imaginable soil, and designated by the various terms, "Inland Empire," "Columbia Basin," "Bunch-grass District," and the like.

When first traversed by white men, this immense valley of the Columbia was supposed to be utterly worthless, except for grazing purposes, the bunch-grass—almost its only product—being a choice provender for stock. To-day, as has been previously set forth, it is one of the celebrated wheat regions of the world, and a fruit district of great

promise. The composition of its soil is peculiar. Its chief ingredients are ashes and scoriæ, which, the geologist being correct, were poured forth ages ago from immense fissures in the Cascade Mountains. From this range have occurred several wide-spread eruptions of lava, with long intervals of time intervening. One of them, an outburst of extraordinary extent and duration, is believed to have been the grandest overflow of the kind the earth has ever witnessed. It is estimated that the inundation covered an area of two hundred thousand square miles of this part of the continent. The depth of the deposit formed reaches the astounding average of two thousand feet. This lava poured forth upon a subsoil of clay, which in turn rested upon a bed of basalt, now so far below the surface as to be visible only along the banks of the greater water-courses. This arrangement is plainly apparent in the towering rocks on either hand, as one passes through the great gorge of the Columbia.

The Northern Pacific Railway crosses this prolific plain nearly diagonally, maintaining a general south-westerly course after leaving Idaho, until it reaches Ainsworth, a small town twelve miles north of Wallulu Junction. Here its main line, known as the "Cascade Division"—two hundred and ninety-two miles long—branches off in a north-westerly direction through a remarkably rich portion of the Basin toward the Cascade Mountains,

striking them at a practicable pass, about east of Tacoma, its western terminus, and, pending the completion of its tunnel through this chain, crosses it by the temporary arrangement of a switch-back road. The finishing of this division, practically, occurred in June last—1887. The event was celebrated in Tacoma, early in July, with splendid festivities, amid unbounded rejoicing. Thus is assured, unless checked by some untimely calamity of nature, the rapid settlement and development of the entire Puget Sound region. It makes Tacoma the outlet for not only the vast growth of cereals and other products of the Columbia Plain and Walla Walla Valley, naturally seeking a foreign market, but also for the great store of hops, coal, and lumber of its own opulent neighborhood. Through this port, also, must pass multiplied commodities from China, Japan, and Corea, destined to our Atlantic cities.

It is proper here to mention, that a line of railway, known as the "Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Road," is projected to be built from Tacoma to the village of Whatcom, on the Bellingham Bay. The road will traverse the district about twenty miles east of the Sound, and will bear the traveler to the lovely lake country lying immediately below the British line, and eventually, no doubt, onward to a junction with the Canadian Pacific Road. Of this genial northern part of

Washington we shall have something to say further on. But to retrace our steps for an instant:

From Wallulu Junction, the Northern Pacific runs its trains onward

Green River Scenery.

over the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's line, to the south bank of the Columbia, at Dallas City, and thence on through magnificent

scenery to Portland. From that point, as we have in a previous chapter described, it proceeds still further down the lordly river, to Kalama. There, turning northward, it traverses Cowlitz, Lewis, Thurston, and a corner of Pierce Counties—all distinguished in some respect—to Tacoma. This northern section is known as the "Kalama Branch" of the great road.

Lewis County, with an area of twenty-one hundred square miles, contains the largest amount of arable land west of the Cascade Range. Among its population are many wealthy and intelligent families. A few miles from Chehalis, the county seat, is settled quite a colony of notable English people, with two or more parties of rank from Eastern Europe. They form an educated and enterprising community, possessing both the means and the purpose, to open up the country. In another locality are several persons from Michigan, who are driving affairs with hands, brains, and money.

Of Thurston County mention has already been made, and it needs only to be added here, that in the quality of its fruits, cereals, butter, and vegetables, not less than in the character of its men and women, it is surpassed by no other part of the Territory. In churches, schools, and connection with the outside world, by stage, steamer, railway, and telegraph, it ranks with the best counties of the Sound. "It manufactures, annually, millions of feet

of lumber, and sends immense rafts of logs to mills elsewhere on the Inland Sea." But the man who proposes, with little money and but his own hands, to clear off a farm among its heavily timbered lands, has a sturdy task before him, and has need of fathomless energy and perseverance. And this would be true in any part of the vast timber-belt. Notwithstanding, numerous farms are improved every year, and the soil made to produce something besides trees of extraordinary size.

Pierce County, one of the smallest subdivisions of the Territory—eighteen hundred square miles in extent—comes to the front in sources of industry. Among them are its coal-mines, of value unknown as yet; its quarries of lime and building stone, sufficient for all demands for a century to come; its acres of splendid timbered land; fine soil for hops, and large grazing area. In this county, between the White and Puyallup Rivers, lies the "Stuck Valley," renowned for the extraordinary fertility of its soil, a mixture of vegetable mold and alluvial deposit. The following list of products, raised in succession, without resort to fertilizers, from one acre of ground in this valley, I find in a "Compendium of Information" about the Territory, arranged by Allen C. Mason, of Tacoma, to whom I am much indebted for the work. "Six hundred bushels of potatoes, thirty-five hundred pounds of hops, ten tons of clover, thirty-five tons of sugar-

making beets, one hundred and twenty-five bushels of oats, ninety bushels of barley, six crops of vegetables. These are actual yields. After twenty years of successive crops, the land needs no fertilizing, is always mellow, and easily worked."

The Stuck Valley is the bed of an ancient river. In an uncultivated state, it is mantled with growths of alder, rank grass, and vine-maple. From the abrupt hills on either side leap forth springs of excellent water. A road now constructing between Tacoma and the heart of this valley, will reduce the distance thither to nine miles.

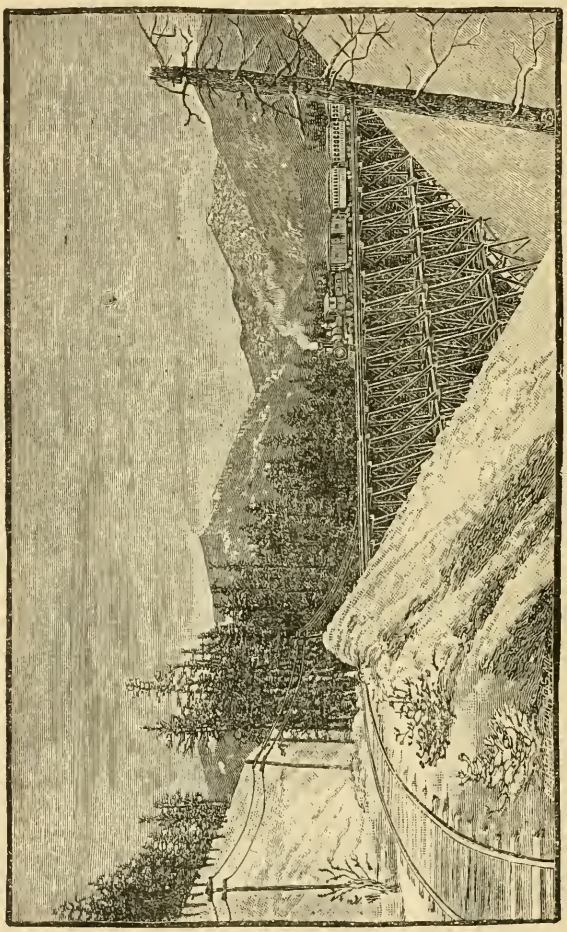
So far as known, the coal-measures of Washington lie between the Sound and the Cascade Range. "They extend from near the lower line of Thurston County, northward to Bellingham Bay, possibly to the British Possessions." Next to the lumber industry, they promise to furnish, for some time to come, if amply worked, the leading pursuit of this tier of counties. The collieries of Pierce and King counties show the largest output at present. Those of the latter district produce lignites chiefly, which serve well for steam and domestic purposes. The Pierce County mineral, a clean bituminous in some localities, but in others mingled with lignite, ramifies a hilly country in opulent veins.

Much of the coal now consumed on the Pacific Coast comes from Australia, and is very expensive. Particularly is this true in Southern California,

where there prevails a scarcity of timber. The fuel is brought over by English merchantmen, which reload with wheat from the San Gabriel and other southern valleys. Divers efforts have been made in that part of the State to utilize coal-oil for heating; and to accomplish it, the geniuses of the West and elsewhere have invented no end of contrivances—stoves, ranges, burners, furnaces—all "warranted to be safe and clean consumers." The governor of Washington estimates, that when the lower measures of the Territory shall have been reached, they will easily supply eighty per cent of this dearth in fuel.

Let us now, for a moment, give attention to Yakima County, a regal subdivision of the mammoth Territory. Its dimensions are one hundred and ten miles by seventy. The Yakima River, a royal tributary of the Columbia, pours through it from north-west to south-east. The valley it drains has an average radius of seventy-five miles, and extends from the Columbia to the Cascade Mountains. Topographically speaking, it is one grand succession of foot-hills, low ranges, plateaus, and valleys, unrivaled for fertility of soil. Clothed with sage-brush or nourishing bunch-grass, its table-lands have provided the choicest pasturage to herds for half a century past. In the heart of its hills and mountains are housed fortunes in minerals—gold, silver, iron, copper; while on their surface stand pine, fir, cedar, tamarack, all princely in size and

height. The temperate zone yields few vegetables or fruits, except peaches, that do not thrive in the



Cascade Mountain Scenery.

munificent Yakima Valley. Wheat is an unfailing product. There are fields which have been known

to produce thirty consecutive harvests of this cereal, unaided by fertilizers, the last crop averaging fifty bushels to the acre. Up this valley, from Ainsworth to the Cascade Mountains, runs the new main division of the Northern Pacific Road, a costly highway traversing a sumptuous land.

The county includes the celebrated Yakima Indian Reservation, which embraces six hundred sections of the best land west of the Columbia River. Of this, three hundred thousand acres are beautiful meadow-land, sparkling with refreshing springs and water-courses. The occupants of this Reservation are distinguished for their advancement in education, religion, and the customs of civilized life. Of these Indians a shrewd trader once replied, on being asked if they would steal: "No, sir. If all the white men of this vicinity were placed on one side this stream, and all the Indians on the other, I would leave my goods on the Indians' side."

Fourteen tribes were parties to the "Treaty of Yakima," ratified in 1859. Some of these people reside sixty miles from the head-quarters of the Reservation. The population now numbers nearly four thousand persons. In 1880, those engaged in agriculture raised thirty-five thousand bushels of wheat, besides a very large amount of oats and corn. They were then the owners of seventeen thousand horses, and fifteen thousand head of cattle. In their timber tracts they cut nearly four hundred thousand

feet of lumber. For the processes of husbandry they have plows, mowers, reapers, and wagons, and have under cultivation eight thousand acres of land. Numbers of them occupy comfortable houses, fitted up with stoves, tables, clocks, beds, mirrors, newspapers, the Bible, and much else that is useful. "They were once," to quote the language of the Rev. J. H. Wilbur, for twenty years their superintendent, friend, and adviser, "as low as Indians generally become without going to the bottomless pit."

Fortunately, Mr. Wilbur believed vigorously in the Bible and the plow. In his training of the Yakimas, they stood for faith and works. He employed both with a will. In the steady advance of his *protégés* in civilization he to-day sees the result.

Washington embraces fifteen Indian reservations, aggregating over six million acres. Largely, they comprise the finest grazing, timber, mineral, and arable portions of the Territory. Between thirty and forty thousand acres have been allotted to different Indians, in severalty. The total Indian population of Washington is ten thousand two hundred persons.

Turning our eye now to the remote north-western corner of the Territory, we find Whatcom County, close under the forty-ninth parallel. Bellingham Bay—one of Vancouver's names—laves it on the west. On the east, eighty miles from this bay, bristle the Cascades. A balmy atmosphere

from off the Kuro Sivo floats over it continually, softening the climate quite through the Winter. On its surface gleam several picturesque lakes, some day to be rendered still more attractive by Summer residences of the people. One of these bodies of water is Lake Whatcom, twelve miles long by one and a half miles wide, bordered with elegant timber, in places four hundred feet deep, three hundred feet above sea-level, three miles from Bellingham Bay.

Whatcom County is less visited by cold fogs than are some portions of the Sound country. Large bodies of redeemable land adjoin the mouths of bays and rivers. Its forests are studded with stately firs and cedars, acres of which have never heard the sound of the woodman's ax. "Every thing man wants in the line of grains, fruits, and vegetables will thrive there." Fish of every scale and fin and flesh, nearly, visit its waters. Some one—smart in figures—has estimated that a population of one hundred thousand may easily find subsistence in Whatcom County alone. Can any reader then ask: "Whatcom(es) of a land like that?"

Let us not spurn Snohomish County on account of its name. One-half as large as the State of Connecticut, with a climate of whose mildness in Winter New England has no experience, and a soil as rich, certainly, in its cultivable parts as are the prairies of Illinois, it deserves well of us. Lying

on the east side of the Sound, it extends back sixty or seventy miles to the Cascade Range. It can exhibit a surface of one and a half million acres, one-third mountainous, heavily timbered, and fertile in parts; one-third bottom-land, extremely productive; the remainder timbered partially, but not worth the clearing *simply* for purposes of agriculture, but for pasturing, excellent.

"Logging" has been the chief occupation of the people for twenty-five years. For a long period the annual output has exceeded seventy-five million feet. Again, some one who knows how to calculate—as the writer does not—says: "On its surface to-day stand from five to ten billion feet of merchantable logs, board measure." Two streams, attractively named Snohomish and Stillaguamish, abundantly water the section. Along their valleys and those of their tributaries settlements are steadily forming.

Between these let us put Skagit County, opposite the Strait of Juan de Fuca, admirably situated for commerce, abounding in iron ore, coal, and limestone, rich in farming resources, drained by the Skagit River—itself navigable eighty miles, and already occupied by a population five thousand strong.

"On the first day of July, 1884," remarks Governor Squire, "Washington Territory was entirely out of debt, and had in her treasury forty-seven

thousand dollars. Her citizens number one hundred and seventy thousand." His excellency might have added: "And in the minds of her people there exists no insuperable objection to being admitted into the Union."

XLIX.

British Columbia.

IN THE LITTLE ISLAND CITY.

"HERE we are, the land of the Britishers just ahead!" exclaimed an animated passenger, as our steamer swept up to the green coast of Vancouver Island yesterday morning. December being quite outside the excursion season, there was barely a score of passengers, all told. Therefore the ceremonies with the revenue officers were soon ended. It was a dismal day. A somber-gray sky arched the Sound, except in the south, where sailed the sun, framed in by sullen clouds. Far out to sea, as we crossed the Strait of Fuca, loomed up a high bank of wrathful blue. From the north-west a dense column of white sleet drove in, close to the island shore. Eastward lay my native land, its mountains sheeted with snow. Truly, Nature had arranged for me a most inhospitable introduction into British Columbia.

The trip up Admiralty Inlet had been made in the night. Leaving Tacoma about nine in the evening, we called at Seattle and other points on the way, and soon after day-break breakfasted at Port Townsend, the American port of entry, a

pleasant little village spread on a hillside overlooking the Sound, and dependent chiefly, I should say, without knowing positively, upon fishing, lumbering, and the customs, for support.

Thence a run of forty miles northward brought us to Vancouver, and then a short sail up James's Bay, to Victoria, with its heterogeneous population, and its background of distant, snow-capped hills. Proceeding directly to one of the leading hotels, whose motherly-hearted landlady had been especially recommended to me by friends in the East, I there, happily, found the United States consul at Victoria, Major Robert J. Stevens, and his wife, with whom I passed the evening most agreeably.

Next morning, by kind invitation of Major Stevens, I paid a visit to the United States consulate, being in quest of maps of Vancouver Island, British Columbia, and the Canadian Pacific Railway. As I entered the principal room—reception-room, I shall call it—the place impressed me as being somewhat of a curiosity-shop. The uncarpeted floor, spread with handsome skins of animals, representing the main industry of British North America; the inviting lounge against the right wall, on which lay a square pillow of Japanese leather-work, embossed in gold, silver, scarlet, and other bright colors—a souvenir, I imagined, from a brother consul in the Sunrise Kingdom; the plain desk and case of drawers for papers and documents; and,

above all, the pictures on the walls, made the spot one to be studied for a while, particularly if one took interest in the faces which hung around him. The situation revealed two things, the taste of the consul, and the rigid economy of the government in the equipping its consulates. Upon my expressing surprise at the premises being restricted to two small rooms, I was informed that "no United States consulate in the world occupies an entire building."

It was a crisp, frosty morning. The newly built fire in the grate threw out a shower of fine coals all around upon the hearth. The young flames leaped and hopped about, as I have seen boys around a bunch of exploding fire-crackers on the Fourth of July. A poet would undoubtedly describe the low, rapid music they made, as a "fiery lay," and would associate with it some stirring sentiment concerning the "noble Red Man," but to my untutored ears it sounded very much like "Britannia Rules the Wave." Probably, though, since Major Stevens was in the act of entering the apartment, it was intended for "Hail to the Chief." One glance across the Canal de Haro, at the snow-mountains on our own main-land, was quite sufficient to make welcome both fire and furs.

But the peculiar riches of the spot were massed in the adornments of the walls. Mostly, these were portraits and photographs of Major Stevens's personal friends. Grouped in the silent company were

men distinguished in divers walks of life. Some are living; others are dead. Prominent among the former was the face of Lord Lansdowne, the present governor-general of Canada, a man of varied knowledge, and of fine ability in an oratorical way. The gentleman had recently paid a visit to the Pacific Coast, and, while in Victoria, had been a guest at a commemorative entertainment given by some notable society of the city. Replying to a toast, one who heard him, said: "The marquis spoke eloquently and forcibly for an hour and a half, without preparation, upon a subject of great interest to the Canadian public at the time."

Among those who have passed away, I recall the features of Professor Agassiz, of Professor Carlisle P. Patterson, who won a name in connection with the Coast Survey Department, at Washington, and of Colonel E. D. Baker, who fell at the battle of Ball's Bluff, early in the war, and whose death the country mourned from shore to shore. The picture of the latter is an oil painting, and well preserves the features of a man greatly admired on the Pacific Coast.

Colonel Baker was the father of four children, two sons and two daughters. The elder son, Alfred W. Baker, now resident of San Francisco, and both daughters, one of whom is Mrs. Stevens, are living. The younger son, for some time a quartermaster in the regular army, died at Fort Vancouver nearly five

years ago. The remaining daughter, a widow, I think, resides at Seattle. Mrs. Stevens is a lady of noble character and of great intelligence, who cherishes devoutly the memory of her father, as indeed do many of the old Californians who survive him.

Some readers will remember that shortly before the war, in 1859 probably, Colonel Baker left the Gold State, of which he had for some years been a resident, and settled in Oregon. In 1860 he was, by the Legislature of that State, chosen its United States Senator. Barely had he taken his seat in Congress when began the direful attempt to rupture the Union. Forthwith his patriotism was profoundly stirred. Offering his services to the country, they were accepted, and early in the terrible struggle her soil received his blood.

Major and Mrs. Stevens were married in California, and, proceeding to Washington not long thereafter, were residents of the capital for twenty years. Mr. Stevens claims Rhode Island as his native State. From his youth the Government appears to have kept him busy, for at twenty he was a consul in Spain. He reports having shouldered a musket in defense of law and order in the United States on six different occasions. One of these was during that brief and not very alarming revolt of the people of Rhode Island, with "Governor Dorr" at their head, in May, 1842. Being a Newport man, and an ardent believer in legally constituted

authority, Mr. Stevens marched out, of course, under the banner of Samuel W. King, the lawful executive of the State, who, upon the organization of the State government at Newport, on May 3d, immediately proclaimed the spirited little commonwealth under martial law, and at once led the State militia against Mr. Dorr and his party, who, on that very 3d of May, were attempting to seize the reins of government at Providence. Sustained by the Government at Washington, Governor King soon succeeded in quelling the insurrection, and on the 18th of May order was permanently restored.

In that brief uprising, fruitful years afterward, if not immediately, Mr. Dorr, who was a lawyer of education and talent, stood forth as the exponent of the principle that all the citizens of a State have a right to representation in the State Legislature. Governor King, on the other hand, represented the privileges of a caste of the wealthy and influential few, who only, in that day, had a voice in the election of the legislators. Those familiar with the history of the trouble, know that when it blew over Mr. Dorr was indicted for high treason, and a reward was offered for his apprehension. He fled, first to Connecticut then to New Hampshire, but finally returning to Rhode Island, he was arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment for life. But in 1847 he received pardon, and was released. Six years later his political disabilities were

removed, and the man lived to see the people of his State enjoying the very immunity, to obtain which both he and they had once appealed to arms.

Other opportunities for not very dangerous soldiering were offered Mr. Stevens during his life in California, most likely during the reign of the renowned vigilance committees, when, in consequence of an aggravating series of crimes committed by the horde of desperadoes who invaded the coast soon after the gold discovery, certain citizens constituted themselves temporary executors of the laws, in the belief that safety to life and property was otherwise impossible; but not improbably during the Rebellion, when for a time California's apostasy to the Confederacy seemed an event almost certain to occur. The "Army Register" states that "on March 18, 1864, Robert J. Stevens was appointed from the District of Columbia a paymaster in the army, with the rank of major. This position he resigned May 29, 1865."

The duties of the consulate in Victoria were assumed early in 1884. Mr. Stevens has represented the Government in the same capacity, also, at some point in South America. He was for some years superintendent of the United States Mint in San Francisco. The major is still hale and vigorous, and has a mind stored with a fund of information picked up on three or four continents. He retains all his old devotion to "law and order," and

hesitates not to express his disapproval of the late anti-Chinese movement in Tacoma. In other words, "*An imperium in imperio*" does not strike him as being compatible with a republican form of government.

And you have never been inside the "Hudson Bay Company's store" in Victoria? Well, it is now half-past nine. The sun has climbed above the Cascades, and is flooding the city with golden light, and we shall find a walk from the consulate down to Wharf Street, on which are the great store, the customs' buildings, and several large shipping-houses, a very pleasant one. There is nothing pretentious, you perceive, in the aspect of this mercantile house of the famous fur company, it being a low, spacious structure, built of brick, with a look of stability about it that comports well with the character of the organization to which it belongs. It is a building, however, in which is retailed almost every article for which mortals have need in the way of clothing and materials. The shelves, floor, and counter present very much the appearance of one of the so-called co-operative stores that were so much "the mode" in small country towns in the East a *very* long time ago, when I was young.

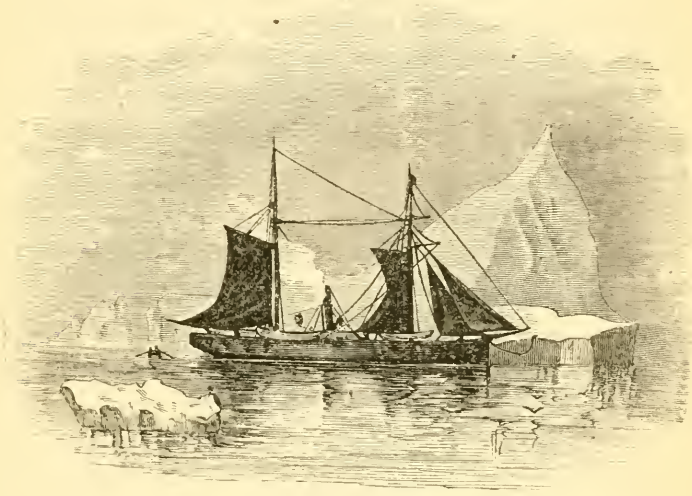
These stores were intended to meet every possible want of the rural population, in the house, on the farm. Farmer brains conceived them. They were stocked by farmer purses. They exemplified

farmer economy. In short, through the co-operative store the tillers of the soil became grocers, hardware dealers, dry-goods merchants, and druggists even, and book-sellers, in a narrow way, and thereby became selfish to an enormous degree, forgetting that tradesmen of every honest class have a right to live. Fortunately, the plan proved not a particle more satisfactory than does co-operative housekeeping, and in a very few years that unique kind of merchandising became a failure of the past.

The force of salesmen at the Hudson Bay Company's establishment is small, else all have not yet come in from breakfast. Notice, that the lady clad in an elegant seal-skin cloak, inquires for nothing which the house can not furnish. Her purchases are chiefly small articles of men's apparel, but every thing seems to be of the quality she wants. The man serving her reminds one of the pictures of Father Time in the primer. He must have been "thrown in" with the charter granted to the powerful Company, at its incorporation in 1670.

One end of the building is devoted to the cheerful offices of Mr. Smyth, the chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company, and his assistants. Mr. Smyth has but recently arrived from the Mother Country, and is, perhaps, hardly at home in his new position as yet. The gentleman has this moment entered his apartment—a tiny room, with one window overlooking James Bay. It is neatly furnished

with a carpet, a chair or two, writing-table, and a case for books and papers. A genial fire glows in the small grate. Should the courteous manager of the store introduce us, we should find him extremely urbane, and very pleased to see us; but should we thoughtlessly request of him certain



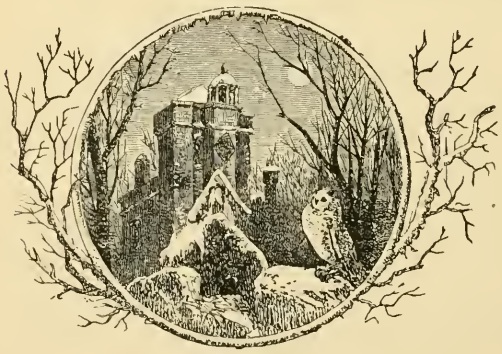
Arctic Exploration.

items of information pertaining to the Hudson Bay Company, he would certainly refer us to the book-stores, or to those depositories of general knowledge, the governor or the bishop!

For over two hundred years the apparent sole pursuit of the Hudson Bay Company has been trading in furs. But in fact, its lines of business, in addition to this, have been as multifarious and

as useful as are the varieties of goods displayed in this Wharf-Street store. Among its labors, directly and indirectly, may be mentioned farming, fruit-growing, stock-raising, school-teaching, preaching the gospel, writing history, bartering in all manner of commodities, endeavoring to civilize and Christianize savage men, and aiding generously in the comparatively fruitless work of Arctic exploration. In the last line of effort it has not only contributed large sums of money to other expeditions, but has, at its own expense, fitted out several vessels for the unpromising work.

Taking the company's original vast possession, Prince Rupert's Land, with its later acquisition—the boundless "North-west Territories"—it has had a field for the exercise of its wonderfully versatile talents, as wide as have its opportunities therefor been endless.



L.

In the Little Island City.

THAT ancient thinker, Epictetus, once gave it as his opinion that the best way to elevate a city is not to raise the roofs of the houses, but to elevate the souls of the inhabitants. Now, had he only said, "Where the roofs of the houses are found to be low, the souls of the inhabitants are sure to be elevated," we should be able to determine exactly the moral status of the people of Victoria, since at least five-tenths of their dwellings are but one story in height. But whatever may be the condition of their souls, their bodies have a surprising altitude. Never since the flood have there been so many tall people in one small city. Two stories in height are scores of them. The aged men, especially, look to me as if they had grown upward all their lives.

And what fine color every body has! Men, women, and children are abloom with health. Ripe cherries scarcely rival the hue of their cheeks. If health and strength and length of days are wealth—and who disputes it?—then is Victoria a Crœsus in this respect among the coast cities. In the United States consulate an hour ago I was shown the

photograph of a citizen, recently deceased, whose career closed at the ripe age of one hundred and fourteen. Is it the tonic air, a clear conscience, a sound ancestry, or all these combined, which so preserves this people?

From the early years of the century down to about 1843 all supplies for the Hudson Bay Company's posts, then dotting this vast North-west, were conveyed in boats up the Columbia River to Fort Vancouver, the general depot for distribution. Thence, by means of pack-horses principally, they were borne into the heart of the country. But at the above date, owing to the agitation arising from the settlement of the famous "Oregon Treaty" question, an auxiliary supply point was established on this island, near the head of the inlet now called James's Bay. Around this depot was erected a defense, which was named "Fort Victoria." That was the beginning of this staid, punctilious, prosperous, and, when you get at it, warm-hearted city.

Victoria is lighted by electricity. Chiefly, the streets are straight, level, and intersect each other at right angles. The cross-ways are ridges of fine gravel, instead of rows of flagging, and are muddy when it rains. In the suburbs are numerous tasteful residences, built in the modern, composite style, with either tidy lawns, croquet-grounds, tennis-courts, or flower-gardens in the rear. Along the coast, Victoria is known for its pleasant suburban

drives, its command of stately scenery on the American shore, and as a center of influence for the Hudson Bay Company.

For table supplies the city depends, to a great extent, upon the farmers of Washington Territory, agricultural activity in British Columbia being a condition of things yet to exist, even in districts where husbandry may be easily conducted. And "farming on the Island of Vancouver," says a citizen, "is far from the top in the list of occupations." The landlady at the hotel informs me that from our own main-land come, in large part, the poultry, fresh fruits, vegetables, and canned goods found in the markets of Victoria. On many such products, as well as on a long catalogue of manufactured articles, these people pay tribute to the United States. Also, in the stores and shops are to be seen wares in endless variety almost, on which they pay duty to the Mother Country. In short, most of the commodities pertaining to daily living, enter the island burdened with an impost. Hence the great expense of housekeeping, of which I have heard so much the past few hours.

There are several hotels in the city, at which the charges vary, according to the accommodations and the style observed. The leading ones are the Oriental and the Driar. The cuisine of the latter, if no other feature, secures it a reputation among Americans; though, in fact, there is little to choose

between them in that respect. The Oriental is reputed for its home-like atmosphere and attentions. I remember that when ascending the Columbia, last July, travelers on the steamer from New Haven, Connecticut, urged my testing it, as they had done, and were pleased—as I am. At the better boarding-houses a compensation of one and a half and two dollars per day is expected of transient guests. But for the visitor who desires to live frugally, and who may remain some time, the more sensible course is to engage a pleasant room in some private home, and make such arrangement for meals elsewhere as will suit both appetite and bank account. The plan enables the golden eagles to hold out longer, and releases one from tables not to his taste.

On our own main-land the notion prevails that in Victoria may be purchased certain lines of goods, such as gloves, furs, jewelry, fine laces, and excellent British hosiery, at lower prices than in the United States. This is a mistake, which a single hour passed in the shops and stores will correct. An English woman tells me, that in London she can buy costly American furs at better advantage than in this city, the western head-quarters of the Hudson Bay Company.

Another misapprehension which has effect among our people is, that American coin is not received at full value in British Columbia. All our denominations, in silver and in gold, circulate as freely as at

home. Even the trade-dollar we so much despise is readily taken. I was informed this morning, by a gentleman constantly handling money, that of the mass of gold coin stored in the vaults of banks in Victoria, by far the greater amount is in American five, ten, and twenty dollar gold-pieces. Upon inquiring the prices of groceries and merchandise anywhere in the town, they are immediately given in denominations of the United States.

Another error prevalent on our part of the continent is, the supposition that the circulating medium of the British Provinces, in North America, is the same as that of Great Britain. The Canadian Dominion has its own system of money, and everywhere within its limits English currency is a foreign circulation.

Daily communication is maintained, by steamer, between Victoria and the various towns of Washington Territory lying on the Sound. Chief among them are Seattle and Tacoma, both doing their utmost to rival the other. Omitting Port Townsend, the remaining communities are outgrowths of the fishing industry or the lumber-trade. Thus intermingle, constantly, our border people and these British cousins.

The steamers plying are the property of that well-known organization in Portland, "The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company." One of them, a spacious and elegantly appointed boat, was built

on the Atlantic Coast, and ranks with the finest steamers on our inland lakes. It is officered by gentlemen. The table is always excellent. With the Sound Basin settling at the present rapid rate, more than one such floating palace will soon be in demand upon its splendid water-ways, since few pleasures can surpass that of sailing to and fro amid scenery at once so beautiful and so sublime.

Victoria has a population of about thirteen thousand, exclusive of Chinese and Indians. Of the latter there are said to be nearly five hundred in the city, with a large representation in other parts of the island. The Indian women I have met on the street, have to an extent adopted their white sisters' style of dress, always eschewing the drapery, however. The faces of most of them exhibit unusual intelligence, but they wear a look of stoicism which debars attempts to speak to them.

The method of governing the Indians of British Columbia, adopted by its executive, and, in an earlier day, by the Hudson Bay Company, has always differed materially from that practiced by the United States in its dealing with the native races. From all I can learn, it has been a system of undeviating firmness, justice, and kindness, a course at once calculated to win the respect and true fealty of the tribes. Sir James Douglas, the first governor of the Province, and a firm believer in these principles, is always mentioned as never

swerving from them in his relations with the Red Men, and as being remarkably successful in controlling the most perverse among them, never failing to secure their allegiance. His "policy" comprehended neither trifling with them, nor exhibition of weakness on his part, nor violation of their rights. His successors most wisely followed his example. The consequence has ever been, that the Indians of British Columbia have possessed a wholesome esteem for the terms, law and government. They convey to him ideas of power and authority, two things for which most Indians have some respect. Consequently, when a statute of the Province lays its hand upon a guilty native, he realizes that he is in the grasp of something mightier than himself, and that escape is an impossibility. He does not care to repeatedly feel its weight.

Instead, therefore, of being an expensive and most unprofitable element of the population, causing the coming up every now and then before the Dominion Parliament of irrational propositions to board and clothe whole tribes for a term of years, the Indians of British Columbia have become not only large producers in the Province, but also "generous consumers of articles which swell the customs revenue." This is the effect of having been steadily held to certain lines of labor and conduct. In the coal-mines, saw-mills, logging-camps, and fisheries of the Province are employed large numbers of

young men of the tribes. To them are paid annually immense sums for their labor. To these occupations multitudes add hop-picking, at the season. Some of them make journeys by water of one and two hundred miles for the purpose, spending a couple of weeks on the way. Large delegations may be seen in the fields of the White, Green, and Puyallup rivers.

A friend in Tacoma, speaking recently of these northern Indians, said that, upon visiting their tents one Sunday morning during the hop-season on their own farm, she found one of the women making her toilet for the day with comb, brush, and mirror as nice as any lady needs, while near by stood a "Saratoga trunk" containing her clothing. A comfortable mattress formed her bed. Throughout the tent cleanliness and order reigned.

An entertaining volume, instead of a few paragraphs, might be written upon the Indian tribes of British Columbia. Several distinct languages, and numerous dialects are spoken by them. On the Queen Charlotte Islands, speaking a tongue different from that of any other tribe, dwell the Haidahs, a people especially worthy of notice. Also, along the ocean coast of Vancouver Island live interesting tribes, much engaged in catching the fur-seal. Adroit at the pursuit, they are invaluable to the fur companies.

LI.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S AMERICAN DOMAIN.

THE "Dominion of Canada" comprises the following ten provinces, named in their order—with a single exception—from the Pacific Coast eastward: British Columbia, Alberta, Assiniboia, Manitoba, Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward's Island, and "The Northwest Territories," an immense region of country stretching northward, from several of the western provinces, to the Arctic Ocean, and forming the exception mentioned. Cape Breton Island is attached to Nova Scotia—the Acadian Land and early home of Evangeline. To the Province of British Columbia belongs the Island of Vancouver, and, also, the Queen Charlotte Islands, with the city of Victoria for the capital.

Like the United States, the Dominion of Canada extends from ocean to ocean, and is a territory about equal to the whole of Europe. From its extreme western, to its most eastern limit, is a distance several hundred miles greater than from Liverpool to Montreal, and that is a stretch of three thousand and fifty-three miles. From Dalhousie Square Station, in Montreal, the present eastern terminus of the

Canadian Pacific Railway, to Port Moody, at its western end, is two thousand eight hundred and ninety-five miles, making the route from Liverpool to the Pacific sea-board, five thousand nine hundred and forty-eight miles, a distance eight hundred and forty-one miles shorter than from Liverpool to San Francisco, by the Union and Central Pacific Roads.

As every school-boy knows, the law-making center of the Dominion is Ottawa, in the Province of Ontario. Like Washington, our own civil capital, it is situated near the Atlantic verge of the prodigious territory over which it legislates.

The British possessions in North America embrace an area of timbered and arable land estimated at two million square miles. Of this immense expanse "about seventy thousand square miles only, or, an extent but six square miles larger than Washington Territory, are devoted to practical industries, and of even this fraction, only about one-half is under fine improvement. The tremendous remainder is virtually soil unbroken. But, of this, it is estimated that at least one-half is splendidly adapted to wheat. Conceive, now, of an estate one million square miles in extent. Add together Merry England, Old Scotia, Green Erin, and Bible-loving Wales, and multiply the sum by eight, and still you have not enough to equal it.

Again: The entire Canadian Dominion is more than thirty-two times larger than Great Britain,

and contains not more than five millions of people! The Mother Country bears on her bosom nearly forty millions! Canada, then, has room for more than thirty-two times all Great Britain's toiling poor, allowing a small homestead for every family. London alone has a population equal to that of all Canada! What a golden opportunity the vast Dominion offers the Knights of Labor and all labor leagues to transport to, and locate upon, these rich acres, thousands of Britain's needy children. Aided until well established on soil of their own, they would certainly be in a position to dispense with the services of their doubtful friend, Mr. Strikes; for when have the farmers of any land been known to combine by many thousands, to leave their fields, and refuse to raise another bushel of wheat, corn, or oats, until the heavy grain-dealers advanced the prices to their demand?

Upon the agricultural lands contiguous to the Canadian Pacific Railway might settle, the next twenty years, a half million of people. "Yes, but the Winters are Arctic," you say. So, too, are the Summers too warm in Florida; but those who have interests there manage to endure them.

Let us now glance at some of the western provinces of the Dominion, beginning with Manitoba, those farther east being better known. Here we have a district one hundred and twenty-three thousand square miles in extent, and generously watered

by lakes and rivers. The city of Winnepeg, four hundred miles north-west of Lake Superior, is its metropolis, and the central city of the Canadian Dominion. Its population is in the neighborhood of thirty thousand. The fiftieth line of latitude runs some miles north of the city, and directly, I think, through Land's End, England. Therefore, Winnepeg is farther south than any town of the British Isles. But, situated midway between the great oceans, its atmosphere softened by the warm stream of neither, it is robbed of the perpetual Spring climate of Land's End. Snow falls to the depth of five and six feet, and comes for a long sojourn. Situated at the junction of the Red and Assiniboine Rivers, Winnepeg is the door to the boundless country beyond, known even there, as the "vast North-west." The city occupies the site of old Fort Garry, renowned, early in the century, as the center of affairs for the Hudson Bay Company within this immense territory.

The Red River, nearly six hundred miles in length, having watered, bountifully, North-eastern Dakota, and, by its tributaries, North-western Minnesota, drains ten thousand square miles of Manitoba; while the Assiniboine, restricting its blessings mostly to Canadian soil, refreshes not less than sixty thousand square miles of country, much the larger part of which is extremely productive. This water-course penetrates the broad Saskatchewan

land, stretching far to the north, and west of Lakes Winnepeg and Manitoba. There, too, in the midst of deeper snows, and, if possible, an object of deeper interest, flows the lordly Saskatchewan, draining an enormous area, and affording fifteen hundred miles of free navigation. It has two princely branches, both of which leap out of the heart of mountains, rough and bold.

From a point sixty miles east of the city of Winnepeg to the base of the Rocky Mountains, a distance of over a thousand miles, the Canadian Pacific Railway traverses almost continuous prairie, varying in breadth, according to Sir Alexander Galt, from four hundred to six hundred miles. Arranged in three successive steppes, all of great width from east to west, it is probably the largest continuous wheat section of the continent. These steppes have respectively an altitude above sea-level of eight hundred, sixteen hundred, and thirty-two hundred feet. Already there have sprung up on these expanses numerous nuclei for towns, several of which, on the line of the great railway, are notable in their way. Contiguous to Indian Head, for instance, is the celebrated Bell Farm, fifty thousand acres in extent, and the property of the Qu' Appelle Valley Farming Company. Its cultivation for wheat began in 1882. Thousands of its acres are now annually sown with that cereal, and all the operations are conducted on a generous scale. The

details of the enterprise, like those of all great undertakings, are most interesting.

Another point worthy of mention is Regina, three hundred and fifty miles west of Winnepeg, and the capital of Assiniboia. Away from it stretches the wide "Plain of Regina," one of the leargest wheat-tracts of the three vast meadows. Here are located the Indian and other bureaus of the Province, and the residence of the lieutenant-governor. The place is the head-quarters, also, of that semi-military body known as the "North-western Mounted Police," a corps of men whose special duty it is to "maintain law and order over a region extending westward from the border of Manitoba seven hundred and fifty miles, and northward from the United States two hundred and fifty miles." The men are selected for their bravery, fidelity, and powers of endurance. They are armed with a sword, carbine, pistols, and cartridge belt. Their uniform includes a scarlet jacket, the peculiar insignia of their service. In age they range from twenty-two to forty years. Every candidate for a position on the force must be sound in mind, body, and character, and must enlist for five years. The service involves great privation and personal danger, and not infrequently requires the utmost exertion of their powers. Notwithstanding, the life has its fascinations. Numbers of the men have continued in the service for years. Their horses are fleet, saga-

cious, as reliable, and as capable of endurance as their riders. Points of rendezvous for the organization are scattered all over the broad region.

Just a line now with regard to Stephen, near the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and five thousand three hundred feet above the sea. Stephen marks the highest altitude attained by the Canadian Pacific in its course across the continent, and is in the Province of British Columbia. It also denotes the dividing line of the streams, some of which flow eastward to the great meadows, others westward to the mighty ocean.

All over the wide mesa of which I have spoken, the thermometer registers a low temperature in Winter. But over the greater part of it the air is extremely dry and produces none of the searching chilliness felt during the rainy season in Western Washington. But the rigor is far more dangerous. To be exposed for any length of time, not well protected, is fatal to one. A gentleman recently returned from several years' sojourn in the distant Saskatchewan land, says, that for weeks each Winter the cold was so intense as to preclude venturing far from one's door unless doubly clad, if riding, and in brisk motion if on foot. Another feature of life in those latitudes is the feeling of loneliness, induced by the boundless distance and the interminable expanse of snow surrounding a person. An intelligent Englishman engaged in business on the

upper waters of the Fraser River, east of the Coast Range of Mountains, was heard to say not long ago:

"Every Autumn I bring my wife and children down to Victoria for the Winter. No consideration could induce me to retain them in a region so desolate and inhospitable. So overwhelming, before Spring, becomes the feeling of loneliness, that I fear some of us would lose our reason. For a few weeks we do not mind it. But as the season advances, the days becoming shorter and the nights longer, a painful silence pervades the interminable field of snow around us, and a dull leaden sky stretches above our heads, rendering cheerfulness impossible. Then we are ready to make any sacrifice to get away. We barely survived one Winter, and shall never try another."

These were genuine experiences, and yet but one side of the story. Every latitude presents hindrances to human happiness. Every clime, too, offers some prime advantage, some chief delight. Of this truth the plains of Saskatchewan afford a beautiful illustration at the approach of Spring. The gentleman previously quoted, states that he has seen snow five feet in depth disappear as if by magic, and lo! the ground beneath would be carpeted with thick, green grass or grain. In these North lands, then, Winter does not linger a month or six weeks in the lap of Spring, but promptly spreads his wings and is gone. Still, many would

not choose to take the much bitter for the sake of the little sweet.

From Stephen travelers descend the everlasting hills, speed across British Columbia, and make their exit at Port Moody, on Burrard Inlet, the distance being five hundred and one miles. To this wonderfully diversified and picturesque Province let us now give a passing glance, using information carefully collected from several sources. Should the reader have before him a good map of this member of the Canadian Confederation, he will see that no part of the Pacific Slope excels it in the variety and grandeur of its physical features. Lofty mountains, deep lakes, dense forests, or lonely plains, invite attention to every part. It contains a half score of splendid lakes, remarkable for the disproportion between their length and breadth. A notable cluster lies far up in the north-western corner. Another galaxy gems the south-eastern section. The latter are really but rivers expanded in places to miles in breadth.

Twice on its way down to the ocean, the Canadian Pacific Railway crosses the Columbia River, which makes an enormous detour in the eastern part of the Province, with the Selkirk Mountains piled high upon the tongue of land around which it flows. And not long before the locomotive encounters the Cascade Mountains—the Coast Range of British Columbia—it is confronted by the Fraser River, a

powerful, impetuous stream, rendered particularly famous by the discovery of gold on its upper waters in 1858. The Fraser rises in a high latitude of the Province, where its branches are spread out like those of a great banyan-tree. Finally, united into one strong trunk, their waters push southward to near the border of the United States, where, bending suddenly to the west, they make for the sea.

When reports of the gold discovery on the Fraser reached California, where the excitement of '49 had considerably abated, there turned immediately from that State toward this less hospitable land, a great tide of miners, in hot haste for the precious metal. Perils and hardships crowded the way, and in the dismal race many a man lost his life, "a mere handful of the whole reaching the diggings and securing fortunes." Some wisely stopped short in the journey, accepted other occupations, prospered at them, and to-day are influential citizens of the Fraser River country.

British Columbia is pre-eminently the gold-bearing province of the Dominion, a fact which affords a striking illustration of the Creator's kindly provision for the needs of man. See! Within a few hours' travel westward from the great wheat-steppes lies a domain richly stored with the means for bringing the grain from the soil. Thus can the Canadians make one hand wash the other, as the Germans say. Gold-land and bread-land lie side by side.

Three widely separated localities comprise the sections, at present prospected and worked to any extent. Through one of the most prolific of these, the Kootenay Gold-field, the Canadian Railway passes. It is partly American, partly British territory. In its development both English and American capitalists are interested. The Canadian portion, shaped like an immense triangle, is bounded by the Rocky Mountains on the east, the forty-ninth parallel on the south, and the Columbia on the west. The Kootenay River tumbles and boils through the district from north to south, making a majesic sweep into Washington Territory, and thence, returning to the Dominion, pours through Lake Kootenay, and later swells the waters of the Columbia a little north of our boundary line. All in all, South-eastern British Columbia is a remarkable land. Superb mountains, impetuous streams, and deep lakes, full of trout, are some of its charms. Nor are the gentler features of nature lacking. There are picturesque scenes by the score, besides areas for pasturage and acres for cultivation.

The first gold found in Kootenay was by the British Boundary Commission, in 1862. For some years past the mines have yielded well, and give no indications of failure. A sturdy German returned after a prolonged sojourn in the district, says of it: "In the mountains plenty of gold. In the men there, plenty of love for it, with much badness, and

luck not for every body." No doubt that is a fair statement of the facts in the case.

Shall we now turn our eye toward the extreme north-western corner of the Province? Up in the very realm of the frost-king we find another triangular area of immense extent, celebrated for its auriferous deposit. Twenty-five years ago prospecting for gold was conducted therein by two hardy and experienced miners, with such success that, soon after, they were re-enforced by a large number of men. "There was scarcely a bar in its rivers which did not yield an industrious man from fifteen to twenty dollars per day." This gold-land is Omineca—"Mountain Whortleberry." Its altitude is considerably lower than surrounding parts of the Province, to which circumstance is attributed its longer working season, or the holding off a little of the terrors of Winter.

These opposite localities are rivals as to scenic features. Three lofty mountain chains inclose Omineca as with a loop. Within this loop spring the sources of the great Peace River, a lordly tributary of the Mackenzie. Hence, Omineca is said to lie on the head-waters of the Peace River. Rolling due eastward about two hundred miles, the stream pierces the Rocky Mountains, flows on to and through Great Slave Lake, and, uniting with the Mackenzie, journeys with it to the Polar Sea. The "Finlay Branch of Peace River," as it is called,

forms the boundary line of British Columbia, in latitude 56° north. Omineca embraces prodigious

The Wilds of Omineca.

forests, which abound in game, as do its rivers in fish. It is distant from Victoria nine hundred miles.

East of the Fraser River, about midway between

Kootenay and Omineca, we shall enter the third famous gold district of British Columbia. Less rugged and desolate than the latter, it is yet known among mining men as "the wilds of Caribou." For the last quarter of a century the term has been almost synonymous with gold, all over the West. As early as 1858 certain miners from the "Fraser River Diggings" penetrated the locality, and about the mouths of creeks and rivers emptying into Caribou Lake, found fortunes of the precious metal. Three years later fifteen hundred miners were in the vicinity, scattered along the streams, whose banks and bars promised the speediest rewards. Their aggregate findings for that season footed up to two million dollars. It was estimated that ten thousand persons left Victoria the next year, 1862, for this Ophir of the Pacific. One-half the number, frightened by the lions in the way, relinquished their purpose, and never set eyes on the Northern Eldorado. The braver five thousand brought away three million dollars as the reward of their valor.

As in California, inestimable benefits have followed this mad rush to Caribou for gold. Along that splendid water-course, the Fraser River, many fine farms and comfortable homes exist as outgrowths of the movement. The whole history of mining on the Pacific Coast shows, that no sooner have remarkably rich deposits been discovered, than immediate steps have been taken to secure reliable

communication between the localities and the sources of supply, for the miners. And thus came, in great part, the enduring roads, the stable bridges, and even the railways, now so indispensable. Indi-

A Road to the Mines.

viduals, corporations, and State authorities, have all borne a part in constructing such passage-ways. A succeeding step was the founding of churches, schools, libraries, hospitals, and asylums. And to one who reflects how recently society began to form

on our western border, the number of these institutions is simply bewildering.

In British Columbia is to be seen a remarkable specimen of engineering in the form of a roadway, which is the "direct outgrowth of gold discovery on the upper waters of the Fraser, and in the wilds of Caribou." In two sections, and one hundred and fifteen miles in length, this road extends up the bank of the Fraser from Yale, the head of steam navigation, to the town of Lillooet. It was built by the English government, and when constructed, is said to have been the most notable work of the kind on the coast. Long sections were made along the face of the steep, rocky cliffs, where, it had been supposed, not even the dextrous mule could travel with safety. In these places a bed for the road was obtained "by blasting away the face of the cliffs for miles."

No other coast in the world, it has been said, except that of Norway, is so deeply and frequently indented by arms of the sea, as is British Columbia. Indeed, it is not only richly fringed with tongues of land, but is magnificently bordered by valuable islands. Some one has ascertained that its coast line, including that of the deep recesses, and of the numerous islands, measures upwards of seven thousand statute miles. Altogether, the Province is a ceaseless wonder-land, everywhere full of interest. Its area is three hundred and fifty thousand square

miles. In 1882, seventy thousand was the estimated population. Previous to 1866, the Island of Vancouver and the Province, were known as the Colonies of Vancouver and New Georgia, names affixed to them by Captain Vancouver. They were, in that year, incorporated in one Province by royal edict. The Gulf of Georgia separates the island from the main-land.

A daily line of steamers connects Port Moody with Victoria, whence transcontinental passengers, bound to the ocean, make their exit, *via* the Strait of Juan de Fuca. As yet Port Moody is a town in the act of taking root; but like Tacoma, at the head of Puget Sound, and San Francisco, at the Golden Gate, it holds a superlative position for commerce.

LII.

The Return Down the Sound.

AT one o'clock yesterday afternoon I stepped on board the elegant steamer *Olympian*, in Victoria, on my return to the city, wherein there are no Chinese. I had taken but a hasty view of the Queen's land, yet that glimpse had in a general way comprehended the whole, had given me outline views, which I hoped to fill in with details of the provinces at a later day.

There remained a half-hour before the boat would turn her prow southward. I utilized this time by studying the pleasant city, James Bay, and the shipping in the harbor, from the windows of her salon. My attention was soon attracted by a small steamer, wedged in between two imperial-looking craft, but a few rods above us.

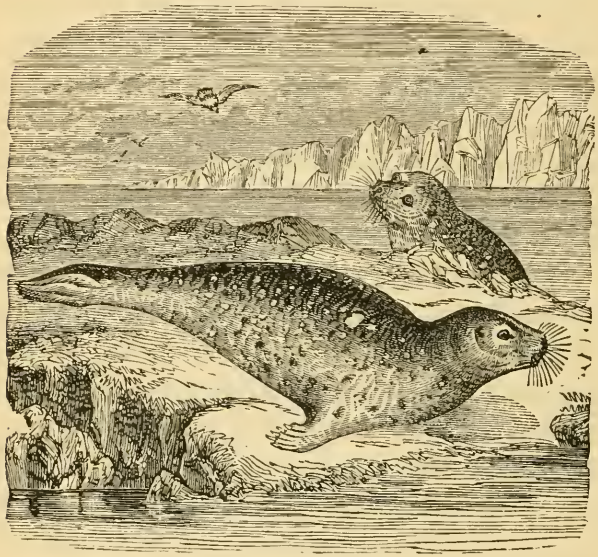
"That little steamer—the second one you see," said a fine-looking Englishman, standing near, and who proved to be the captain of a merchantman which had recently discharged, at Tacoma, a large cargo of tea brought direct from Japan, "is the first boat that ever turned a wheel in the Pacific. She is called *The Beaver*, and was built in London. She left that port for Fort Vancouver, on the Columbia

River, in 1838, and has been in constant service ever since. She was a craft of prodigious strength. There is scarcely a sunken rock in all this vast system of inland waters, which she has not found, not because she sought them but because she struck them. She is now engaged in the north-coast trade, and will last for years, yet. At the next dock above, lies *The Otter*, an equally notable steamer. She is the second boat that ever turned a wheel in this ocean, and is still young and strong, though both herself and *The Beaver* are nearly fifty years old. Both were built in the most thorough manner and of the best quality of English oak."

While looking off upon the city, I was reminded that the Island of Vancouver, is nearly three hundred miles long, with an average width of fifty miles, and an area estimated at twelve thousand five hundred square miles. Much of its surface is barren and mountainous. But the lower hills are clothed with a dense grass of which the domestic animals are said to be very fond. The arable land, and the principal settlements, of which Victoria is the largest, are on the eastern and southern shores. The Pacific side is occupied chiefly by Indians, of whom there are some twelve tribes, or a "total of about seven thousand persons." Catching the fur-seal is their leading pursuit, the men spending most of their time in their canoes. The Abt tribe forms a notable exception as to occupation and has a wide

reputation for doing skillful work in gold, silver, wood, bone, and stone. Their manufactures out of these materials, bring high prices, and no little revenue, to the island.

Vancouver exports furs, fish, lumber, and coal. The richest coal-seam lies on the inner shore, and



The Fur-Seal.

extends from just north of Victoria, where there is a valuable vein, to near latitude fifty-one degrees. The center of the coal-mining is the town of Nanaimo, a thriving place with a fine harbor, some sixty-five miles north-west of Victoria. "This," said a Victorian, with whom I talked on the subject, "is the only true coal-bed on the Pacific Coast,"

a remark which the owners of mines in Washington, would probably receive at a discount. The largest market for the Nanaimo fuel, is San Francisco. Twenty-two thousand tons were shipped to that port last year.

From my position on the steamer I could well observe the passengers, as they came on board through the ware-house, and being naturally interested in the meetings and partings of people, I noticed them particularly. Usually under such circumstances, persons are what they seem, and in a moment the observer advances a long way toward knowing them. The Pacific Coast is distinctively a land where parting benedictions are heard. More than once in my journeyings upon it—I say it gratefully—has the short sentence, "God bless you!" been spoken for my cheering, upon bidding some noble woman good-bye. I hear their voices now, and ever shall.

Making their way, now, through a medley of trunks, boxes, draymen, and revenue officers, on the wharf, comes a party of young people, three ladies and a gentleman, who evidently enjoy life; for all bear themselves in the free, unburdened manner which so surely indicates little experience of care and trouble. But the remarkable thing about them is, that all are the children and grandchildren of former chief factors of the Hudson Bay Company. And all are cousins, yet represent four different

families, being the children of four sisters. Let us see how this came about.

Many years ago a man, whose name was John Work, found himself in the wilds of British North America, holding two very responsible positions. First, he was the chief factor of the Hudson Bay Company; second he was the father of six daughters. As these maidens arrived at womanhood they evinced a marked preference for their father's official position, since four of them married superintendents of the great fur company. These men were Dr. William Tolmie, Roderick Finlayson, James Graham, now resident in London, and the father of the young man now accompanying the young ladies to the steamer, who, with his family now lives near Fort Nesqually in Washington Territory. Fort Nesqually was the first work for defense against the Indians, erected west of Vancouver. It is still in existence, I think, but no longer serves as a military station.

Dr. Tolmie, a prince among Scotchmen for noble qualities, occupies a pleasant country home, some three or four miles out from Victoria, and has considerably exceeded the allotted years of human life. He is noted for his hospitality and for his accurate knowledge of the North-west in an early day. He has attached friends in all parts of the Sound country.

The three young ladies have walked down to the

landing, simply to see their cousin from Nesqually on board ship. At the last moment, while the deck-hands wait, ropes in hand, to draw in the plank, they will pass ashore.

But what means this lively conversation behind me? Turning, I soon read the story. While I had been taking mental photographs of *The Beaver*, and of the picturesque points on shore, a party of two ladies and several gentlemen had entered the salon. One of the latter proved to be Mr. Edgar C. Baker, member of the Canadian Parliament from British Columbia. The younger lady was his wife; the elderly one her mother. She had been summoned rather suddenly to Portland by the illness of a near relative. These friends had very kindly attended her to the steamer to brighten her departure by introducing her to the gentlemanly captain, and by saying a whole chapter of pleasant things at the last. And, certainly, in these grateful ministries, the "member from Victoria" excelled every other son-in-law extant. So repeatedly did he charge the lady to "take good care of herself," to "not fall ill," to "not worry," etc., that one of the party, a gentleman of magisterial bearing, who had been pacing back and forth through the long salon, stopped and exclaimed, while evidently delighted with all he had heard:

"That's right, Baker, keep on the right side of your mother-in-law."

This brought forth a merry peal of laughter from the whole group, none joining in it more heartily than the mother-in-law herself. But at last came the leave-taking, when all shook hands with the lady, and fairly buried her under good wishes, as the son and daughter kissed her, and said: "Good-bye."

Then she was alone. Three minutes passed, perhaps. The last notes of the steamer's bell were pealing through the air. Suddenly there was a sound of one running from forward, and in flew Mr. Baker, saying, in breathless haste—the captain following:

"Mother, here's the captain. He'll wait upon you down to dinner. At Tacoma he will place you on the train for Portland. As soon as the steamer gets outside, the purser will come up and give you a nice room. Now, good-bye. Don't get sick. Good-bye."

He shook her hand. He was gone. The captain said the proper things, and was gone.

Then, looking around a moment upon the passengers, the lady left her seat, crossed the room, and, taking a chair beside me, asked:

"Madam, are you going to Portland?"

"Yes, madam, but not immediately."

Then we fell into conversation, and, after a little, I congratulated her on having so noble a son-in-law.

"Son-in-law!" she exclaimed; "that is no name for him. Never was a son more kind to an own mother. There is no service he would not render me. That gentleman is the member of Parliament from Victoria."

This was said with evident pride. I did not blame her. I could appreciate how grateful to her was every loving act from this man. Next morning, at five o'clock, I wished the excellent woman a pleasant journey to the beautiful city on the Willamette, while the captain waited to escort her to the cars close by.

Moral of the story: every American son-in-law should emulate, in one respect, at least, this peerless Victorian.

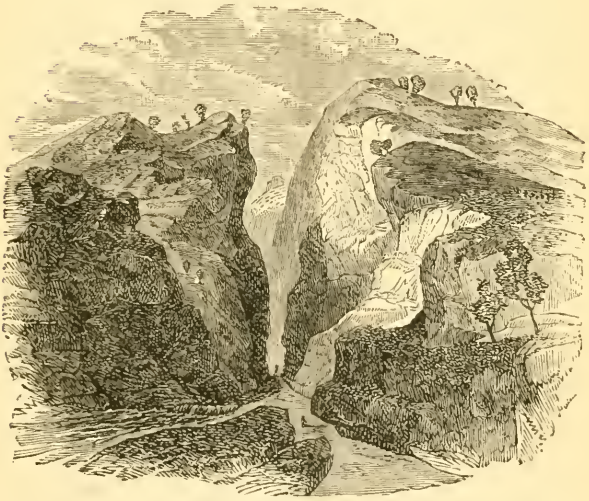
It was half-past one o'clock when the wheels of the *Olympian* began to turn. Slowly she drew off from the wharf, turned, and floated down the narrow inlet into the magnificent strait, and laid her course for Port Townsend. The sun shone brightly. There was a golden radiance in the atmosphere, but the air was stinging cold.

Now, reader, step to the windows. We are more than midway across the strait of Juan de Fuca—here forty miles wide, as we have elsewhere said. Turn your eyes to the main-land. What a sight! As far northward as one can see—and that seems to be to the very heart of the realm of the frost-king, so charged with cold is the distant atmos-

phere—and as far to the southward, stand up the snow summits, glistening, and sparkling, and shimmering, as if mantled with gems. How stately, how regal, yet how cold, and solemn, and still, they look! It is an awe-inspiring, unearthly, fascinating scene. One gazes, and wonders, unable to take his eyes off it, until too weary to stand longer. Never can it pass from our memory. We are glad it has been our privilege to see it.

Those summits are those of the Cascade Mountains, a range wonderful from beginning to end, and at every season of the year, but superlatively so in Winter. For awhile Mount Baker, because the nearer, and towering in princely grandeur above all the others, fastens our attention; but before we enter Port Townsend, Mount Tacoma comes into view, lifting her queenly head thousands of feet higher. In a couple of hours Mount Baker is behind us. Looking back upon it, the magnificent elevation takes on the appearance of a giant lying on his back, asleep, with arms crossed under his head for a pillow, the face being turned a little to the East. The limbs are stretched out full length. The toes are turned up in the air. From head to feet the tall figure is wrapped in a sheet of spotless snow. The resemblance is very striking. The December days are very short. Already has the sun fallen behind the Olympic Range on the west of us. Not a cloud flecks the whole heavens. One-half

the great dome is brilliant gold. The Strait of Juan de Fuca is a vast mass of wavy gold. Now all the cones of the Cascade Range are glorified. Now language fails.



LIII.

THE SWITZERLAND OF AMERICA.

FROM Victoria, British Columbia, to Roseburg, in Southern Oregon, is a step of about five hundred miles. Since writing the last chapter I have taken this step, and now invite the reader into the "Valley of the Umpqua," one of the most diversified and beautiful portions of the Pacific Slope, and a famous section of the great North-western State. It will be remembered that, in planning our journeying, Washington Territory was to intervene between Northern and Southern Oregon. We have taken the liberty to introduce the Canadian Dominion also, feeling well assured our British friends will not object. It is in further pursuance of our arrangement that we come at the close of Winter into this most picturesque region for some months' sojourn.

Unless defined, the term "Southern Oregon" will be quite misleading. As used on this part of the coast, the words embrace simply the five counties lying in the south-western corner of the commonwealth. The charming district is bounded on the east by the Cascade Mountains, on the south by the Siskiyou Range, which separates it from Cali-

fornia, on the west by the sea, on the north by the rugged Calapooia Chain, which bars it from the cultivated Valley of the Willamette.

The estimated area of the region is twelve thousand square miles. Its coast-line extends northward from the California border nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and includes one of the safest and most commodious harbors between San Francisco and the Strait of Juan de Fuca. This admirable haven is Coos Bay. Its waters admit ocean ships of heaviest draft, while its tributary creeks and rivers drain a large surface of the surrounding country. The principal exports from the port are coal, lumber, and salmon, all abundant in the vicinity.

Southern Oregon is ramified in all directions by lines of high hills, or ranges of mountains, with extremely fertile valleys intervening, and well deserves to be called the "Switzerland of America." The true Switzerland is to the writer a terra incognita; but if, in the sublimity of its mountain scenery, the charms of its climate and the loveliness of its gentler landscapes, it surpasses those of Southern Oregon, then does it richly merit all the praise and admiration which poets and travelers have lavished upon it.

Special paragraphs must be devoted to the streams. Tumbling creeks and other affluents of the two main rivers we have named, distribute blessings on every hand. During the rainy season, now

at its height, these are vastly augmented in speed and volume. As our train came spinning down the southern side of the Calapooias, yesterday, on the way from Portland, a multitude of noisy tributaries of the crooked Umpqua foamed and rushed down the gorges on either side. The rain fell in no slothful fashion, and not at all trivial did the tiny torrents find the task of bearing it away.

Mainly, the Umpqua is a turbulent mountain stream. Its principal, or "north fork," has its origin in the Cascades, or, definitely, in Diamond Lake. Flowing westwardly a distance of eighty miles, it receives the South Umpqua, nearly one hundred miles from the sea. Thence turning to the northwest, it enters the ocean one hundred and seventy miles south of the mouth of the Columbia, draining, in its journey, something like four thousand square miles of territory. In places, the Umpqua acquires a great depth, and where it flows between high, precipitous banks, presents some imposing scenery. At other points its breadth increases to many feet, with small areas of farming and grazing land stretching back from its brink.

But it is the Rogue River which transcends all other streams in Southern Oregon, both in physical features and historical dignity. It is to Jackson what the Umpqua is to Douglas County, enriching and gracing, by its many swift branches, three thousand square miles of lovely country. Four mountain

chains—the Coast, Cañon, Cascade, and Siskiyou—"inclose the Rogue River Valley as with bulwarks of massive rock." The total surface thus fortified "is broken into hills, valleys, and mountain ridges, all the valleys trending toward the central depression, and all the minor water-courses toward the Rogue River." On the Cascade side, the wall of rock rises, at some points, to nine thousand feet.

Full of power, the Rogue River springs into being near the foot of Mount Thielsen, one of the tremendous snow-cones of the Cascades, at an elevation six thousand feet above the sea. Within the limits of Jackson County the torrent makes a descent of five thousand feet, having a precipitous cañon for its pathway, until the lofty mountains dwindle into mere hills in the valley proper, which is only about forty miles long by twenty miles wide. Thus both the Umpqua and the Rogue River leap out of the heart of the Cascades, "almost within a stone's-throw of each other," but diverge as they flow, until they enter the Pacific, ninety miles asunder, both plowing a deep gorge through the Coast Range on their way.

Heavy forests cover a large part of Southern Oregon, and form one of its chief sources of revenue. All the principal mountain sides are studded with trees, which were hoary when first the voice of white man echoed among its dark cañons. Here and there only, on the streams, a saw-mill sends

out its stimulating music, where many ought to be. Some exact soul has said, that "in Douglas County—

A Scene in the Umpqua Valley.

the largest of the five—there are thirty townships densely mantled with pine, fir, yew, and cedar trees, of immense size and height, and all convertible into

the finest grades of lumber." This section includes the western slope of the Cascades, itself crowded with stately growths from the line of eternal snow down to the border of perpetual green. The sugar-pine and the yew make choice finishing woods, and for durability the latter is the peer of the red cedar.

Sections of the Coast Range also furnish woods of great value. There the white cedar flourishes, and the whole family of firs. The bays and maples thrive together with charming effect. In short, in this New Switzerland, the supply of desirable timber seems to be inexhaustible. The marvel is, that the earth can anywhere nourish such a countless brood of prodigious trees.

"Has Southern Oregon no mineral resources except coal?" Ah, we are coming to that. She has as rich treasures beneath the soil as above it. To coal we may add gold, silver, tellurium, quicksilver, marble, and several others. In all these counties gold exists, and in each more or less mining for the metal has been done, with the usual results probably, as to individual fortunes, but forming a vast total, which has passed into the arts, or swelled the circulating medium of the country. The pursuit began in 1851, and is still conducted on a generous scale. In certain localities operations have languished. At some points they have ceased altogether, and even "the roads to the mines have fallen into ruin."

In Curry County, near the mouth of Rogue River, the sands of the sea-shore have yielded gold in remunerative quantities for over thirty years. The distance of shore enriched is about twenty-five miles, I believe. Ever since its discovery, the spot has been known as "the gold beach." Old Ocean sometimes amuses himself by spreading a covering of worthless sand over the precious deposit. But the trick avails but for a brief time. Man soon outwits him and is soon harvesting the treasure again. In Douglas County there are at least three centers of quicksilver mining, where considerable interest is taken in the work. Iron, copper, and nickel are stored away in the mountains, but the deposits have been little developed. On the other hand, a degree of success has been reached in mining tellurium. Coal-measures of vast extent, and almost unmolested as yet, underlie the surface, in the neigborhood of Coos Bay, and elsewhere. At the bay several parties are heavily engaged in mining the fuel, its chief market being San Francisco.

Southern Oregon needs, and some day will possess, a railway which shall traverse the region from Coos Bay eastward to, and through, the Cascade Mountains, at a practicable pass almost due east from Roseburg. Thence it will stretch across the wide plains of South-eastern Oregon to a point connecting with one of the transcontinental lines. This would set a hundred saw-mills to buzzing in these

miles of now silent timber, and start a thousand new picks to ringing in the coal-mines, besides converting Coos Bay and its environs into a Summer resort for scores of people. In that event, Roseburg, the little town in which I write, would have the advantage of being about half way between the pass and the Port.

The Oregon and California Railway, a most important line, now passes through Southern Oregon. Its termini are Portland and Ashland, at the base of the Siskiyou Mountains. Its length is three hundred and forty-two miles. A controlling spirit in the construction of a part of this road, and for some time the president of its board of directors, was Mr. Ben Holladay, a man famous throughout the country, years ago, on account of his frontier enterprises in the way of stage and pony expresses. Mr. Holladay appeared in Oregon in 1868, and for eight years pushed forward this great internal improvement. He was then at the height of his phenomenal career. In the Centennial year he surrendered control of the road, the line being then completed from Portland to Roseburg—one hundred and ninety-seven miles. The remainder, one hundred and forty-five miles, reached its finis, May 5, 1884, partly under the presidency of Henry Villard, the representative of the German bondholders of the road, and the successor of Mr. Holladay.

Besides this line, the Oregon and California

Company operates a track, ninety-six miles long, connecting Portland with Corvallis, on the west side of the Wlliamette River, thus binding together a number of thriving towns, and touching the varied products of the rich Valley of the Willamette. The former line bisects Southern Oregon about midway between the Coast and Cascade Ranges, becoming the common carrier for the fruits and grains of its myriad interlacing valleys, and conveying the traveler through some two hundred miles of superb scenery. Seen at any time of the year, the region is almost unrivaled for both grandeur and beauty.

Roseburg, with the exception of Jacksonville, the oldest and most interesting town in Southern Oregon, is situated in a tiny valley, begirt on all sides with lofty hills, some of which sweep up into the air six or seven hundred feet. Overhead appears a fraction of blue sky, but nowhere is there an outlook to the distant horizon. Although but the middle of February, the elevations are carpeted with thick, fresh grass, making them a very Eden for grazing stock. Here and there they part asunder, opening doors to other fair valleys, so that one may wander on, and on, the scenery ever taking on new charms. Climb to the top of one of the highest, as did the writer the other day, and instead of a broad outlook to distant points, you will find the earth heaved up into cones and ridges for miles around you. Lit-

erally, the country stands on end. Through a rift in the hills westward, you can discern the blue outlines of the Coast Range, forty miles away, perhaps. At my feet lay Roseburg. From my eyrie I could look down upon nearly every abode in the place. My companion during the walk, Mrs. Colonel Shields, of Terre Haute, Indiana, pointed out to me the homes of several notable men, living, or fallen asleep, whom the place has furnished to the State and the country.

Roseburg takes its name from Aaron Rose, the original owner of the pretty valley. The man is still living, hale, and surprisingly young looking for a person past threescore and ten. His residence occupies an elevated plateau on the southern verge of the town, where he can keep an eye upon the whole community. Sun, dew, and rain fall freely all around him, and his neighbors are conveniently remote. Calling upon him soon after my arrival in the village, I learned that in September, 1851, he first saw this gem among the Douglas County vales. He had just accomplished the long overland journey from the splendid Wolverine State. On the way he had traversed dreary plains, forded dangerous streams, toiled over rugged mountains, and eluded watchful Indians,—all, that he might make for himself and his family a home in a climate more beneficent than that of storm-swept Michigan. The moment his foot touched this hill-girded spot, it

seemed, of all places he had seen, the best adapted to Roses. So here he pitched his tent for life.

The valley of the Umpqua was then the home of the Indian tribe of that name, and all about him dwelt its members; but he settled down among them, and with them maintained friendly relations until they were removed to their reservation, after the bloody Indian wars in this region. "The Umpquas," said Mr. Rose, "were far from being a noble type of the Indian race. They were really in a state of savagery, living upon roots, seeds, fruits, or other supplies furnished them by the hand of nature. They made little exertion toward self-support."

Nut Store-Houses of the Indians.

Accepting the offer of Congress, Mr. Rose "took up a claim" on this site, erected a shelter for his family and turned his attention to farming with all the thoroughness of the Michigan husbandman. Now, so prolific is the soil of Southern Oregon

that mere half-efforts at tillage secure lavish returns to the farmer. And what is the result? Simply this: Unless a man labors intelligently, and from principle, he soon lapses into slothfulness, and in time, like the Indian, actually becomes incapacitated for work. Toil of a certain amount is a potent factor in civilizing the human race, and that amount is by no means homeopathic. More could hardly have been expected of the Indian tribes of this region than that they should scorn systematic labor. Given: Communities of white men, settled upon land highly productive, like that of the Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys, its streams filled with fish, and its forests with game; then isolate them, for long years, from railways, and telegraphs, and competing markets; afford them but slight contact with a stirring world outside; and, finally, let the climate be continually hospitable—and how long would such communities drive and thrive? Nothing but the being thoroughly imbued with a spirit of obedience to the Almighty One could preserve them in intelligence, in habits of thrift, and industry. "Nature's bounty and our gentle Winters," said Mr. Rose, "have made the farmers of this section indolent, as a class. Those in the Willamette Valley are far ahead of us."

The meteorological conditions of Southern Oregon ought to satisfy the most inveterate grumbler about the weather. The seasons vary, indeed, in

the amount of cold, fog, snow, rain-fall, sunshine, and number of cloudy days. Less rain falls in the Umpqua, than in the Willamette Valley; less than in the Puget Sound Basin, usually. But there are showers and all-day rains, even, from first of December to last of March, and sometimes later.

Three times in thirty-four years have snow-falls remained on the ground ten or twelve days. The Winter of 1885, one of the coldest known here in many years, furnished one of these exceptions. Up to date—February 19th—the present season, not a flake has fluttered down, and wild flowers are blooming on the hills. Animals, except those intended for domestic uses, are never sheltered, and rarely fed. Garden products may be left in the earth the Winter through, the ground never freezing to any noticeable depth. Often the farmer digs his vegetables as they are wanted for the table.

The benignity of the climate is evinced, also, in the class of dwellings almost universally erected, except for the wealthier families. They are frame structures, "sided up" in the usual manner, and inside carefully lined with a thickness of rough boards; over the boards is tacked smoothly an unbleached muslin, and upon this is hung a layer of wall-paper, expensive, or otherwise, according to the bank account of the owner. This gives them the name of "paper-houses," a term which sounds rather chilling to an Eastern person in midwinter. Walls

and ceilings alike are so constructed; thus lathing and plaster are entirely dispensed with. Frequently blocks of timber are the only foundation for the edifice. These are concealed, and greater warmth secured, by extending the siding to the ground. "Are such dwellings comfortable in the rainy season?" Not unless brisk fires are burning in the living rooms. Although not in the slightest danger of freezing, one feels the raw, damp air at his very bones.

"What induced you to lay out a town here?" I asked of Mr. Rose.

"In the first place," he replied, "I saw that it was a natural center for important wagon and rail roads. It was a chief point on the old through stage-route from Fort Vancouver to California, and also a notable rendezvous on a lengthy pack-trail of that day. Packers and traders passed here constantly. Then, Deer Creek and the Umpqua River offered splendid water-power for manufactures. It was the proper starting-point for a railroad to Coos Bay, sixty miles distant, and for a fine wagon-road to that marvel of the Cascades, Crater Lake, and to the Klamath Lakes beyond. Finally, the country around was exceptionally fertile, and the location itself was very beautiful."

The man's reasons were sufficient, and subsequent events indorsed his foresight. Roseburg was soon made the county seat. In 1855 the great Indian

war broke out in Southern Oregon, and the place became a base of supplies for the troops sent to quell the *émeute.* Later came the Oregon and California Railway, by far the most important factor in the development of the town. An excellent wagon-road has been constructed to Coos Bay. The railroad thither is sure to come. The little village has a model system of public schools, a faithful ministry in its Churches, and a strong Lodge of Good Templars, among whom, just now, temperance interest is fanned to a white heat.

LIV.

JACKSONVILLE, AND GOLD-MINING IN SOUTHERN OREGON.

"SOUTHERN Oregon" contains three prominent civil centers. These are Roseburg, just mentioned, Jacksonville, the oldest and, historically, the most important town in the five counties, and Ashland, at the base of the Siskiyou Mountains, twelve miles north of the California line. As has already been remarked, the Oregon and California Railway unites the first and last of these communities. But Jacksonville lies off the thoroughfare, five miles to the west. Its railway station is the active, growing little village of Medford. Conveyance to Jacksonville from this point is by stage, over a road decorated in Spring-time with frequent capacious depressions filled with water, and usually called mud-holes. The writer, with three other passengers, made the distance, one cold starlight morning in March, and distinctly remembers every rod of the comfortable way. They were the longest five miles I ever traversed.

Our party set out at four o'clock. So arctic was the air, that to a heavy newmarket, as an outer garment, I soon added a fur-lined cloak, and still

suffered from the rigor. The driver, an obliging young man, full of vitality, seemed to be utterly unaware of the sudden descent of the vehicle into the pits. But its occupants, despite their resolute bracing of themselves, and their clinging to the straps, were all frequently in the center of the coach at the same time. We arrived in the place just at break of day, and at the hotel happily found the landlord, a shrewd Teuton, on the watch for us, with a glowing fire throwing out comfort from an old-fashioned fire-place in the office. As was quite sure to be the case, the day proved to be lovely, and I passed its hours in walks and talks about the interesting locality, at sunset retracing my way to Medford.

Like Roseburg, Jacksonville is encircled by stately hills. Shapely buttes pierce the air in all directions. In the East, fully fifty miles away, appears Mount Pitt, a splendid snow-cone of the Cascade Range, apparently little beyond the outskirts of the village. Far to the north, peering over the shoulder of a massive brown mountain, is discernible a snow point of exquisite beauty. This is "Diamond Peak," one hundred and forty miles distant. Both these are kingly summits, from which the robe of white is never laid aside. For ages it has been worn. It will be for ages still.

Jacksonville owes its origin to gold discovery, as does many another town of the coast. The metal

was first found on its present site, in 1851, by parties passing from California to the Willamette Valley. "At that date there was not a white man living in the district now known as Southern Oregon." No sooner, however, was the discovery heralded abroad, than in flocked miners in large numbers, from California and elsewhere; and in an incredibly short time, there were scattered among its hills and gulches between six and seven thousand men, all intently occupied in prospecting for the precious mineral.

From time to time, one miner after another brought his family to the scene, and put up a rough frame tent for their shelter. Presently, other temporary structures followed, for the protection of stores and supplies. Thus Jacksonville sprang into being. In most instances its settlers were a fearless, energetic class of people, possessing marked characteristics. These same traits distinguish them to-day, as they do indeed many of the citizens of Southern Oregon. These persons, as the light-placer mines declined, finding themselves in a country whose soil was as marvelously rich in productive qualities as were its hills and gulches in gold, gradually settled down to other pursuits, and thus resulted its present stable condition of society. Jacksonville contains less than two thousand inhabitants. It is the legal center of Jackson County, and is still the chief gold-mining point in Southern Oregon.

As has been remarked, that wonderful stream, the Rogue River, is the main water-course of the county. From the hills everywhere tributaries flow into it. Much of the soil of the region, like that of a large portion of the State, is a rich, black alluvium, formed by the admixture of disintegrated rock and vegetable mold, for centuries past. The slopes of the hills and lower mountains, though of a gravelly character, contain almost every element of fertility. There are also extensive tracts where deep deposits of warm loam overlie a bed of thick clay. The county embraces many thousand acres of these varieties of valuable land, and as a whole is considered unrivaled for fruit-growing and agricultural purposes. Crops are a certainty, annually. "The cereals have not missed a harvest in thirty-five years," said a gentleman, in reply to my questions, who had resided in the county that length of time.

But it is not of horticulture, nor of agriculture, important as those topics are, that I wish to speak in connection with Jacksonville, since much space has already been given to those interests as pertaining to Oregon, but of gold-culture, if I may be allowed the term.

Viewed in any light, the subject of gold-mining is interesting. For the facts I have gained of the industry, as conducted both in Oregon and California, I am greatly indebted to a citizen of Jackson-

ville, who has been familiar with every phase of mining from boyhood, and to a gentleman of Ashland, possessing an extensive practical mining experience. I here take pleasure in expressing my obligations to both for aid in preparing this chapter.

That portion of Southern Oregon, known as the mineral belt, is from sixty to seventy miles long, and from twenty-five to fifty miles wide. Its deposits are extremely rich and varied, embracing gold, silver, lead, iron, copper, iridium, platinum, cinnabar, and other metals of less value. More discoveries of gold were made in 1885 than for some years preceding, and most of them are supposed to be valuable.

To even approximate the amount of gold taken from the mines of Southern Oregon, between the years 1851 and 1885, is an impossibility, for the precious metal was carried out of the region by every conceivable mode—on mules, on stages, on pack-trains, by individuals, and by express companies, in large quantities. Nothing like an accurate record of the sum was attempted, nor could be, for the large force of men at work were not only scattered over a large extent of country, but continually surged from point to point, as fabulous, new discoveries were reported, or as visions of sudden fortune rose up before their minds. However, the amount was by every one conceded to be very great. This was while the system of light placer-mining

prevailed, and included the time down to 1865. Then the great body of the mining population drifted to more tempting gold-fields, leaving those more permanently settled, possessors of the ground. For the next ten years the steady annual production is estimated to have been at least half a million of dollars. From that date to 1885, another period of ten years, the yield per annum declined to not more than one hundred thousand dollars. This decrease was attributable to the light yearly rain-falls, upon the plentifulness of which the success of placer-mining so much depends. The Winter of 1885 turned the tide again, the supply of water being abundant, and the amount mined footed up to about five hundred thousand dollars.

At this juncture quartz-mining, encouraged by the aid of greatly improved machinery, began to be put to a practical test in Southern Oregon, and promised to become one of the most valuable industries of the region, since the entire mineral belt is almost one continuous and compact net-work of quartz-leads, a large percentage of which are known to carry sufficient gold to pay for crushing. Early that year several quartz mills were in operation in the district, one of them at Jacksonville, where the writer saw it at work, and really accomplishing wonders in the way of reducing the ore to fine dust. This mill, known among mining men as the "Jones's Combined Crusher and Concentrator," included all

the late improvements, and excited universal interest. The chief inventor, Mr. E. W. Jones, of Cincinnati, Ohio, was on the ground superintending its working. The important principle it involved was the handling the ore with the least possible labor, and the bringing every particle of the pulp in contact with the quicksilver, in order that not a grain of the gold be lost. Another matter of importance was the small amount of power required to run the very complex and beautiful piece of mechanism.

Many years ago some of the quartz ledges in Southern Oregon were prospected with crude machinery. But the trials were made when the gold excitement was at its height; when, to secure less than half an ounce of the mineral daily, was considered to be putting forth efforts unworthy a man's time or thought. Miners looked with contempt upon a quartz-lead in which they could not readily discern an abundance of "face-gold." But with the marked improvements in machinery, and the increased practical knowledge of quartz-mining, a new era in the pursuit, one rivaling all the past in value, seems to have been inaugurated in Southern Oregon. A fault of the mills with which these earlier efforts were made, and, indeed, all efforts until recently, was that they failed to perfectly separate the gold from the baser minerals with which it is associated in the ledges. In this respect

the mill the writer visited appeared to be a complete success, while its execution in crushing the ore was something marvelous. Indeed, a modern quartz-mill in operation is an object well worthy a long ride in the cold and through deep mud to see. And should the visitor happen to be presented with a small parcel of the liberated gold, the sight is all the more interesting.

Hydraulic mining, also, is at present claiming much attention in Southern Oregon. The work is proceeding in several localities, giving employment to large numbers of men. Possibly the reader has not witnessed this forcible method of taking gold from the earth. If not, the description of the process, which follows the few preliminary paragraphs here appended, may be of some interest.

It may be stated, in a general way, that all mining countries are, for the greater part, mountainous, and also that the presence, here and there, of scoria, trap, basalt, pumice, and lava, strongly indicates, if it does not conclusively prove, that, at some time in the past, intense volcanic action has taken place, by which the mountains were heaved up and the deep cañons among them were formed. In countries of this character, where the surface has undergone striking changes, new water-courses have made their appearance, plowing their way between the mountains and through the valleys. At the same time the ancient, or "dead river channels" still exist,

having their course through the elevations without any reference to the present streams. "Indeed," says Mr. Garfield, the Ashland authority referred to, "they generally cut existing rivers at right angles, and, as a rule, are situated far above them, in some instances, thousands of feet." Most of these dead streams as well as the living water-courses of Southern Oregon contain gold. As the ancient rivers obtained their treasure from the land through which they passed, so do the modern currents get their gold by cross-cutting these old-time beds. And they are found to be rich in the precious metals just in proportion to the wealth of the passages they have intersected.

Into these dead water-ways the prospector for gold cuts his way with pick and shovel, and with a pan "prospects the dirt" as he proceeds, until satisfied of its richness. He frequently finds these channels and gravel-deposits far up on the sides of mountains, or on elevated benches of land. They often contain gold from the top down, and in constantly increasing amount until the bed-rock is reached, and there the best reward is always expected. These strata vary in depth from ten to one hundred feet, and many of them are much deeper.

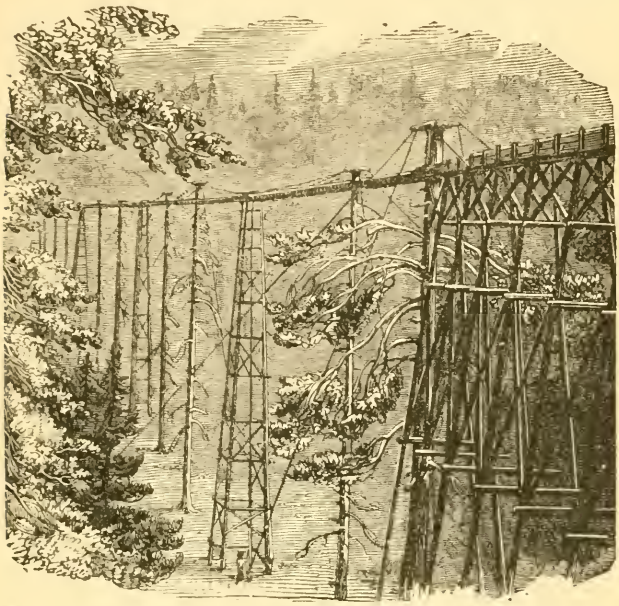
It was expressly to secure the treasure buried in these dead river-beds and gravel-bars, that the system of hydraulic-mining was invented. In working them a large amount of earth must necessarily

be removed, considerable mountains being sometimes washed away. To do this profitably, by other than the most approved hydraulic apparatus, would be impossible.

Suppose, now, it is desired to work an ancient water-course fifty or one hundred feet above some river of to-day, the instrument by which it must be done is that powerful contrivance, known among mining men as the "giant," or hydraulic. Two things now become indispensably necessary: these are, an ample supply of water and sufficient pressure. How does he get them? Sometimes the water can be brought from the stream near which the prospector proposes to operate. In that case he ascends the stream such a distance, as, taking into account the fall of the water and the route it must traverse, will give him the required pressure. From that point he constructs a ditch of the necessary capacity along the mountain side to opposite the dead channel, or gravel-deposit. There he erects a water-tight reservoir, called a bulk-head, to receive the water from the ditch. In some instances the fluid must be conveyed from a river thirty or fifty miles distant.

Into the bulk-head the miner now inserts and securely fastens a large sheet-iron pipe, about two feet in diameter, which gradually tapers to a diameter of fifteen inches, and which is of a length sufficient to bring the water from the bulkhead down

the mountain-side to the giant, by which it is thrown against the gravel-bank with the speed and force of a cannon-ball, but with the decided



Conveying Water for Mining.

advantage that the blow is constant, and, therefore, resistless.

It is now *apropos* to describe the giant, the most powerful of all known mining inventions, and yet a surprisingly simple device. It consists of a heavy sheet-iron pipe, about ten feet in length, strongly banded, and tapering gradually from its coupling with the pipe bringing the water from the bulkhead to the nozzle. The size of the nozzle depends upon

the amount of the fluid controlled and the height of the ditch above the mine; for the greater the fall of the water, the greater is its power to force a given quantity through a nozzle of a given size. The most effective size, probably, is one six inches in diameter. Sometimes there is attached to the nozzle an ingenious little contrivance, termed a "deflector." Its purpose is to direct the flow of the water without moving the hydraulic. But some miners consider this an unsafe appliance, because it turns the stream at so short an angle that the instrument is liable to get the advantage of the piper, unless constantly on his guard. In that case he may get seriously hurt.

The coupling is an important part of the hydraulic. It consists of a combined oval and circular "knuckle," or joint, having a perfect pivotal and circular center, so adjusted as not to leak, and yet so complete in its action as to be entirely under control of the piper, who may elevate, depress, or turn it at will.

The stream from the giant is applied at the base of the gravel-bank, next the bed-rock, thus undermining it and causing it to fall by its own weight. At the same time the fluid is kept flowing upon the top of the bank, whence it percolates downward, softening and adding to the weight of the mass, until, finally, down it falls, "thousands of tons in amount, and attended with a roar like that of some

demon issuing from the realm of Pluto," and dashing a mighty mass of rocks, earth, and trees at the feet of the piper, whose life is thus often placed in great jeopardy, and is, perhaps, saved by instant flight.

The matter thus laid low is now ready for the ax, sledge and nozzle. Well-aimed blows from the two former speedily dislodge the stones and trees, while the stream of water quickly reduces and bears away, in a conduit prepared for the purpose, the mingled earth, sand, gravel, and their attendant wealth of gold. This conduit is styled a "tail-race," and is either cut in the solid rock, or is constructed of heavy timber. In the latter case it is called a flume. In breadth it may vary from two to eight feet, but in depth must be ample to allow the coarse *débris* to float away. If made of timber, there are fastened crosswise in the bottom several series of iron bars, termed "riffles." Their purpose is to catch the gold, which otherwise would be borne away by the water kept pouring through the race. If the race be cut in the solid rock, the natural unevenness of the stone secures the same result as the riffles.

Moreover, at convenient points along the canal, "under-currents" are constructed, to facilitate the securing the gold. These are located wherever the descent will admit their introduction beneath the flume. An aperture is cut in the flume, above the

head of the under-current, which is spanned by strong iron bars. Over these bars the swift upper-current readily carries the coarser matter, while the finer material, with any gold that may have escaped the riffles, drops into the secondary races. By this means but a slight percentage of the mineral eludes the watchful miner. Of course great skill is needful in manipulating the water. The baser substances must not be carried off too hastily to allow the gold ample time to settle to the bottom of the conduit. This it is not tardy in doing. Their own weight soon causes the particles to sink, unless too small to resist the force of the liquid.

In many instances the mineral is not in "nuggets," however small, but in the form of precious sand. In such cases quicksilver comes to the rescue, as it does in the quartz-mill. To this end a quantity of the cinnabar is placed in a buckskin bag and sifted to and fro in the flume. The metal breaks through the bag in tiny globules, drops down among the worthless gravel and sand, seeks out the gold, forms an amalgam with it, holds it securely until "cleaning-up time," when the particles of married metal are collected, and divorced, by a process we have not space to describe, and the free gold enters the treasure-box of the prospector.

Probably, after the giant has been at work from six weeks to six months, throwing against the bank of gravel a powerful stream of one thousand or

fifteen hundred inches of water, the supply fails, the "dry season" having arrived. Then the mighty worker takes a rest until the next rainy period, and there begins at once the operation known in mining language as "cleaning up." Some of the men carefully wash and search the bed-rock. Others cautiously remove the accumulated rock and gravel from the race. These tasks may be accomplished in a few days. They may consume the remainder of the year. All depends upon the quantity of bank washed away. Until this is done, water is kept flowing gently through the canal. But when accomplished, the fluid is partially turned off; the riffles are removed, and the surface of sand is lightly rinsed away. Now appears the long-sought gold. It is carefully gathered up with spoons and knives, then washed, and weighed, and perhaps immediately dispatched to the United States Mint, where the Government stamps it with the "stars and eagle" and sends it forth to swell the circulating medium of the country.

It would be well if the only fruit of hydraulic mining were the making of gold eagles plentiful. A far less desirable result is the overspreading fertile plains and valleys with the vast quantities of destructive *débris* which the giant produces. In Southern Oregon the devastation has proceeded to no great extent. But in California, where hydraulic mining was conducted for years, many of the fairest

acres of the State were desolated by the immense deposits of rock, sand, and gravel washed from the hills and mountains. The havoc continued so long as the mining interests of the State were considered paramount to those of agriculture. But when mining waned some, and farming came into prominence, it was discovered that burying fertile land in that manner, was an irreparable loss to the State. Whereupon the husbandmen went to work and secured from the Legislature a perpetual injunction against that class of mining, wherever waste of productive territory would follow.

LV.

ASHLAND, AT THE BASE OF THE SISKIYOUS.

AT an early period of Oregon history, probably in the Spring of 1852, quite a company of persons might have been seen making the toilsome passage of the Siskiyous, on their way to the even then famous Rogue River Valley. The party all located, if I mistake not, in the vicinity of this place. One of the number, who still survives to relate to history writers and inquisitive journalists, the harsh experiences of pioneer life, is Mr. A. D. Helman, the founder of the town. Being an ardent Whig, the man shared in the almost romantic attachment of his party for Henry Clay. This feeling, as he informed me, induced him to give to the Oregon town the name of Mr. Clay's Kentucky home, and also that of his own native village, Ashland, Ohio.

The place is beautifully located at the junction of Bear and Ashland creeks, both swift, narrow streams, springing from the heart of snow-clad hills, and affording water-power sufficient to drive a multitude of mills and factories. The latter bisects the town, and is ten miles long. The former

flows by on one side, and after a journey of thirty miles contributes its waters to the marvelous Rogue River. Ashland lies partly in the arena and partly on the western side of an amphitheater of majestic hills, shaped into graceful cones and sugar-loaves. Often are these hills the scene of striking atmospheric displays. Yesterday, from my room in the hospitable home of Judge J. C. Tolman, the present surveyor-general of Oregon, I witnessed a snow-storm draping in white several bold hill-tops near by, and a few hours later there was thrown upon the grass half-way up these very elevations a broad rainbow of dazzling colors, not arched as we are accustomed to see them, but straight as lines of color could be drawn. On several other occasions short, perpendicular rainbows were seen standing on end upon the eastern hillsides. At another time one-half of one of these gay objects lay penciled upon the green turf, while the remainder turned straight up toward the sky, forming a right-angled triangle. When the snow descended in the morning, almond-trees, hyacinths, jonquils, and dainty grass lilies were blooming unconcernedly in the valleys but a short distance below. Grandeur and altitude surround Ashland on all sides.

Soon after his arrival Mr. Helman laid out the town on his own estate, and immediately began making improvements for the benefit of the scattered settlers, other parties joining him in the work.

Soon a saw-mill and a flour-mill were adding their cheerful whirr and hum to the music of the streams. The next year a post-office was added, and thereafter for twenty-eight years Mr. Helman served the people of Ashland as their postmaster. The gentleman retains vivid recollections of certain periods of great scarcity and want in the valley. One of these occurred in the Winter of 1853, that following the *entrée* of his party into the region, and was occasioned by a snow-storm of unprecedented duration.

This storm raged for eighteen days throughout the district. At that time flour for the settlers was obtained by pack-trains from Portland, a distance of over three hundred miles; and meats, except wild game, came over the lofty Siskiyous from Yreka, California. Naturally, therefore, when the storm began, the supply of provisions among the Ashland families was limited. Rapidly fell the fleecy crystals, and soon the trails were impassable. "Neither men nor animals," said Mrs. Tolman, who also recalled the ordeal, "could leave the valley. Each night, and often during the day, fresh snow fell. Nearly every day, also, the sun shone warmly for a time, partially melting the latest installment, which in turn froze hard the next night. And when the storm really abated, the region was covered with a blanket of pretty solid ice, eighteen inches thick." Almost immediately, then, a warm

rain set in, and, together with the melting ice, threatened to inundate the country. Presently the lower part of the valley was a wide sea. But happily no serious results followed, and as quickly as possible in came the trains of little mules, bringing the necessaries of life, and relief to all hearts.

The simple relation of such an experience, at this distant day, with plenty smiling in nearly every home in the valley, is an act far from painful; but to live three weeks with scanty stores daily diminishing, with hunger waiting to take seat at the naked board, is trial most unwelcome. Flour became excited at the prospect, and went up to one dollar the pound. Potatoes caught the fever, and sold at twenty-five cents and more per pound. Some families lived for days without bread. Wheat, if obtained at all, was cooked in the berry. In some homes wild meat constituted the bill of fare for three weeks. It is thirty-six years since that day, yet has no such fall of snow been witnessed in the Rogue River Valley. And in not more than two seasons, it is said, have herdsmen been obliged to drive in and feed their stock on account of the severity of the climate. Feeding, however, is now quite extensively practiced, because, the land having been "taken up," the ranges are limited.

"What will the Rogue River Valley and its tributaries produce?" I inquired yesterday of a citizen.

"Ask me what they will not produce," he replied, "and I can say that oranges will not grow here. But every fruit grown in the north temperate zone attains perfection in this soil. The region teems with all kinds of berries, and their flavor is delicious. Figs of good quality have been raised in the open air, and probably no spot on the continent is better adapted to peach-culture than are these foot-hills. The danger from frost after the trees are in bloom is reduced to a minimum. The fruit excels in size, flavor, and color. Many thousand peach-trees have been planted this Spring, more than in all the previous history of Southern Oregon. Every variety does well—the rich, juicy peach to be eaten out of the hand, and the long-keepers fitted to be sent to distant markets. Thousands of prune-trees, also, have been set this Spring."

"Indian bands roamed all around you in the early days. Did you find them friendly?"

"Yes, practically so. The Indians of this valley were a band of the famous Rogue River tribe, whose hot uprising in 1853–54 sent such wide-spread terror among the scattered white settlers; but toward the people of Ashland they evinced little, if any, hostility. Volunteer companies were raised here to suppress outbreaks elsewhere."

In addition to its grand scenery, fertile soil, and

almost faultless climate, Ashland is noted on the coast for its mineral springs. They are scattered all about in the vicinity, sulphur springs particularly, and are doing their utmost toward giving the Oregonians pure blood, a clean skin, and flexible hair. Some of the latter are cold, others are warm, and all vary in medicinal properties. One of these fragrant fountains on any man's estate is said to considerably enhance its value. Two, one tepid, the other frigid, bubble up on the large farm of Judge Tolman, four miles outside the village. One, highly impregnated with the mineral, graces the property of Mr. Helman in the foreground of the place. Beside it is a trim little bath-house, fitted up with every appliance for taking the waters. All are perennial and as wholesome and *palatable* for animals as for men. It is claimed, indeed, that stock will pass by ordinary water to drink from a sulphur stream, and that they always choose the warm instead of the cold fluid. These cleansing fountains are inviting much company to the pretty town under the shadows of the Siskiyous. But numbers of them are wasting their odors on the much sweeter mountain air.

It may be supposed from all I have said that brimstone is the only mineral which Nature stirs into the waters of Southern Oregon for her sons and daughters, and creatures, to drink. But the facts assert the contrary. She well knows there

are ailments which sulphur will not cure. In certain springs, therefore, she has skillfully mingled a variety of ingredients, with the purpose of eradicating a half-dozen diseases from a single mortal. Allow me to describe a visit I paid to one of these sources of health.

Just after breakfast one Wednesday morning, toward the last of April, a bright little woman from Ottumwa, Iowa, Mrs. Tolman, her daughter, a sensible bit of humanity, and myself, took seats in an open carriage, drawn by two mismatched horses, and set out for the angle of country inclosed by the intersection of the Cascade and Siskiyou Mountains, ten miles distant, Mrs. Tolman acting as driver. Far up in this angle, on the very brink of a narrow stream, called Emigrant Creek, there wells up a fountain possessing manifold curative qualities, and, what is a little singular, its waters are totally unlike those of the current beside which it breaks forth, the latter having no medicinal virtues whatever. Nor is this a solitary instance of the kind. Along the margin of this creek, some miles apart, gush up other notable healing springs, their waters diverse from that of the stream.

For half the distance, probably, our way led up the valley of Bear Creek, with its green wheat-fields, its peach and cherry trees in bloom. Then, turning more to the eastward, we soon climbed a lofty spur, and, lo! the earth stood up in points,

ridges, and summits, far as we could see. At its base swept Emigrant Creek, so named, said Mrs. Tolman, because, in an early day, Lindsay Applegate, a distinguished pioneer of Oregon, conducted several parties of emigrants into the Rogue River Valley over these sightly elevations and down the bank of this chatty stream. Mr. Applegate, now far advanced in years, is a resident of Ashland. Like his son, Hon. Elisha Applegate, also a citizen of the place, he was by nature a friend to the Red Man; was inherently just toward him, and never knew the slightest fear of him. His influence over the bands in these valleys was potent, and parties of white people guided by him were quite sure to reach their destination.

The Applegates were a Missouri people, from about where St. Louis now stands, I think. They came into Oregon with the earliest emigrants—two or three families of them—encountering almost endless hardships and perils; some meeting with death on the way, and others with hair-breadth escapes therefrom. They were a brave, intelligent, peculiar people, fond of books, possessed of strong personality, were naturally kind and sympathetic. Lindsay Applegate, a brother, Jesse Applegate, known all over Oregon by the sobriquet of "the Sage of Yoncalla," and Elisha Applegate, have all stamped their impress, more or less, upon Oregon life and affairs. The latter, the most unique of men, chose

to become a lawyer. His strong point is story-telling. Gifted with a marvelous memory, and apparently born to encounter the incredible in life, he has laid away a fund of extraordinary tales, with which he enchants of evenings nearly every fireside in the neighborhood.

Now, take a look at that elevation on our left. Clinging to its side is a marvel in the shape of huge, dark-red sandstone rocks, piled up in positions so precarious that none other than Cyclopean hands could have performed the feat; and chiseled into figures so whimsical, that the waves must have exercised their talent for sculpture in shaping them. Those enormous stones are placed upon lilliputian ones, exactly as if by design. What a singular conceit was it to form that prodigious hat, of perfect Quaker pattern—crown large, brim broad—and place it top down upon that tall column of red sandstone! And what hater of reptiles fashioned that colossal toad, and then cruelly stationed it where, to the end of time, it must forego the pleasure of robbing bee-hives, or of clearing gardens of destructive insects? Geological speculation replies as follows:

In the long by-gone of time almost all the territory now termed "the Pacific Coast" was covered by the waters of the great ocean, which extended as far eastward as the Blue Mountains in Eastern Oregon and Washington. As the ages rolled on

there occurred three successive recessions of this vast sea, volcanic, or other agencies lifting up the bold mountain ranges, and forming corresponding depressions at the bottom of the deep. As the upheavals took place the waters withdrew, until there existed the Pacific Coast of to-day, the Rocky, Cascade, and Coast Ranges marking the three vast abatements of the water. If this hypothesis be susceptible of proof, it gives us the agencies by which most, if not all, the physical miracles of the Pacific Coast have been performed.

But we have come several miles during this talk, and are now in front of an inviting hotel, with rooms for thirty guests, and conducted by Jacob Wagner, from Dayton, Ohio. Surrounding the house are fifty acres of land, very little of which was made to lie down. In front, behind us, to the right, to the left of us, massive mountains show their respect for mortals by standing. They are green to the top. Cattle range upon them; trees clothe them; swift streams leap from their heart. They crowd around us, narrow our horizon, but kindle our awe. A wilderness of rose-bushes forms a tangle in one corner of the yard. Daisies, double, rimmed with pink, are scattered among the grass, making us careful where we tread, and mindful that flowers "crushed to earth" may *not* "rise again."

But a few feet from the road, on the other side, comes to view again our friend, Emigrant Creek.

Willow, elder, wild-cherry, and a beautiful shrub called Oregon grape, fringe its banks. On its verge, under a sort of Summer-house, bubbles the spring we have come miles to taste. A rivulet issuing from it dyes the stone rust-color, disclosing the presence of iron in the water. Other constituents are soda and magnesia in plentiful amount, with still others, all highly curative! To this fountain Nature invites such of her children as suffer from kidney troubles, the horrors of dyspepsia, typhoid, bilious, and some other direful fevers. And, wisely, the physicians of the region almost unanimously second her invitation.

It may be added of Ashland that, blest with abundant water-power, the place is giving attention to manufactures. A woolen-mill, running four hundred and eighty spindles and several knitting machines, was established in 1868. It works up from sixteen to twenty thousand pounds of wool per month, day and night sending its music abroad through the village. Its products are shawls, cloths, fine blankets, underwear, hosiery. There are also planing-mills, saw-mills, a flour-mill, and cabinet-shops in the place.

LVI.

A Peculiar Wedding-Trip.

AMONG the pleasures to be enjoyed in Oregon, and, indeed, on the entire Pacific Coast, is the listening to thrilling accounts of the "crossing the plains" from the lips of surviving pioneers. Every locality, and every circumstance of the long, perilous journey, seems to have been stamped ineffaceably upon their memory. Even the brief parleys and conversations of the far-off time are recalled as readily as though spoken but yesterday. That was, perhaps, the dreariest chapter of their lives, yet to this day does it exert upon them a strange fascination, the charm of which increases, apparently, as time removes them from the hunger, thirst, fear, and fatigue they endured. The evident pleasure with which the survivors turn the leaves of this book of the past, always strikes me as something inexplicable. Again and again, during my three years' journeying on the coast, have I sat spell-bound of evenings, until far into the night, listening to these recitals. Sometimes the fire has burned low on the hearth, the room has become chilly, and the younger members of the family—Oregon born—have dropped off to bed, one by one, and still the

narrator would go on, until I drew my chair into the chimney-corner, and thrust my stiffened fingers toward the few embers glowing among the ashes. Finally, the end reached, I would retire, less to sleep than to think over the trials which befell the emigrant-train of which that friend formed a part.

I remember to have called one evening, upon an eminent lady who had made the transit with one of the earliest companies seeking homes in Oregon. No sooner was some slight allusion made to her heroic life in the State, than the scenes of the ill-fated journey rose in her mind, and she at once began a graphic account of the sorrows and adventures of the distressful way. When she had concluded, it was no longer a mystery to me that even young girls, after months of such extraordinary drill, were ready for the desperate struggle with circumstances which awaited some of them upon entering these fair valleys.

If to learn to be patient, to be vigilant, to act quickly in emergencies, to face danger unmoved, to suffer serious losses and not repine, to promptly assume sudden responsibility, to sacrifice one's self for others good, and to trust the Divine hand through all, be profitable training, then must many of the pioneer women of the coast have been educated in the true sense of the word.

I had several times heard Mrs. Tolman refer to her journey from Iowa to Oregon, as her wedding-

trip. So, a few evenings preceding our jaunt up Emigrant Creek, happening to be seated together before a cheerful fire in the sitting-room, she with some light work in her hand, I inquired of her:

"In what year did you come to Oregon?" We had been talking about the early days, and the deeds of the Indians during the celebrated Rogue River War.

"We came in the Summer of 1852."

"There was a great immigration that year. Had you a large company?"

"We numbered sixty-five persons and sixteen vehicles. Our company left Oskaloosa, Iowa," she obligingly continued to say, "on the 29th of April, Mr. Tolman and I having been married but two days previously. . Chiefly, the company was organized at Ottumwa, my husband's place of residence; and being a man well qualified to settle disputes, and to allay controversies—such difficulties being liable to arise in every emigrant train, you know—he was unanimously chosen its leader.

"Oskaloosa being on the route, the entire party accompanied Mr. Tolman thither, and were encamped in the place at the time of our marriage. Then together, we set out for the Missouri River, by way of Fort Des Moines, as the city of Des Moines was then called. The morning was bright, and notwithstanding the home-leaving and the long farewells, all were in good spirits."

"Were there no middle-aged men in the company, that a young man should have been made general-in-chief?" I interrupted.

"Yes, but my husband had before crossed the plains, and therefore possessed some experience which was valuable; besides he was much my senior, and older than you suppose."

"Were not sixty persons a small number to face the dangers from Indians, at that day?"

"Not then, I think; but ten, or even five years previously, to have attempted the journey with so small a party, would have been considered extremely hazardous. Starting so early in the season, we found the roads over the prairies of Iowa in an exasperating condition. Nevertheless all went smoothly until we reached that point on the Missouri where now stands the town of Council Bluffs, that name being given to the Mormon settlement on its site, formerly known as Kanesville, by act of the Iowa General Assembly, in 1853.

"We found encamped there a whole city of emigrants, awaiting their turn to cross the river. Its passage was not then effected in palace cars, nor by means of a bridge, marvelous as a piece of engineering. As we were not entitled to precedence, we were forced to tarry until our opportunity came. This delayed us three days. But the 19th of May saw us all safely transferred to the western bank. And now, as before, my husband's two strong teams

drawing our provisions, bedding, and clothing, and our carriage behind two valuable horses, preceded the long train.

"That mode of urging the Star of Empire on its way westward, afforded the best of opportunies for the display of human nature. Exactly what men were, was sure to be disclosed by the inevitable trials of the trip, even in the absence of terrible dangers and misfortunes. This fact was illustrated by a trifling incident as we pulled out upon the broad prairies of Nebraska, which evinced the native traits of one of our number, as well as Mr. Tolman's method of adjusting a disagreeable matter.

"A member of the company from Ottumwa had contributed to the general stock of provisions, a quantity of butter, honey, and other articles, consenting to assist in the care of the train for his passage. He now triumphantly claimed, that having provided ample food for himself for the trip, he was under no obligations to meet the engagement. Informed of this, Mr. Tolman quietly offered the fellow a tempting sum for his groceries, which he thoughtlessly accepted, and then discovered that his only expedient was to work for his transportation. Thus was brought to an end all discontent on his account.

"Onward we moved, now, the fervid sun beating down upon our heads, but underneath our feet lay a carpet of green grass and wild flowers. Fre-

quently we passed acres of cacti and moss-roses in brilliant bloom. I must not forget to say that we had scarce left the Missouri ere the Pawnee and Omaha Indians began their annoying attentions. The Pawnees were incorrigible beggars, and at night swarmed about our tent, thick as mosquitoes, in the hope of obtaining certain articles which they greatly coveted. After enduring considerable of their maneuvering, Mr. Tolman sagaciously employed their chief to conduct our train beyond the bounds of the tribe. Barely had the compact been closed, when a band of them sprang up right in our path. But upon espying their chief they as suddenly disappeared.

"A few days subsequently we were gladdened by a sight of the broad Platte River flowing before us. Owing to the presence of quicksand, its unstable bed rendered our passage of the stream not a little dangerous. After a number of teams had crossed, the sand, stirred by the wheels of the wagons and the feet of the animals, itself set out on a journey, compelling the remainder of the party to seek transfer elsewhere. Eight miles' travel then, up the south bank, brought us to Fort Kearney, where were two comfortable abodes and other reminders of the homes we had left.

"Here rumors were afloat that cholera prevailed among the trains in advance of us. These were painfully confirmed, as we progressed in our course,

by the sight of frequent newly made graves. Under the circumstances such objects were little calculated to promote cheerfulness in our ranks; for we were now in a region where water to quench thirst could seldom be obtained, except from the turbid Platte, and where our only fuel was dry weeds and buffalo chips. Moreover, the heat was intense; there was no such thing as shade. We could do but two things, advance or retreat. The latter was not included in our program; therefore we hastened forward, resolved to both overtake and leave the cholera behind us. And this we actually accomplished, but not until we had passed Fort Laramie, and were well in the Black Hills of Wyoming.

"One day, while in the cholera district, we came upon a wagon drawn out upon the roadside. From it a man's voice called out, inquiring if there were a physician in our company.

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'Will he kindly stop and see a woman who is ill?' he asked.

"The doctor alighted, and found in the conveyance a woman in the final stages of cholera. The company to which the parties belonged had sped on, leaving them to fare as best they could. Still further on the way we observed a freshly made grave, which gave unmistakable evidence of having been invaded by rapacious coyotes. A number of human bones lay scattered about, and on a narrow

bit of board lying on the ground I read the name of an intimate friend who had preceded us in the doleful journey but a few days. She left a family of four little children, the youngest of whom died shortly after. [At such terrible cost it was, in many instances, that Oregon was peopled by its present sterling class of inhabitants.]

"About the 13th of June, our entire company was much enlivened by the sight of a most unique feature in the scenery before us. This was the so-called 'Sandstone Bluffs,' a massive body of rock, chiseled into columns, castles, towers, and other forms, apparently by the storms of centuries. To our overstrained feelings the scene was wonderfully refreshing. The following day, if I mistake not, we came upon another remarkable object, the 'Nebraska Court-house,' a huge, natural structure, resembling a vast stone temple in a state of ruin. It stands on the south side of the Platte, in striking contrast to the spiritless scenery around. It was a sight never to be forgotten. The next attraction was 'Chimney Rock,' looming up in the distance. We had been looking for it as eagerly as for a friendly beacon, and hailed the appearance of the spire-like column with joy. Its height above the plain is said to be three hundred feet. It remained in view all the next day, or until we had gained 'Scott's Bluffs,' crowned with their inviting cedar groves. Our train had left the south bank of the

Platte, and was now passing up the valley of its North Fork, with the surroundings increasing in interest every hour.

"At last Fort Laramie greeted our vision. There Mr. Tolman, worn by anxiety, care, and fatigue, was ill two days. During the detention caused by this, most of the party added to the postal revenue by writing to their friends in Iowa. I myself happened to be so engaged, when a sudden, wild wind-storm swept through the camp, wrenched my tent from its moorings, and sent my letter flying through the air towards home, thus cutting short my story, but saving the then heavy postage. I never learned whether the missive reached its destination, and never since have patronized that system of mail-carrying.

"Upon resuming our course we were all barely well out from the fort, when there dashed up to our carriage a man mounted upon a burro, out of all proportion to his own size. The fellow was tall, finely built, had eyes like jet, had a Spanish complexion, and the air of a desperado. Appearing to be in great haste, he addressed my husband abruptly, saying:

"'Look here, stranger, I see you have two mules following this train, which you are not using. Now, I want them to help draw my wagon, which you saw by the roadside, back here, to Yreka, California, where, I understand, you are going. And,

more than that, I want to travel in your company; and when we get through, my woman and I will just vacate the wagon, and you will be welcome to it, mules and all.'

"'All that sounds well from a man I never saw before,' replied Mr. Tolman, much amused. 'I doubt if those mules will prove of much value to you, they have not been broken. But how do you happen to find yourself in such a fix?'

"'Well, you see, I had two good mules when I left Texas, or, rather, another fellow and I started with two teams and one heavy wagon; but one night he lit out with the best team, leaving me two little specimens like this, and they are not strong enough to pull us through. I can break 'your mules if you'll let me take them. I have n't any money, and can't pay you a cent, but you shall have my wagon.'

"'Take them,' said the chief of the company, curtly, and the fellow did; and upon our arrival at Yreka delivered up the wagon, declaring he had no further need of it.

"We now proceeded on our way without special incident until, one day, in the famous valley of the Sweetwater, word was brought to our carriage that a wagon in the rear had broken down. Going to the spot we found a family in a truly pitiable plight, with one of the wheels of their conveyance crushed completely, and the women sitting by the

roadside crying, their judgment assuring them there was no such thing as repairing a ruin like that. Among our number were two bachelors, with a staunch vehicle now well lightened of its former store of provisions. To transfer to this, the possessions of the unfortunates, and the unmarried men to our carriage, was but short work; after which Mr. Tolman and myself each mounted extra horses of our own, and made the remaining seven hundred miles of the distance on horseback.

"Upon entering the valley of the Sweetwater we were greeted with a fine view of that well-known object, 'Independence Rock.' Our route up the stream lay between two ranges of mountains, with majestic scenery on either hand. There were summits mantled with snow. The air was cold and bracing. Emerging from this valley, we next traversed a desolate region now enlivened, if I mistake not, by the Oregon Short Line Railway, in its passage through Idaho. We were here able to obtain water for ourselves and animals, only by digging new wells, as previous emigrants had done.

"A great miracle of the way now presented itself. This was a series of colossal rocks, so disposed by nature, and so sculptured by the fingers of the elements, as to closely resemble a town, with buildings, spires, and towers. As our long train filed through the natural avenue traversing the center, we gazed awe-struck upon the peculiar marvel.

Very appropriate is the name 'City of Rocks' which some one has attached to it.

"I have omitted to mention that some days prior to this, we had tarried several hours beside 'Black Rock Springs,' which mark the entrance to 'Black Rock Desert,' so called from the Cimmerian hue of the massive stones lying all about. These fountains are scarcely less marvelous, as a production of nature, than is the silent city of stone. The water is extremely hot. A man of our train, who accidentally slipped into one of them, sprang out, a subject for the doctor's care. His desire to test the temperature of the fluid was fully satisfied. Here we fed the animals, and busied ourselves with cooking, and other preparations for crossing the 'Alkaline Desert' before us, which could best be traversed at night, owing to the powerful reflection of the light and heat from its white surface. A remarkable feature of the place, is, that the bodies of animals which have perished upon it, never decay. In Winter the depression is a lake.

"At our next camping station, a young babe of our party yielded up its brief life. The little body was inclosed in a tiny coffin, made of the decking of one of our vehicles, and placed in a deep grave, which the men thoughtfully filled up with stones, that the flesh of the sweet sleeper, might be safe from the greedy coyotes. This, happily, was the only death in our ranks during the journey.

"The next step of importance was our invasion of the realm of the Modoc Indians, who, just at that juncture, were in a particularly hostile frame of mind. Owing to the fact that a train preceding ours had been attacked, and several of the company murdered by the savages, the people of Shasta County, California, quickly raised, and dispatched to meet us, a force of mounted volunteers, who, for two days before we entered the dreaded territory, formed our escort. Upon reaching Modoc Lake, the main road winds past a locality called Bloody Point. Here the band lay in wait for us, concealed among the tules, and watching our descent of a rocky bluff but a short distance away. Fortunately our guides, having discovered a 'cut-off' leading around the lake opposite this lurking-place, conducted our train by that trail and brought us out into a pretty valley leading away from the Lake, ere the Indians perceived that they were outwitted. Soon, however, they were in hot pursuit. Our progress was immediately checked, and the vehicles were arranged in compact order to await their arrival. The warriors were much chagrined at our good generalship, but protested that they only desired to 'learn where we were going.'

"But the following day proved the falsity of their words; for nine mounted men, members of an emigrant company behind us, also under escort, who did not heed the counsel given them, were attacked

at 'Bloody Point' and killed, with a single exception. The survivor being saved only by the speed of his horse; which ran until he fell, powerless to go further. The rider then wandered in the woods for some time, and finally emerged at the very spot where the animal had fallen, and there found him quietly cropping grass. Mounting the creature, he soon overtook our train and to Mr. Tolman and myself related the story.

"We entered Yreka, August 14th, without the loss of an animal by the way, and having experienced not a day's delay, except the two spent at Fort Laramie, and having made the quickest time of any emigrant party up to that date. After resting a few days, we effected the passage of the Siskiyous, at that early day no trifling feat. The men and women, accomplished it on foot, while the wagons were let down the precipitous sides of the range, by means of strong ropes wound around giant trees, and allowed to uncoil as the vehicles descended. In this fashion did we make our entrance into the beautiful Rogue River Valley."

LVII.

Over the Siskiyous—Down the Cañon of the Sacramento.

BEING not at all pleased with the treatment I received from the ocean, during my voyage from San Francisco to Portland last June, I determined to return to the Gold State "overland," as they say on this upper coast. This decision, in part, had brought me into Southern Oregon. And now having spent ten weeks among its inspiring scenes and kindly people, I took seat, early one crisp morning, the middle of April, in a coach of the California and Oregon Stage Line, eight miles out from Ashland, and soon after began the ascent of the Siskiyou Mountains. The thoroughfare over the range, which winds up and up among the magnificent scenery, is a toll-road, and is usually in good repair. But heavy rains having fallen for days previously, the wheels of the vehicle often sank nearly to the hub in the thick, adhesive mud. The six strong horses strained and pulled, and were halted occasionally to take breath. At a quarter before eleven the summit had been gained. Then a single turn of the wheels, and we were descending toward the California line, which runs a little

south of the crest. Thereafter, until we reached the fine rolling valley below, notwithstanding the skillful driving, we were tossed, shaken, and thrown about in exceedingly amusing fashion. Nevertheless the ride was a delightful one. I should enjoy repeating it to-morrow.

Of the five passengers inside, one was a pretty little woman of Ashland, attended by two young sons, all bound to San Diego, where she had property she proposed to sell while the present remarkable "boom in that city was at its height," as she expressed it. At two o'clock we dashed up to a neat stage-station, quite from under the Siskiyous, for dinner. Leaving there with fresh teams, we wheeled along through Cottonwood, Klamath, and Shasta Valleys toward Yreka, the great stage-center of all the Northern California world, with noble Mount Shasta often in view, now on this side, now on that, according as we turned in our devious way. At the sunsetting, its head flooded with rich rose-color, it made a glorious appearance, and, as the twilight faded into night, all its tints softened into a flesh-like pink glow. Finally, the frequency of lights, and the sounds of many footsteps and voices, announced our arrival in Yreka. And, shortly, a pleasant voice at the door of the coach said: "You unload here."

They were the words of Mr. A. H. Burrows, the general agent of the line, and a resident of the

place. The gentleman soon had the contents of the vehicle, men, women, boys, cloaks, umbrellas, and lunch-baskets out upon the sidewalk, and in a moment or two had learned the names and destination of all. Courteous, attentive to the wish of every passenger, and wonderfully executive, at the end of twenty minutes he had replaced all in a larger and more comfortable coach; had consigned us to the care of one of the line's most competent drivers, and, with a kindly "Good-night," had started us out into the cold and starlight again. As we rattled away, gratified with his thoughtfulness, all felt and said: "Mr. Burrows is just the man to manage a great stage-line."

Some years ago the California and Oregon Stage Line extended from Sacramento to Portland, a distance of about six hundred miles. At the time of my journey the locomotives of the California and Oregon Railway had pushed the coaches off the route, until there remained but one hundred and twenty-five miles of stage-travel. To-day San Francisco and Portland are united by railway. Certain considerations render this notable stage-line deserving of notice. For many years it was the chief means of communication between the outside world and the miners and settlers in mountainous Northern California. Thousands of persons and millions of treasure have its vehicles carried safely up and down the rugged region. Mining has long been a

leading pursuit in that part of the State, and every Friday morning, an express messenger "comes up from below"—a phrase usually denoting San Francisco, but applicable to any portion of the State south of the wonderful hill-country—on the stage to take charge of the treasure-boxes awaiting him at different points. In these boxes the crude gold is conveyed from the mines to the mint in San Francisco, the express companies being responsible for their safe delivery. These messengers have been going to and fro for years. Nevertheless, scarcely a day passes in which one or more treasure-boxes are not borne southward on the stage, intrusted to the driver. The passengers are never aware of the fact. Frequently the contents of a box are of great value. A heavy amount of gold, as I learned next day, came down with ourselves from Yreka.

From time to time, in the earlier days, the coast was startled by reports that a great stage-robbery had been committed in this region. Such events have become more rare of late. But numerous are the tales afloat among the Siskiyou hills and gorges of exploits performed by daring "road agents." The experienced robber seldom stopped a coach on a down grade. And, usually, he was "too gentlemanly to plunder the lady passengers." Sometimes he left all the occupants unmolested, contenting himself with securing the rich treasure-boxes only.

The stage company provides relays of horses

every twelve miles, and, ordinarily, changes drivers every ten hours. But on important occasions a trusty man is kept longer at the lines. The kindness, intelligence, and civility of the men serving in this capacity are remarkable. Well acquainted with the country, they are ready to answer all questions, and are thoughtful of the traveler's comfort. A wearisome night-ride under the care of one of them sets forth his characteristics in good light. The line carries a heavy equipment in men, horses, and coaches. Fifty thousand dollars, it is said, maintains the service one year.

Promptly at six o'clock next morning the lines over our six-in-hand dropped beside the stage-office in Strawberry Valley, forty miles south of Yreka. Slowly the bruised and hungry passengers alighted, and made an effort to walk to the Mount Shasta Hotel, a few rods down the vale. It had been my intention to pass a couple of days at this point, but, upon perceiving that the place consisted of but two hotels and the station, I turned to the lady at my side and said: "I shall continue my journey. There is nothing to detain me here."

She had been there before, and quietly replied: "See there."

I turned, and almost at my side stood Mount Shasta frowning upon me from an awful altitude. Upon glancing in another direction, Mount Eddy confronted me, no farther away, and a regal cone

wrapped in dazzling white; while at the foot of the valley a third white cone shot up into the air. At the door of the hotel we were met by a fair mountain maiden, the daughter of Mrs. Fellows, the landlady, who invited us to seats before the mammoth fireplace in the office, wherein snapped and flamed a pile of wood, filled with resin. Shortly after, Mrs. Fellows herself appearing, upon learning my name, place of residence in the East, and the reasons for my gypsy life on the coast, said, in a most kindly way:

"Now, you are not going on by this stage. I was brought up and married only forty miles from Cleveland, so I shall adopt you for two days. In that time you will get nicely rested, and will have acquainted yourself with the wonders of Strawberry Valley. Besides, my brother is the stage agent here, and he will see that you have the outside seat going down the Sacramento Cañon. You must not miss that scenery. Moreover, after dinner we will drive you to the head-waters of the Sacramento, another sight worthy your effort to see."

These pleasant inducements shattered my resolution to proceed. So, after a nice breakfast with the lady after my companions had gone, and a refreshing nap in a room sheltered by a great "Balm of Gilead tree," I sallied forth with Mr. Lamphier, the courteous landlord, a brother of Mrs. Fellows, to study Mount Shasta, the masterpiece among a thousand surprising works of Nature.

The mighty mountain rises into the air a distance of one thousand four hundred and forty-four feet above sea-level. Strawberry Valley itself is three thousand five hundred and sixty feet above the ocean, and above this Shasta towers, a single august cone, ten thousand four hundred and forty feet. "Its base circumference measures eighty miles." Officers of the United States Coast Survey pronounce it the noblest elevation in America, with the exception of Mount St. Elias, whose altitude approaches seventeen thousand feet. Mount Whitney lacks the imposing presence of Shasta, but is slightly higher. In altitude Mount Tacoma more nearly equals the monarch than any other snow-cone of the coast. Mount Shasta is two hundred and seventy-five miles north of San Francisco, and over three hundred miles north of Mount Hamilton, the seat of the great Lick Observatory, above which elevation it rises ten thousand feet. During my visit to the observatory one year ago its custodian informed me that, on clear days, he had been able to see Shasta, from that point, with the naked eye! The princely object is visible, also, from the State House in Sacramento. It can be seen by the mariner far out to sea, notwithstanding the intervening Coast Range. And, "in early days, it was an object of pleasure to the emigrant toiling over the parched stretches of Nevada." The distance in an air-line from the Mount Shasta Hotel to the extreme summit of the

cone measures twelve miles. Yet it appears to me to stand just beyond the garden fence.

Anciently Shasta was a powerful volcano. From its now quiescent crater flowed streams of lava, desolating the land for many square miles. The largest of these craters, one-half mile in diameter, is on the western peak. Inside this opening stands a cone of lava several hundred feet in height, supposed to be a product of the final eruption. At the base of this column lies a miniature lake of solid black ice, clearly showing how completely the old fires have died out of that side of the monarch's heart. But the eastern peak tells another story. There his vitality is something fearful, as is shown by a cluster of boiling springs covering about a half-acre of ground. The water of these fountains is highly mineralized, and in some of them boils violently, while from numerous fissures about, hot steam escapes with much ado. From one cleft a volume of scalding vapor ascends, which is two feet in diameter. On this spot a terrible rigor is said to prevail in Winter, yet both the water and the ground maintain their high temperature. "Neither cold, snow, ice, nor altitude affects it," says the Coast Survey. And—marvelous indeed—on one side of this thermal peak exists a perennial glacier!

For the following interesting paragraph relating to these hot springs I am indebted to Mr. Lam-

phier, as I am for a great variety of information pertaining to Northern California. Let me say, in passing, that Mr. Lamphier made the ever-memorable journey across the plains in 1852, coming from Akron, Ohio, by the Carson Valley route. He has, therefore, been a resident of the coast thirty-six years.

On the 28th of April, 1875, Professor John Muir, of San Francisco, and Lieutenant A. F. Rogers, of the Coast Survey, accompanied by a guide, made the ascent of Shasta to arrange for erecting a monument upon its highest point, as ordered by the Government, at night returning to the valley. The next day Mr. Muir and an assistant, named Fay, went up, leaving Lieutenant Rogers below to answer signals. Several signs had been exchanged when, about two in the afternoon, a furious storm arose on the mountain, putting an end to their work. Rapidly increasing in severity, it soon became a terrific hurricane, rendering descent impossible. There was then no alternative but to pass the night on the mountain. The men were provided with neither wraps nor means for making a fire. They therefore sought the hot springs, and rather than freeze to death, threw themselves down amid the scalding mud. The mercury registered a temperature below zero, and the cold wind swept over them with great force. Erelong the under side of their bodies was in torture from the heat. They

then turned the freezing part to the blistering soil, the cold air partially soothing their sufferings. Now they lay with faces downward, now upon their backs, as the heat or cold rendered their position unendurable. Thus, at last, the night wore away. The morning dawning, both managed to get upon their feet and begin the descent, though wild with pain and weak from loss of sleep and food.

At daybreak, too, their friends in the valley were astir, making preparations for their rescue. Upon gaining the camp, some eight miles up the mountain, and the point beyond which conveyances are not taken, they met Mr. Fay, who had best preserved his strength. Administering to his comfort, the friends pushed on in search of his companion, whom they finally found, too crippled to walk. Placing him in a blanket they conveyed him to the camp, and thence brought both to "Sissons," the hotel across the way, where Mr. Lamphier assisted in dressing the injuries of Professor Muir, one side of whose person was severely blistered; and so disabled were his feet that, upon his heroically taking a seat in the stage for San Francisco the second day following, they stoutly refused to be thrust into shoes, choosing a covering of cloths and blankets instead.

"Notwithstanding his harsh treatment on that occasion," said Mr. Lamphier, "the professor has a warm affection for the old mountain. Once he

camped about its sides, alone, for five days, quietly studying its geological formation, while his friends in the valley were scared to death about him, lest he had been devoured by wild beasts."

In October following this incident, the Government erected upon the highest point of the mountain, to serve as a guide to the mariner on the Pacific, a hollow, cylindrical iron pillar, crowned with a cap of polished metal, for reflecting the sun's rays. The column is eighteen and a half feet high, is strongly anchored to the rock, and is filled with stones. With the aid of a good glass, it can be seen one hundred miles away.

Entering the room where I sat, writing, soon after dinner, Mrs. Fellows, who is a woman under medium height, extremely active, chatty, mirthful, independent, generous to a fault, and full of sympathy for the suffering, said: "I have ordered the light wagon to take you on the promised ride. I am going a part of the way to catch some trout"—she was an expert angler—"for our breakfast. So be ready."

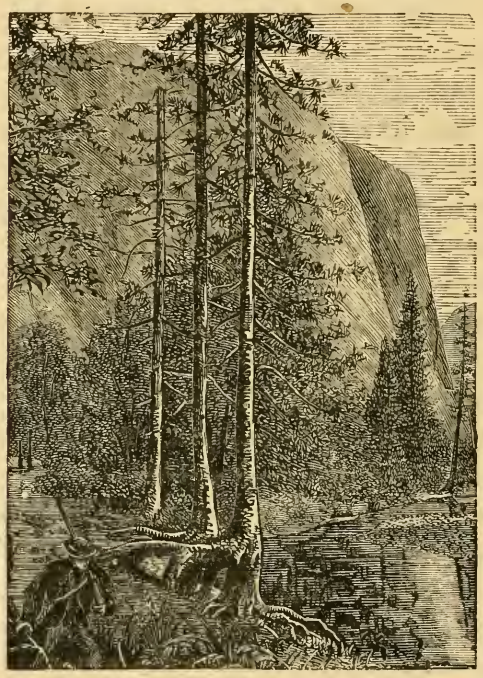
Accordingly four of us, including the daughter, and a young gentleman who appeared to find pleasure in going wherever she went, rattled off through the woods toward the base of a massive mountain, near the head of the valley. Half the distance accomplished, the angler alighted, bait, hook, and line in hand, and marched away toward a favorite haunt

of the delicious fish she sought. We, who remained, rode on until within a few rods of our objective point, when, leaving the vehicle, we threaded our way among underbrush and tall trees, to a point where the sound of merry water broke upon our ears. Then another step or two, and lo! what a sight!

From the very base of an enormous cone, the steep sides of which were clothed with heavy timber, there broke forth, and rolled away among trees and over stones, a multitude of swift, tiny streams. On they went, singing, tumbling, foaming, down a narrow valley. They issued from all along the base of the mountain, for a distance of, probably, two hundred feet. For one-half that space the water stained the ground and stones a dull red, showing the presence of iron in the liquid. The remainder of the streams were of a clear white or soft green color, proving that all either spring from two sources within the cone, or flow through beds of different mineral deposit. The whole scene instantly suggested the idea that a mighty Hand had set the ponderous dome of rock down upon a small lake, in such position as to forever press out, on one side, exactly so much water.

This, then, was the source of the main fork of the Sacramento River, down whose remarkable gorge I was soon to have the pleasure of riding an entire day. The source was certainly worthy of

the stream. I climbed the mountain to a few feet above where the rivulets break forth, and turned to watch them. A little way down the valley they all became one. I could hear their low laughter as they gradually sought each other's company, and



A California Scene.

then together sped away to find the sea through the Golden Gate.

Quite too soon came six o'clock Thursday morning, and also "the stage for below." But I desired to be in San Francisco next day; so, bidding the

kind friends in peerless Strawberry, farewell, I mounted to the seat so courteously reserved for me beside the driver, and away sprang our triple-team toward the banks of the Sacramento. A couple of hours' winding among lofty hills, through delightfully romantic scenes, brought us to the deep, green-tinted river. Thereafter, the entire day, we crossed scores of its tributaries hurrying down the the steep heights. Now our road lay close to the brink, almost on a level with the water; and now on the crest of a long spur, hundreds of feet above the swift current. On every hand, all day long, rose stately trees and grand elevations, relieved, occasionally, by inviting valleys. About noon our outfit swept out upon a green plateau, in the midst of which appeared the hotel and orchards of Hazel Creek, a favorite Summer resort among the Sacramento hills.

As the hungry six-in-hand trotted up to the gate, the proprietor, Mr. S. F. Southern, stepped out, and, with a manner not a tithe so lofty as the country around him, invited us in to dinner. Thirty minutes later, ourselves refreshed, and a new relay of teams before the stage, we pressed on, amid splendid scenery, until, the sun gone down, we wheeled into a little hamlet of but a day's growth, for the night.

Almost infinite had been the variety of scenery through which we had come. Countless were the

cones, pinnacles, and ridges into which the Creator had pulled the earth up. Some of the cones he painted white to the end of time; others he garnished with trees, forever green; many he filled with gold, silver, or iron; down the sides of hundreds he led narrow streams, foaming, and full of glee, the delight of every lover of running brooks; between scores he sank cañons, or gorges, deep, and sometimes dangerous; multitudes of them he carpets in Spring-time with flowers, fragrant and beautiful, and millions in number; where it pleased him, he piled up rocks massive and mighty, capable, one would think, of resisting the "fervent heat." which, St. Peter says, shall melt the elements in the last days; where it pleased him, too, he placed a world of slabs, or blocks of stone, and allowed chemical action, or subterranean fire, to tip them aside from the perpendicular, making them suggestive of mankind bent out of moral perpendicularity by the force of original sin.

The little hamlet being the latest termination of the stage-line, we took cars next morning for San Francisco, and by mid-forenoon were at Redding, an attractive city in the Sacramento Valley, which, from that point, expands into a broad plain, finely cultivated, or gemmed with natural parks. Down this wide campaign coursed the iron horse the hot day long. And as the sun set, we once more caught sight of the sea through the Golden Gate.

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